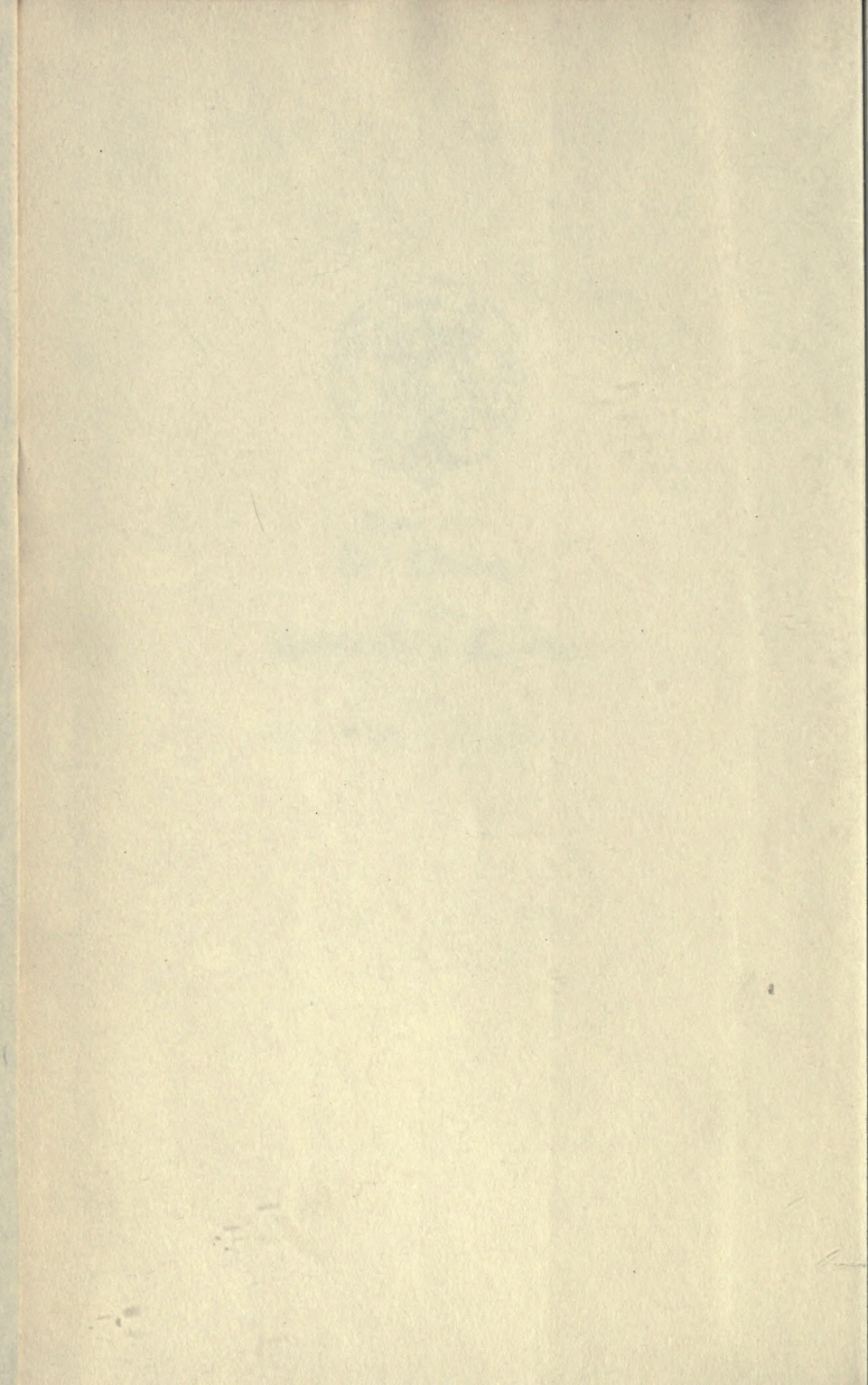
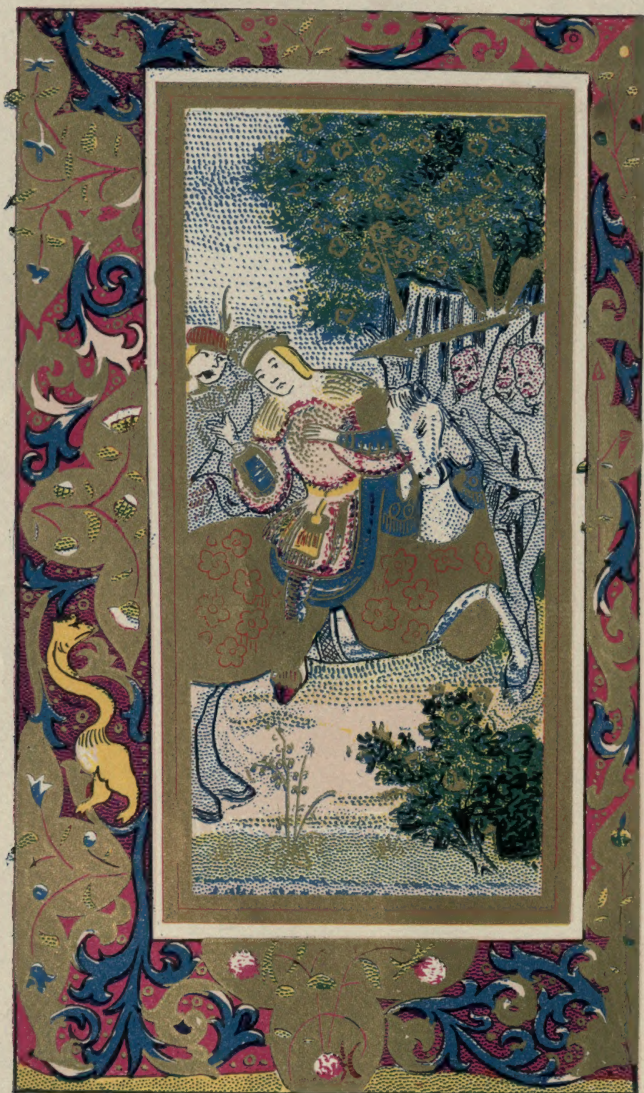




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STONE, WILLIAM LEETE, an American journalist, historian, and biographer, born at New Paltz, N. Y., April 20, 1792; died at Saratoga Springs, August 15, 1844. After learning the trade of a printer he became the editor of several newspapers, lastly, in 1821, of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. Besides several works of local and temporary interest he wrote the *Life of Joseph Brant* (1838); *Border Wars of the Revolution* (1839); *Life and Times of Red-Jacket* (1840); *Poetry and History of Wyoming* (1841); *Life of Uncas and Miantonomoh* (1842). At the time of his death he was engaged upon *The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson*. This work was completed in 1865 by his son, WILLIAM LEETE STONE, JR., born in 1835, who also wrote the life of his father, and several works relating mainly to incidents in American history.

"The amount of labor bestowed," says a writer in the *Historical Magazine* (1865), "and the success with which he found his way to dusty manuscripts, or gained knowledge of the invaluable contents of old chests and rickety trunks stowed away as lumber in garrets, and almost forgotten by their owners, was remarkable. Still more noteworthy was the happy facility with which he would gain access to the hearts of hoary-headed men and bring them to live over again their days of trial and hardship

—gleaning quickly and pleasantly desirable information from those who alone could communicate what he wished to hear. The result was an amount and variety of material which could scarcely be estimated, for he had the habit of systematizing the retentiveness of a powerful memory by a time-saving process entirely his own."

THE "MASSACRE" AT WYOMING.

The Provincials pushed rapidly forward ; but the British and Indians were prepared to receive them, their line being formed a small distance in front of their camp in a plain thinly covered with pine, shrub-oaks, and undergrowth, and extending from the river to a marsh at the foot of the mountain. On coming in view of the enemy, the Americans, who had previously marched in a single column, instantly deployed into a line of equal extent, and attacked from right to left at the same time. The right of the Americans was commanded by Col. Zebulon Butler, opposed to Col. John Butler commanding the enemy's left. Col. Dennison commanded the left of the Americans, and was opposed by Indians forming the enemy's right. The battle commenced at about forty rods' distance, without much execution at the onset, as the brushwood interposed obstacles to the sight. The militia stood the fire well for a time, and as they pressed forward there was some giving way on the enemy's right.

Unluckily just at this moment the appalling war-whoop of the Indians rang in the rear of the American left—the Indian leader having conducted a large party of his warriors through the marsh, and succeeded in turning Dennison's flank. A heavy and destructive fire was simultaneously poured into the American ranks ; and amidst the confusion Col. Dennison directed his men to "fall back," to avoid being surrounded, and to gain time to bring his men into order again. This direction was mistaken for an order to "retreat," whereupon the whole line broke, and every effort of their officers to restore order was unavailing

At this stage of the battle, and while thus engaged, the American officers mostly fell. The flight was general. The Indians, throwing away their rifles, rushed forward with their tomahawks, making dreadful havoc, answering the cries for mercy with the hatchet, and adding to the universal consternation those terrific yells which invest savage warfare with tenfold horror. So alert was the foe in this bloody pursuit that less than sixty of the Americans escaped either the rifle or the tomahawk. Some of the fugitives escaped by swimming the river, and others by flying to the mountains. As the news of the defeat spread down the valley, the greater part of the women and children, and those who remained behind to protect them, likewise ran to the woods and the mountains; while those who could not escape thus, sought refuge in Fort Wyoming. The Indians, apparently wearied with pursuit and slaughter, desisted; and betook themselves to secure the spoils of the vanquished. . . .

On the morning of the day after the battle, Col. John Butler, with the combined British and Indians, appeared before Fort Wyoming, and demanded its surrender. Articles of capitulation were entered into, by which it was stipulated that the settlers should be disarmed, and the garrison demolished; that all the prisoners and the public stores should be given up; that the property of "the people called Tories" should be made good, and they be permitted to remain peaceably upon their farms. In behalf of the settlers it was stipulated that they should be left in the unmolested occupation of their farms.

Unfortunately, however, the British commander either could not or would not enforce the terms of the capitulation, which were to a great extent disregarded, as well by the Tories as Indians. Instead of finding protection, the valley was again laid waste; the houses and improvements were destroyed by fire, and the country plundered. Families were broken up and dispersed, men and their wives separated, and some of them carried into captivity; while far the greater number fled to the mountains, and wandered through the wilderness to the older settlements. Some died of their

wounds, others from want and fatigue ; while others still were lost in the wilderness, or were heard of no more. Several perished in a great swamp in the neighborhood, which from that circumstance acquired the name of "The Shades of Death," and retains it to this day. But it does not appear that anything like a "massacre" followed the capitulation. . . .

There is an important correction to be made in reference to every account of this battle extant. This correction regards the name and just fame of Joseph Brant, whose character has been blackened with all the infamy—both real and imaginary—connected with this bloody expedition. Whether Brant was at any time in company of this expedition is doubtful ; but it is certain, in the face of every historical authority, British and American, that so far from being engaged in the battle, he was many miles distant at the time of its occurrence. Such has been the uniform testimony of the British officers engaged in that expedition, and such was always the word of Brant himself.—*Life of Brant.*





STORM, EDWARD, a Norwegian poet, born at Vaage, Guldbrandsdal, August 21, 1749; died in 1794. At twenty-one he published his first work, a heroi-comic poem in six cantos, entitled *Braeger*. He was also the author of a collection of *Fables and Tales in the Manner of Gellert*. He wrote many lyrics and ballads. Most of the latter are in his native dialect, and in these he succeeded admirably, according to Frederik Winkel Horn, in his *History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North*, in imitating the tone of the ancient ballads. The *Ballad of Sinclair* is one of these.

THE BALLAD OF SINCLAIR.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
And he steered for the Norway border ;
In Guldbrand valley he found his grave,
Where his merry men fell in disorder.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
To fight for the gold of Gustavus ;
God help thee, chief ; from the Norway glaive
No other defender can save us.

The moon rode high in the blue night-cloud,
And the waves round the bark rippled smoothly ,
When the mermaid rose from her watery shroud,
And thus sang the prophetess soothly :

“ Return, return, thou Scottish wight !
Or thy light is extinguished in mourning ;
If thou goest to Norway, I tell thee right,
No day shall behold thy returning.”

“ Now loud thou liest, thou sorceress old !
Thy prophecies ever are sore ;
If once I catch thee within my hold,
Thou never shalt prophesy more.”

He sailed three days, he sailed three nights,
He and his merry men bold ;
The fourth he neared old Norway's heights ;—
I tell you the tale as 'tis told.

On Romsdale coast has he landed his host,
And lifted the flag of ruin ;
Full fourteen hundred, of mickle boast,
All eager for Norway's undoing.

They scathe, they ravage, where'er they light,
Justice or ruth unheeding ;
They spare not the old for his locks so white
Nor the widow for her pleading.

They slew the babe on his mother's arm,
As he smiled so sweet on his foemen :
But the cry of woe was the war alarm,
And the shriek was the warrior's omen.

The Baun * flamed high, and the message-word ran
Swiftly o'er field and o'er furrow ;
No hiding-place sought the Guldbranders then,
As the Sinclair shall find to his sorrow.

“ Ye men of Norway, arise, arise !
Fight for your king and your laws ;
And woe to the craven wretch that flies,
And grudges his blood in the cause ! ”

And all of Lessø, and Vog, and Lon,
With axes full sharp on their shoulders,
To Bredeboyd in a swarm are gone.
To talk with the Scottish soldiers.

* A heap of wood raised in the form of a cone on the summits of the mountains, and set on fire to give notice of invasion.

Close under lid lies a pathway long,
The swift-flowing Laugen runs by it;
We call it Kring in our Northern tongue;
There wait we the foemen in quiet.

No more on the wall hangs the rifle-gun,
For the gray marksman aims at the foemen;
Old Nokken* mounts from the waters dun,
And waits for the prey that is coming.

The first shot hit the brave Sinclair right,
He fell with a groan full grievous;
The Scots beheld the good colonel's plight,
Then said they, "Saint Andrew receive us!"

"Ye Norway men, let your hearts be keen!
No mercy to those who deny it!"
The Scots then wished themselves home, I ween,
They liked not this Norway diet.

We strewed with bodies the long pathway,
The ravens they feasted full deep;
The youthful blood, that was spilt that day,
The maidens of Scotland may weep.

No Scottish flower was left on the stem,
No Scotsman returned to tell
How perilous 'tis to visit them
Who in mountains of Norway dwell.

And still on the spot stands a statue high,
For the foemen of Norway discerning;
And woe to him who that statue can spy,
And feels not his spirit burning!

* The river-god.



STORRS, RICHARD SALTER, an American pulpit orator and lecturer, born at Braintree, Mass., August 21st, 1821; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 5th, 1900 (79). He became the fourth of a family of preachers, his grandfather having been a chaplain in the Revolutionary army. He was graduated at Amherst in 1839, taught in the Munson and Williston Academies, studied law with Rufus Choate, and theology at Andover. After a year's pastorate in Brookline, Mass., he was called, in 1846, to the new Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y. His Brooklyn Institute lectures on *The Constitution of the Human Soul* (1855); his Union Theological Seminary lectures on *The Divine Origin of Christianity* (1881), and the like, have been published in book form; and many addresses on important public occasions have been printed in pamphlet form, such as his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, on *The Supernatural in Letters and Life*, etc. He produced *The Puritan Spirit* (1890) and *Bernard of Clairvaux* (1892). He has long been recognized as unexcelled in culture and oratory, and especially as marked by a magnificence of speech that is the very body, not the mere raiment, of his thought. In 1887 he received the highest honor in the gift of his denomination, the presidency of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN POETRY AND ART.

Even the beauty which picturesque verse loves to celebrate depends for its tender and supreme recognition on such spiritual insight. It is a recent notion of physicists that beauty is never an end in itself, in the outward and evident scheme of things, but exists only to serve utilities. The notion, I must think, has its root in another—that the system has originated, not in intelligence and beneficent purpose, but in the development of mechanical forces. The apprehension of a prescient ordaining mind, behind all phenomena, loving beauty for its own sake, and delighting to lodge it in the curl of the wood or the sheen of the shell, as well as in the petals and perfume of flowers, the crest of waves, or the prismatic round of the rainbow—this is indispensable to the clear recognition, or the sympathetic rendering, of even the outward beauty of nature. Then only does this stand in essential correlation with spiritual states, which find images in it; while then alone does it knit the present, on which it casts its scattered lights, with vanished paradises, and spheres of beauty unapproached.

There is a transcendent mood of the spirit wherein the meanest flower that blows awakens thoughts too deep for tears; when the grass blade is oracular, and the common bush seems afire with God, and when the splendors of closing day repeat the flash of jasper and beryl. It is when the soul is keenly conscious of relations to systems surpassing sense, and to a creative personal Spirit by whom all things are interfused. Aside from that, the yellow primrose is nothing more; and the glory of the sunset—seen from Sorrento or seen from Cambridge—fades from the hues of lucid gold or glowing ruby, because there fall no more suggestions, from all their splendors, of realms beyond the fading vision.

But if this be true of outward nature, how much more clearly of the spirit of man! Then only can this be manifested to us in the mystery of verse, with any just interpretation of what is profound and typical in

it, when it is recognized as personal, moral, of divine origin and divine affiliations, with unsounded futures waiting for it; when, in other words, it is set in relation with immense and surpassing realms of life. I may not properly illustrate from the living, but one example irresistibly suggests itself. Hawthorne's genius did not utter itself in rhyme, but how solitary, high-musing, it moves in this atmosphere of the essential mystery of life, as in the tenebrous splendor of sombre clouds, all whose edges burn with gold!

Without something of this, poetry always is commonplace. Outward action may be vividly pictured. Tragical events may find fit memorial. The manifold pageants, popular or imperial, may march before us, through many cantos, as on a broad and brilliant stage. But these, alone, are as the paltry plumes of fire-weed, taking the place of the burned forest, whose every tree-stem was "the mast of some great ammiral." The grand and imperative intuitions of the soul, which affirm the ideal, and are prophetic of things above nature—the "thoughts that wander through eternity," the love, prayer, passion, hope, which have no ultimate consummation on earth, and which in themselves predict immortality—these, which must furnish the substance of poetry, are only represented, in the most ductile and musical verse, upon the basis of the spiritual philosophy. Poets differ, as do the colors which astronomy shows in the radiant suns—blue, purple, gold—bound in the firm alliances of the heavens. But a sun black in substance, and shooting bolts of darkness from it, were as easily conceivable as a Comtist Shakespeare or an agnostic Wordsworth.—*Recognition of the Supernatural in Letters and in Life.*



STORY, JOSEPH, an American jurist and miscellaneous writer, born at Marblehead, Mass., September 18, 1779; died at Cambridge, Mass., September 10, 1845. He was graduated at Harvard in 1798; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1801, and commenced practice at Salem. For some years he took an active part in political affairs, supporting the general policy of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, and in 1809 he was elected to Congress by the Democratic (then known as the Republican) party. In 1811 he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1829 he was made Dane Professor of Law at Harvard, in accordance with the express stipulation of the founder of that chair; his instructions being given during the vacations of the Supreme Court. His inaugural address was on the "Value and Importance of the Study of Law." The following is a portion of this address:

THE IMPORTANCE OF CLASSICAL STUDIES.

The importance of classical learning to professional education is so obvious that the surprise is that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments; but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century the mass of science, in its principal branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and

much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate translations. What should we say of the jurist who never aspired to learn the maxims of law and equity which adorn the Roman Codes? What of the physician who could deliberately surrender all the knowledge heaped up for so many centuries in the Latinity of Continental Europe? What of the minister of religion who should choose not to study the Scriptures in the original tongue, and should be content to trust his faith and his hopes, for time and for eternity, to the dimness of translations which may reflect the literal import, but rarely can reflect with unbroken force the beautiful spirit of the text?

I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions in which wisdom speaks as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of poetical genius which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms, and chained senates to the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay! as one remembers the face of a dead friend by gathering up the broken fragments of his image; as one listens to a tale of a dream twice told; as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet; as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight.

Mr. Justice Story delivered many popular speeches and addresses, and contributed to the *North American Review* and other publications several papers on literary topics. A collection of some of these *Miscellaneous Writings* was published in 1835. But the bulk of his works are of

a strictly professional character, consisting of reports of the Supreme Court, judgments pronounced by him, and treatises upon important legal questions. Among the treatises which still rank as authority are *Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws* (1834); *Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence* (1836); *Equity Pleadings* (1838); *On Promissory Notes* (1846). But of more general interest are the *Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States*, published in 1833, followed soon afterward by an Abridgment, designed especially as a textbook in colleges and academies. The following are the concluding paragraphs of this Abridgment:

DANGERS THAT THREATEN THE REPUBLIC.

The fate of other republics—their rise, their progress, their decay, and their fall—are written but too legibly on the pages of history, if, indeed, they were not continually before us in the startling fragments of their ruins. These republics have perished, and have perished by their own hands. Prosperity has enervated them, corruption has debased them, and a venal populace has consummated their destruction. The people, alternately the prey of military chieftains at home and of ambitious invaders from abroad, have been sometimes cheated out of their liberties by servile demagogues, sometimes betrayed into a surrender of them by false patriots, and sometimes they have willingly sold them for a price to a despot who had bidden the highest for his victims. They have disregarded the warning voice of their best statesmen, and have persecuted and driven from office their truest friends. They have listened to the counsels of fawning sycophants, or base calumniators of the wise and good. They have revered power more in its high abuses and summary movements than in its calm and constitutional energy, when it dispensed blessings with a liberal hand. They have surrendered to faction

what belonged to the common interests and common rights of the country. Patronage and party, the triumph of an artful popular leader, and the discontents of a day, have outweighed, in their view, all solid principles and institutions of government. Such are the melancholy lessons of the past history of republics down to our own. . . .

If our Union should once be broken up, it is impossible that a new Constitution should ever be formed, embracing the whole territory. We shall be divided into several nations or confederacies, rivals in power, pursuits, and interests; too proud to brook injury, and too near to make retaliation distant or ineffectual. Our very animosities will, like those of all other kindred nations, become the more deadly, because our lineage, laws, and institutions are the same. Let the history of the Grecian and Italian republics warn us of our dangers. The National Constitution is our last and our only security. United, we stand; divided, we fall.

Let, then, the rising generation be inspired with an ardent love for their country, and an unquenchable thirst for liberty, and a profound reverence for the Constitution and the Union. Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils and sufferings and blood of their ancestors; and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to their latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, of property, of religion, and of independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity, its foundations are solid; its compartments are beautiful, as well as useful; its arrangements are full of wisdom and order; and its defences are impregnable from without.

Story was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, and a sum of money was raised to erect a statue of him there, the execution of which was confided to his son, William W. Story, who has raised another monument to his father in the *Life and Letters of Joseph Story* (1851).



STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE, an American sculptor, lawyer, and poet, son of the preceding, born in Salem, Mass., February 19, 1819; died in Italy, October 7, 1895. He was graduated at Harvard in 1838, studied law under his father, entered upon practice, and put forth *Reports of Cases Argued before the Circuit Court of the United States for the First Circuit* (1842), and a treatise on the *Law of Contracts Not under Seal* (1844). He was also a frequent contributor, in prose and verse, to periodicals, and published a volume of *Poems* in 1847. He had developed a high talent for sculpture; and about 1850 abandoned the legal profession, and took up his residence in Rome, devoting himself to art and literature. His principal works are *Life and Letters of Joseph Story* (1851), a volume of *Poems* (1856); *Roba di Roma, or Walks and Talks About Rome* (1862); *Proportions of the Human Figure* (1866); *Graffiti d'Italia*, consisting of dramatic poems (1869); *The Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem, at the Time of Our Saviour* (1870); *Nero, an Historical Play* (1875); *Castle St. Angelo* (1877); *He and She, or a Poet's Portfolio* (1883); *Fiammetta* (1885); *Conversations in a Studio* (1890); *Excursions in Art and Letters* (1891); *A Poet's Portfolio, Later Readings* (1894). A revised and enlarged edition of *Roba di Roma* appeared in 1887, and his *Poetical Works*, in two volumes, in 1886.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

Strive not to say the whole ! the Poet in his Art
Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest part.

The young moon's arc her perfect circle tells ;
The limitless within Art's bounded outline dwells.

Of every noble work the silent part is best ;
Of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed.

Each Act contains the life, each work of Art the
world,
And all the planet-laws are in each dew-drop pearled.

MIDNIGHT.

Midnight in the sleeping city ! clanking hammers beat
no more ;
For a space the hum and tumult of the busy day are
o'er.

Streets are lonely and deserted, where the sickly lamp-
lights glare,
And the steps of some late passer only break the silence
there.

Round the grim and dusky houses, gloomy shadows
nestling cower ;
Night hath stifled life's deep humming into slumber for
an hour.

Sullen furnace-fires are glowing over in the suburbs
far,
And the lamp in many a household shineth like an
earthly star.

O'er the hushed and sleeping city, in the cloudless sky
above,
Never-fading stars hang watching in eternal peace and
love.

Years and centuries have vanished, change hath come
to bury change,
But the starry constellations on their silent pathway
range.

Great Orion's starry girdle, Berenice's golden hair,
Ariadne's crown of splendor, Cassiopeia's shining chair,

Saggitarius and Delphinus, and the clustering Pleiad
train,
Aquila and Ophiucus, Pegasus and Charles's Wain,

Red Antares and Capella, Aldebaran's mystic light,
Alruccabah and Arcturus, Sirius and Vega white :—

They are circling calm as ever on their sure but hidden
path,
As when mystic watchers saw them with the reverent
eye of Faith.

So unto the soul benighted lofty stars there are, that
shine
Far above the mists of error with a changeless light
divine.

Lofty souls of old beheld them, burning in life's shad-
ow night ;
And they still are undecaying 'mid a thousand centuries'
flight.

Love and Truth, whose light and blessing every rever-
ent heart may know,
Mercy, Justice, which are pillars that support this life
below ;

These in sorrow and in darkness in the inmost soul we
feel,
As the sure, undying impress of the Almighty's burning
seal.

Though unsolved the mighty secret which shall thread
the perfect whole,
And unite the finite number unto the Eternal Soul,

We shall one day clearly see it ; for the soul a time shall
come

When, enfranchised and unburdened, Thought shall be
its only home ;

And Truth's fitful intimations, glancing on our fearful
sight,

Shall be gathered to the circle of one mighty disk of
light.

THE PROCESSION OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Among the celebrations which take place throughout Italy during Holy Week is one, which, though not peculiar to Rome, deserves record here for its singularity. On Good Friday it is the custom of the people of Prato, a little town near Florence, to celebrate the occasion by a procession, which takes place after nightfall, and is intended to represent the procession to the cross. The persons composing it are mounted on horseback, and dressed in fantastic costumes borrowed from the theatrical wardrobe, representing Pontius Pilate, the centurions, guards, executioners, apostles, and even Judas himself. Each one carries in one hand a flaring torch, and in the other some emblem of the Crucifixion—such as the hammer, pincers, shears, sponge, cross, and so on. The horses are all unshod, so that their hoofs may not clatter on the pavement ; and, with a sort of mysterious noiselessness, the singular procession passes through all the principal streets illuminated by torches that gleam picturesquely on their tinsel-covered robes, helmets, and trappings.

This celebration only takes place once in three years ; and on the last occasion but one, a tremendous thunder-storm broke over the town as the procession was passing along. The crowd thereupon incontinently dispersed, and the unfortunate person who represented Judas, trembling with superstitious fear, fell upon his knees, and—after the fashion of Nick Bottom, the weaver, who relieved the Duke Theseus by declaring that he was only a lion's fell, and not a veritable lion—cried out to the Madonna, "*Misericordia per me !* I am

not really Judas, but only the cobbler at the corner, who is representing him—all for the glory of the blessed Bambino!" And in consideration of this information the Madonna graciously extended him her potent aid; but he henceforth rejoiced in the popular nickname of Judas.—*Roba di Roma*.

PAN IN LOVE.

Nay! if you will not sit upon my knee,
Lie on that bank, and listen while I play
A sylvan song upon these reedy pipes.
In the full moonrise as I lay last night
Under the alders on Peneus' banks,
Dabbling my hoofs in the cool stream that welled
Wine-dark with gleamy ripples round their roots,
I made the song the while I shaped the pipes.
'Tis all of you and love, as you shall hear.
The drooping lilies, as I sang it, heaved
Upon their broad green leaves, and underneath,
Swift, silvery fishes, poised on quivering fins,
Hung motionless to listen; in the grass
The crickets ceased to shrill their tiny bells;
And even the nightingale, that all the eve,
Hid in the grove's deep green, had throbbed and thrilled,
Paused in his strain of love to list to mine.
Bacchus is handsome, but such songs as this
He cannot shape, and better loves the clash
Of brazen cymbals than my reedy pipes.
Fair as he is without, he's coarse within—
Gross in his nature, loving noise and wine,
And, tipsy, half the time goes reeling round
Leaning on old Silenus' shoulders fat.
But I have scores of songs that no one knows,
Not even Apollo, no, nor Mercury—
Their strings can never sing like my sweet pipes—
Some that will make fierce tigers rub their fur
Against the oak-trunks for delight, or stretch
Their plump sides for my pillow on the sward.
Some that will make the satyrs' clattering hoofs
Leap when they hear, and from their noonday dreams
Start up to stamp a wild and frolic dance

In the green shadows. Ay ! and better songs,
Made for the delicate nice ears of nymphs,
Which while I sing my pipes shall imitate
The droning bass of honey-seeking bees,
The tinkling tenor of clear, pebbly streams,
The breezy alto of the alder's sighs,
And all the airy sounds that lull the grove
When noon falls fast asleep among the hills.
Nor only these—for I can pipe to you
Songs that will make the slippery vipers pause,
And stay the stags to gaze with their great eyes ;
Such songs—and you shall hear them if you will—
That Bacchus' self would give his hide to hear.
If you'll but love me every day, I'll bring
The coyest flowers, such as you never saw,
To deck you with. I know their secret nooks,—
They cannot hide themselves away from Pan.
And you shall have rare garlands ; and your bed
Of fragrant mosses shall be sprinkled o'er
With violets like your eyes—just for a kiss.
Love me, and you shall do whate'er you like,
And shall be tended whereso'er you go,
And not a beast shall hurt you—not a toad
But at your bidding give his jewel up.
The speckled, shining snakes shall never sting,
But twist like bracelets round your rosy arms,
And keep your bosom cool in the hot noon.
You shall have berries ripe of every kind,
And luscious peaches, and wild nectarines,
And sun-flecked apricots, and honeyed dates,
And wine from bee-stung grapes, drunk with the sun
(Such wine as Bacchus never tasted yet).
And not a poisonous plant shall have the power
To tetter your white flesh, if you'll love Pan.
And then I'll tell you tales that no one knows ;
Of what the pines talk in the summer nights,
When far above you hear them murmuring,
As they sway whispering to the lifting breeze ;
And what the storm shrieks to the struggling oaks
As it flies through them, hurrying to the sea
From mountain crags and cliffs. Or, when you're sad,
I'll tell you tales that solemn cypresses

Have whispered to me. There's not anything
Hid in the woods and dales and dark ravines,
Shadowed in dripping caves, or by the shore,
Slipping from sight, but I can tell to you.
Plump, dull-eared Bacchus, thinking of himself.
Never can catch a syllable of this ;
But with my shaggy ear against the grass
I hear the secrets hidden underground,
And know how, in the inner forge of Earth,
The pulse-like hammers of creation beat.
Old Pan is ugly, rough, and rude to see,
But no one knows such secrets as old Pan.

THE VIOLET.

O faint, delicious, spring-time violet !
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass ;
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky—Oh, pass, ye visions, pass !
I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,
From which I ever flee ?
O vanished joy ! O love, that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be !

O violet ! thy odor through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.



STRAUSS, DAVID FRIEDRICH, a German rationalistic theologian, born at Ludwigsburg, Wurtemberg, January 27, 1808; died at Ludwigsburg, February 8, 1874. In 1825 he began a course of two years in philosophy and history, and three years in theology, at Tübingen, and in 1832 (having graduated with high honors in 1830) became a subordinate teacher in the university, lecturing on logic, history of philosophy, Plato, and the history of ethics. In the latter part of 1833 he gave up this place to devote his entire time to a work projected perhaps two years before, *The Life of Jesus Critically Examined*. The first volume came out in 1834 and the second in 1835. The purpose of the book was an elaboration of the myth theory as applied to the Gospels. That Jesus lived, taught, and gathered disciples Strauss admitted, but he denied in toto the miracles, and laid their origin to the stories of the common people, who had long expected a Messiah, and who ascribed to Jesus the well-known Messianic attributes. Wonders greater than any performed by the older prophets were predicted for the coming Christ; "and thus many of the legends respecting Jesus had not to be newly invented; they existed ready-made in the Messianic hopes of the people, derived chiefly from the Old Testament, and only needed to be transferred to Christ and adapted to his character

and teachings." The work created a tremendous sensation. Many replies were made to it. In 1837 he answered his critics in his *Streitschriften*. In the third edition of this work (1839), and in *Zwei Friedrich Blätter*, he conceded a number of important points to his critics, but in 1840, in the fourth edition, he withdrew these concessions and retook his old ground. He had already been appointed to a chair of theology in the University of Zurich, but such a storm was raised that not only did he lose the place, but the Government that appointed him was sacrificed to the popular tumult. He was married in 1842 to Agnes Schebest, an opera-singer, separating from her in 1847. He was defeated in 1848 for membership in the Frankfort Parliament. He was then elected from Wurtemberg, but his political conservatism was such that his constituency forced him to resign. Between 1840 and 1862 he did not meddle with theology, devoting himself to politics and biographical writing; but in 1864 appeared his *Life of Jesus for the German People*, and from this time until his death theology was his theme.

His works other than those mentioned were *Christliche Glaubenslehre* (1840); *Der Romantiker auf dem Throne der Cæsarem* (1847); *Schubart's Leben* (1849); *Christian Märklin* (1851); *Frischlin* (1855); *Ulrich von Hutten* (1858-60); *H. S. Reimorus* (1862); *Die Halben und die Ganzen* (1865); *Christus des Glaubens und der Jesus der Geschichte* (1865); *Voltaire* (1870); *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube* (1872); *Nachwort als Vorwort* (1873).

Very great diversity of opinion exists as to the

merit of Strauss. "The speculations of the book have passed away from Germany," says a critic, probably the Rev. John McClintock, in the *Biblical Cyclopædia*, "and left no trace behind; and in but narrow circles in other lands can their influence be observed." Contrary to this, it is certain that much of what is known to-day as the "higher criticism" is directly traceable to Strauss. His political opinions bore a strange contrast to his radical theological views; in the former he was almost servilely monarchical.

The following excerpt is taken from his *Life of Jesus for the German People* (1864), translated under the title, *A New Life of Jesus* (1865). The earlier work was written for scholars, but this was intended for the populace.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS NOT A NATURAL REVIVAL.

We might, therefore, refuse to acknowledge in the resurrection of Jesus any miraculous objective occurrence, for the following reasons: The Evangelical evidence, on which the belief of that occurrence originally rested, is far from giving that certainty which it ought to give in order to make such a miracle credible. For in the first place it does not come from eye-witnesses; secondly, the different accounts do not agree; and, thirdly, they give a description of the nature and movements of the subject after the resurrection which contains in itself contradictory elements.

Inasmuch, then, as the ecclesiastical view of the matter, as regards the last points, admits only the possibility of a miracle, the essence of which involves characteristics which are, according to human notions, self-contradictory, an attempt is made to take another point of view, and to understand the Evangelical accounts in such a manner that they shall not contain such contra-

dictions. According to this the resurrection of Jesus takes the form of a natural occurrence; his condition after it was the same as it was before it. In the appearances after the resurrection, the accounts of which are given in the Evangelists, the advocates of this view keep exclusively to those features which seem to point to a perfectly natural corporeality; the marks of the wounds, the tangibility, the eating, which is here taken to be not merely a power of eating, but also as a want of sustenance. On the other hand, they endeavor to set aside by evasive explanations the opposite characteristics which point to something spiritual in the nature of Jesus after the resurrection. The fact of the disciples, as is sometimes stated, being afraid at his appearance (Luke, xxvii. 37; John, xxi. 12) is intelligible, they say, on the supposition that they really believed that he was dead, and thought consequently that what they then saw of him was his shade, ascended from the world below. The travellers to Emmaus did not recognize him for some time. Mary Magdalene thought he was the gardener. The first of these is explained sometimes by the disfigurement of his features by suffering, sometimes by supposing that he had not marked features; the latter from the circumstance that, having risen from the grave unclothed, he had borrowed clothes from the neighboring gardener. While the doors were shut he stood suddenly in the midst of his disciples. Even Schleiermacher considers it self-evident that the doors had been opened for him before. They see here, they say, a proof of the fact that the body which Jesus brought from the grave was not a glorified one, but severely wounded and hurt, and gradually recovering. And this proof is the improvement shown in his state of health between the morning of the resurrection, when he forbade Mary Magdalene to touch him (John, xx. 17), and eight days later, when the healing of his wounds had advanced so far that he himself invited Thomas to do so. Again, in the morning he stays quietly in the neighborhood of his grave, in the afternoon he feels already strong enough for an expedition to Emmaus, three hours distant, and some days later undertakes even the journey to Galilee.

Even as to the resurrection itself they say that the supernatural element exists, indeed, in the conception of the disciples and the Evangelists, but not in the thing itself. It is not to be wondered at, according to them, that excited women took the white linen clothes in the empty sepulchre, or strange men in white dresses, for angels. No angel was wanted to roll away the stone, as it might have been done, either accidentally or intentionally, by men's hands. Finally, it may be explained quite naturally, after the circumstances that had preceded, how Jesus should have come alive out of the sepulchre when the stone was taken away. Crucifixion, they maintain, even if the feet as well as the hands are supposed to have been nailed, occasions but very little loss of blood. It kills, therefore, only very slowly, by convulsions produced by the straining of the limbs, or by gradual starvation. So, if Jesus, supposed indeed to be dead, had been taken down from the cross, after about six hours, there is every probability of this supposed death having been only a death-like swoon, from which, after the descent from the cross, Jesus recovered again in the cool cavern, covered as he was with healing ointments and strongly scented spices. On this head it is usual to appeal to an account in Josephus, who says that on one occasion, when he was returning from a military reconnoissance on which he had been sent, he found several Jewish prisoners who had been crucified. He saw among them three acquaintances, whom he begged Titus to give to him. They were immediately taken down and carefully attended to, one was really saved, but the two others could not be recovered. It cannot be said that this example is a very favorable one for the theory which it is brought forward to support. Out of three persons crucified, of whom we are ignorant how short or how long a time they had hung upon the cross, but who must still have given signs of life, as Josephus thought to save them, who received careful medical treatment, two died and one recovered. From this it does not become probable that one who was considered dead was taken down, and who had no medical treatment, should have returned to life again. No doubt what if thus said to be possible is

possible; but no one would be justified in assuming that such a thing had really taken place unless he could bring forward certain proofs that Jesus subsequently showed himself alive. But, according to the investigation of the question given above, this is by no means the case. The account of the Evangelists of the death of Jesus is clear, unanimous, and connected. Equally fragmentary, full of contradiction and obscurity, is all that they tell us of the opportunities of observing him which his adherents are supposed to have had of him after his resurrection. They are nothing but single individual appearances; he shows himself sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; sometimes in one way, sometimes in another; no one can tell whence he comes, or whither he goes, or where he stays. The whole thing gives the impression, not of a life objectively restored, connected in itself, but a subjective conception in the minds of those who think they see him, of separate visions, which may indeed in the first instance have appeared, but were certainly at a later period colored up and exaggerated in various ways.

It was, consequently, an unnecessary effort on the part of the natural interpretation to endeavor to remove the miraculous element out of the Evangelical accounts of the resurrection of Jesus. The only object can be to remove it from the actual course of events. But this real course the Evangelists do not give us, they only give us their conception of it, and we have no difficulty in admitting the miraculous element in this. So likewise we may spare ourselves the trouble of pointing out in detail the unnatural element in the explanations which are thus given to the words of the Evangelists. It is surely clear, that when a narrator says twice in the same words: "Jesus came and stood in the midst of them when the doors were shut," it is by no means self-evident that they had been opened for him beforehand—that if the corporeality of Jesus was natural he could not vanish from table in the presence of the two disciples at Emmaus; that the supposed steps in the progress of his recovery are only imagined because nothing can be more opposed to the unmistakable conception of all the narrators than what

points to suffering, or in general to any human necessities or needs. Besides which, it is quite evident that this view of the resurrection of Jesus, apart from the difficulties in which it is involved, does not even solve the problem which is here under consideration : the origin, that is, of the Christian Church by faith in the miraculous resurrection of the Messiah. It is impossible that a being who had stolen half-dead out of the sepulchre ; who crept about, weak and ill, wanting medical treatment ; who required bandaging, strengthening, and indulgence, and who still, at last, yielded to his sufferings, could have given to the disciples the impression that he was a conqueror over death and the grave—the Prince of Life—an impression which lay at the bottom of their future ministry. Such a resuscitation could only have weakened the impression which he had made upon them in life and in death ; at the most could only have given it an elegiac voice, but could by no possibility have changed their sorrow into enthusiasm, have elevated their reverence into worship.—*From A New Life of Jesus.*





STREET, ALFRED BILLINGS, an American poet, born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., December 18, 1811; died at Albany, June 2, 1881. After having been admitted to the bar he was made State Librarian at Albany. He edited the Albany *North-ern Light* in 1843-44. In 1859 he published *The Council of Revision of the State of New York, with Biographical Sketches of its Members*, and in 1863 *A Digest of Taxation*, embracing the principal tax-laws of all the States of the Union. Mr. Street commenced his literary career with a volume entitled *The Burning of Schenectady, and Other Poems* (1842); then followed *Drawings and Paintings* (1844), and *Frontenac, a Metrical Romance* (1849). He was a frequent contributor to periodicals, and collections of his *Poems* were several times made. His principal prose sketches are *Woods and Waters; or, Summer in the Saranacs; Lake and Mountain; or, Autumn in the Adirondacks; Eagle Pine; or, Sketches of a New York Frontier Village; The Indian Pass*. His longest work, *Frontenac*, is a narrative poem, being a tale of the Iroquois. The poem which is best known, and which on the whole is the most effective, is the *Gray Forest-Eagle*, a part of which is quoted below.

“Street is one of the best descriptive poets of which American literature can boast,” says Pro-

fessor Hart. "His descriptions of forest life especially are wonderfully graphic and true to nature."

"In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home," says H. T. Tuckerman. "He is no second-hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous. He is essentially an American poet. In England we notice that these qualities have been recognized. His *Lost Hunter* has been finely illustrated there, thus affording the best evidence of the picturesque fertility of his muse. His *Gray Forest-Eagle* is a noble lyric, full of spirit; his *Forest Scenes* are minutely and at the same time elaborately true."

THE GRAY FOREST-EAGLE.

With storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
 The gray forest-eagle is king of the sky!
 Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
 Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer
 hours,
 For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
 Only rippling of waters and waving of trees;
 There the red-robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
 The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums;
 And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
 There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song;
 The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,
 And there's naught but his shadow black gliding across;
 But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the
 foam
 Of the fierce, rock-lashed torrent, he claims as his home;
 There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the
 flood,
 And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood;

From the crag-grasping fir-top where morn hangs its
wreath,
He views the mad waters while writhing beneath :
On a limb of that moss-beared hemlock far down,
With bright azure mantle and gray mottled crown,
The kingfisher watches, where o'er him his foe,
The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more low :
Now poised are those pinions and pointed that beak,
His dread swoop is ready, when, hark ! with a shriek,
His eyeballs red-blazing, high bristled his crest,
His snake-like neck arch'd, talons drawn to his breast,
With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,
The gray forest-eagle shoots down in his flight ;
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck ;
And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like, on high
With his prey soars the eagle, and melts in the sky.

A FOREST WALK.

A lovely sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
O'er hill and dale my steps have won
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers ;
One of the paths all round that wind,
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind
In nature's own recesses lose.
The beech displays its marbled bark,
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scalloped dome beside ;
All weave a high and verdant roof,
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green
Within the columned, vaulted scene.
Sweet forest-odors have their birth
From the closed boughs and teeming earth ;
Where pine-cones dropped, leaves piled and dead,
Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
With many a wild-flower's starry urn,
A thick, elastic carpet spread.

Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
Resolving into soil, is sunk ;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest-tops are bright
With a broad blaze of sunny light ;
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stems, and breaks below ;
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold ;
Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green ;
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle in the laurel's gloss ;
The robin, brooding on her nest,
Chirps, as the quick ray strikes her breast ;
And, as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears and earnest look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted
With rich green grass, invites my tread.
Here showers the light in golden dots,
There sleeps the shade in ebon spots,
So blended that the very air
Seems net-work as I enter there.
The partridge whose deep-rolling drum
Afar has sounded on my ear,
Ceasing his beatings as I come,
Whirrs to the sheltering branches near ;
The little milk-snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day ;
And now between the boughs, a space
Of the blue, laughing sky I trace,
On each side shrinks the bowery shade,

Before me spreads an emerald glade ;
The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,
That couch my footsteps as I cross ;
Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see ;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect choir is loud in song :
A spot of light and life ; it seems
A fairy haunt for fancy's dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press
In luxury of idleness.
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky,
Spotted with cloud-shapes, chain my eye ;
While murmuring grass and waving trees—
Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze—
And water-tones that tinkle near,
Blend their sweet music to my ear ;
And by the changing shades alone
The passage of the hours is known.

ON THE SUMMIT OF TAHAWAS.

I chanced to look up : and lo ! a rocky dome, a dark pinnacle, an awful crest, scowled above my head, apparently impending over it, as if to fall and crush me. What was it ? It was the stately brow of old Tahawas, the Piercer of the Sky ! Throned in eternal desolation, its look crushing down the soaring forest into shrubs, there it towered, the sublime king of the Adirondacks, its forehead furrowed by the assaults of a thousand centuries. There it towered, beating back the surges of a million tempests ! There it stood—and—by Jove, if there isn't a lizard crawling up there ! Or stop, let me see ! Upon my modesty, if the lizard, by the aid of my glass, doesn't enlarge itself into Bob Blin ! and there is Merrill following. And so I followed, too.

Showers of stones, loosened by my guide, rattled past. Still up I went, over the precipitous rocks, by clambering its cracks and crannies, through its tortuous galleries, along the dizzy edges of the chasms. A score of times I thought the summit was just in front, but no. On still went my guides, and on still I followed. But

at last Merrill and Robert both became stationary—in fact, seated themselves—their figures sharply relieved against the sky. Surmounting a steep acclivity, then turning into a sort of winding gallery, and passing a large mass of rock, I placed myself at their side ; and lo ! the summit ! Famished with thirst, I looked around, and basins of water, hollowed in the stern granite, met my gaze : real jewels of the skies—rain-water—and truly delicious it was.

Next my eye was sweetly startled by one of the most delicate flowers—a harebell—that ever grew : sweet as Titania, blue as Heaven, and fragile as Hope—here on the bald tip-top of old Tahawas. I looked around for humming-birds and butterflies ! It was a beautiful sight, that little blossom trembling at the very breath, yet flourishing here—here, where the tawny grass sings sharp and keen in the wrathful hurricane that the eagle scarce dares to stem ; where even the pine-shrub cannot live, and the wiry juniper shows not even its wiry wreath ; here, where the bitter cold lingers nearly all the year, and the snowflake dazzles the June sun with its golden glitter ; here on the summit of a peak to which the lightning lowers its torch, and at whose base the storm-cloud crouches. . . .

Clear and bright shines the prospect below ; and herein we are lucky. Old Tahawas oftentimes acts sulkily ; he will not allow his vassal landscape to show itself, but shrouds it in a wet, clinging mist. To-day, however, he permits it to appear in his presence, and lo, the magic !—a sea of mountain-tops ! a sea frozen at its wildest tumults !—*The Indian Pass.*

NIGHTFALL : A PICTURE.

Low burns the summer afternoon ;
 A mellow lustre lights the scene ;
 And from its smiling beauty soon
 The purpling shades will chase the sheen.

The old, quaint homestead's windows blaze ;
 The cedar's long, black pictures show ;
 And broadly slopes one path of rays
 Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stares out—the cat intent,
Like carving, on some gnawing rat—
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,
Nooked, cobwebbed homes of wasp and bat.

The harness, bridle, saddle, dart
Gleams from the lower, rough expanse ;
At either side the stooping cart,
Pitchfork, and plough cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable-doors
Shows his round shape ; faint color coats
The manger, where the farmer pours,
With rustling rush, the glancing oats.

A sun-haze streaks the dusky shed ;
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks :
In mottled gloss the straw is spread ;
And the gray grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lowest west
With gorgeous tints around it drawn ;
A beacon on the mountain's breast,
A crescent, shred, a star—and gone.

The landscape now prepares for night :
A gauzy mist slow settles round ;
Eve shows her hues in every sight,
And blends her voice with every sound.

The sheep stream rippling down the dell,
Their smooth, sharp faces pointed straight ;
The pacing kine, with tinkling bell,
Come grazing through the pasture-gate.

The ducks are grouped, and talk in fits :
One yawns with stretch of leg and wing ;
One rears and fans, then, settling, sits ;
One at a moth makes awkward spring.

The geese march grave in Indian file,
The ragged patriarch at the head ;

Then, screaming, flutter off awhile,
Fold up, and once more stately tread.

Brave chanticleer shows haughtiest air ;
Hurls his shrill vaunt with lofty bend ;
Lifts foot, glares round, then follows where
His scratching, picking partlets wend.

Staid Towser scents the glittering ground ;
Then, yawning, draws a crescent deep,
Wheels his head-drooping frame around
And sinks with fore-paws stretched for sleep

The oxen, loosened from the plough,
Rest by the pear-tree's crooked trunk ;
Tim, standing with yoke-burdened brow,
Trim, in a mound beside him sunk.

One of the kine upon the bank
Heaves her face-lifting, wheezy roar ;
One smooths, with lapping tongue, her flank ;
With ponderous droop one finds the floor.

Freed Dobbin through the soft, clear dark
Glimmers across the pillared scene,
With the grouped geese—a pallid mark,—
And scattered bushes black between.

The fire-flies freckle every spot
With fickle light that gleams and dies ;
The bat, a wavering, soundless blot,
The cat, a pair of prowling eyes.

Still the sweet, fragrant dark o'erflows
The deepening air and darkening ground ;
By its rich scent I trace the rose,
The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars ;
The tree-toad purrs in whirring tone ;
And now the heavens are set with stars.
And night and quiet reign alone.

THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood.
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil :
To form that garb the wildwood game
Contributed their spoil ;
The soul that warmed that frame disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare that reigned
Where men their crowds collect ;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest-tamer decked.

The paths which wound 'mid gorgeous trees,
The stream whose bright lips kissed their flowers,
The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast, the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair ;
These scenes and sounds majestic made
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorned a pleasant spot ;
'Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not
That throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
The rose of summer spread its glow,
The maize hung out its autumn fringe,
Rude winter brought his snow ;
And still the lone one labored there,
His shout and whistle broke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden-spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath ;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed his savage growl ;
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
His fangs, with dying howl ;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race,
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in conflict's deadliest place,
To fight—to bleed—to die !
Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a nation's banner spread,
A nation's freedom won.



STRICKLAND, AGNES, an English biographer, born in 1806; died July 13, 1874. She wrote several books of verse and fiction before entering upon her career as a writer of historical biography. Her principal works in this department are: *Lives of the Queens of England*, in which she was assisted by her sister, Elizabeth Strickland (12 vols., 1840-49); *Lives of the Queens of Scotland* (8 vols., 1840-49); *Lives of the Seven Bishops* (1866). In 1871 she received a pension of £100. She also edited *Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots*, and wrote several novels, including *The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages* (1835); *Tales and Stories from History* (1836). She also wrote *Worcester Field*, a poem in four cantos. Her productions have acquired a wide popularity both in Great Britain and America.

"Agnes Strickland," says the *Athenæum*, "had not the general knowledge, the capacity to deal with original authorities, the judicial temper, or the imaginative power which are required to make a great historian. Her portraits are sometimes ludicrously ill-drawn, and sometimes exaggerated or distorted. At the same time it must be admitted that, within the limits of her powers, she was industrious and zealous. The popularity of her series of biographies is not at all surprising. . . . Though she had her prejudices and

her weaknesses, she always wrote like a pious, amiable, and eminently respectable English gentlewoman, such as her memoir shows her to have been."

QUEEN MARY'S RESIGNATION OF THE SCOTTISH CROWN.

The conspirators, calling themselves the Lords of Secret Council, having completed their arrangements for the long-meditated project of depriving her of her crown, summoned Lord Lindsay to Edinburgh, and on the 23d of July, 1567, delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds, to which they were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or by absolute force. The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, that "being in infirm health, and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son, James, Prince of Scotland." In the second, her "trusty brother, James, Earl of Moray," was constituted Regent for the Prince, her son, during the minority of the royal infant. The third appointed a provisional Council of Regency, consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government until Moray's return, or, in case of his refusing to accept it, till the Prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it himself.

Aware that Mary would not be easily induced to execute such instruments, Sir Robert Melville was especially employed to cajole her into this political suicide. That ungrateful courtier, who had been employed and trusted by his unfortunate sovereign ever since her return from France, and had received nothing but benefits from her, undertook this office. Having obtained a private interview with her, he deceitfully entreated her to "sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life, which, he assured her, was in the most imminent danger. Then he gave her a turquoise ring, telling her it was sent to her from the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, and Athole, Secretary Lethington, and the Laird of Grange,

"who loved her Majesty," and had by that token accredited him to exhort her to avert the peril to which she would be exposed if she ventured to refuse the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council, whose designs they well knew were to take her life, either secretly or by means of a mock trial among themselves.

Finding the Queen impatient of this insidious advice, Melville produced a letter from the English ambassador, Throckmorton, out of the scabbard of his sword, telling her he had concealed it there at the peril of his own life, in order to convey it to her—a paltry piece of acting, worthy of the parties by whom it had been devised, for the letter had been written for the express purpose of inducing Mary to accede to the demission of her regal dignity ; telling her, as if in confidence, that it was the Queen of England's sisterly advice that she should not irritate those who had her in her power, by refusing the only concession that could save her life ; and observing that "nothing that was done under her present circumstances could be of any force when she regained her freedom." Mary, however, resolutely refused to sign the deeds ; declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects, by acceding to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, "proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people."

The fair-spoken Melville having reported his ill success to his coadjutor Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother-in-law, the bully of the party, who had been selected for the honorable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concessions she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and, flinging the deeds violently upon the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her. "What !" exclaimed Mary. "Shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood ; and, to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given me to my son—an infant a little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm—that my brother Moray may reign in his name ?" She was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of

her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter ; then, scowling ferociously upon her, he swore, with a deep oath, that if she would not sign these instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the lake to feed the fishes. . . .

Her heart was too full to continue the unequal contest. "I am not yet five-and-twenty," she pathetically observed. Somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion. Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest entreaty for her to save her life by signing the papers, reiterating that "whatever she did would be invalid because extorted by force."

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign she would not till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore that, "having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there," forced the pen into her reluctant hand ; and, according to the popular version of this scene of lawless violence, grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely as to leave the prints of his mail-clad fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking at them.—*Lives of the Queens of Scotland.*





STRINDBERG, AUGUST, a Swedish novelist, poet, dramatist, and historian, born in Stockholm in 1849 of a noble father and plebeian mother. He evinced remarkable talents as a boy, passing all boys of his age in the schools. He was graduated from Upsala University in 1869 at the age of twenty, and began his literary career in 1870 by writing for periodicals, and also by producing dramas, of which *Den Fredlöse* (The Restless) was the most successful. Soon afterward he published *Mäster Olaf*, one of his best dramas. His reputation was now established, and he obtained recognition from the Government by being appointed to a responsible position in the royal library at Stockholm. The appointment was made in 1875, and he continued in office until 1882. During this time he was very active in literature, and in 1879 made his *début* as a realist with a book of stories and sketches of the Bohemian life of literary men, actors, and artists in Stockholm. The book was called *Roda Rummet* (The Red Room), but in English would better be called *The Green-room*; or, *Behind the Scenes*. He now gave himself over principally to writing realistic literature. For the stage he wrote a number of social dramas, foremost among which are: *Gillet's Hemlighet* (The Guild's Secret), *Herr Bengt's Hustru* (Mr. Bengt's Wife), *Fadern* (The Father), and *Kamra-*

terna (Comrades). He also wrote a society sketch entitled *Det Nya Riket* (The New Kingdom). But the most extraordinary and significant of his realistic work was a series of short stories entitled *Giftas* (Married). This series was a compilation of studies of the defects of modern married life, cast in the form of realistic stories, of which there are no less than thirty, giving in detail the faults which the author considered that he had found in marriages. It was a series of thirty stories, any one of which might vie with Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata*. Probably it could not have been written anywhere but in Sweden and in Stockholm, where unsolemnized connections are nearly as common as those of the solemnized variety. Moreover, in that country, and especially in that city, the conflict between the systems is that of extreme Lutheran orthodoxy and the most ultra-Parisian radical views.

Side by side with his growing reputation there had been an augmenting opposition to Strindberg and his radical opinions. Upon the appearance of *Giftas* this took the form of stopping the publication of the stories and of arresting and prosecuting their author. In the courts, however, both these attacks proved unavailing. The author was found not guilty, and the embargo upon the publication of the stories was removed. His radical utterances, however, lost him the Government's favor, and in 1882 he was dismissed from his post in the royal library. From that time forward he has devoted himself exclusively to literary and dramatic work. This has been by no means alto-

gether in the production of realistic dramas and tales. He has done much work in verse, and has besides contributed much of value to the illumination of Sweden's past in his works: *Svenska Öden och Äventyr* (Swedish Odes and Traditions), and *Svenska Folket i Helg och Sökn* (The Swedish People in Play and Earnest). He has also brought out several collections of his short stories, sketches, and poems, of which *Likt och Olik* (Like and Unlike) and *Tryckt och Otryckt* (Printed and Not Printed). Strindberg has also written an autobiographical series of novels, with titles as follows: *Tjenstequinnan's Son* (The Serving-woman's Son), *Jäsningstiden* (The Fermenting Season), and *I Röda Rummet* (In the Red Room). These novels he calls *The Story of a Soul's Evolution*.

Strindberg is considered by critics to exhibit wonderful fertility of original and analytic thought. His style is clear and simple, but not remarkable for elegance. He belongs to that school of realism which finds its inspiration in Paris; but he is a more profound student of social conditions than most representatives of his school. As has already been indicated, his environment affords him remarkable opportunities for studying some contrasting phases of social life. He is merciless in his analysis and most radical in his conclusions. None of his works has been translated into English. As fair illustrations of his bent and his style, we have had translated especially for this work the following selections in prose and verse. The translation is by Miles Menander Dawson.

FROM "THE SERVING-WOMAN'S SON."

There was strict discipline in the house. Lying was unmercifully punished, and disobedience, too.

Little children often lie because of defective memory. "Did you do it?" is asked.

Now it was done hours ago, and the child does not remember so long. As the deed was considered innocent by the child, he did not take particular note of it.

Thus little children may lie without knowing it, and that they must look out for.

They may lie, too, in self-defence. They understand that "No" saves, and "Yes" submits them to beatings.

They may also lie to gain a point. Among the first discoveries of the awakening understanding is this: A well-put "Yes" or "No" can help one ahead.

The ugliest is when they throw blame on others. They know that the misdoing will be punished, whoever is found guilty. It remains to find a scapegoat. This punishing them is pure revenge. A fault is not to be punished, for to do so is to commit another fault. The wrong-doer is to be set right, or for his own sake be taught not to do wrong.

This certainty of punishment induces fear in the child of being thought a malefactor. And Johan went about in constant terror lest some misbehavior should be discovered.

At dinner one day his father observes that the wine-bottle was being rapidly emptied.

"Who has been drinking our wine?" he asks, and looks from one to another around the table.

Nobody answers, but Johan flushes.

"Oh, so it was you!" cries his father.

Johan, who had never even noticed where the wine-bottle was put, bursts into tears and sobs:

"I didn't drink the wine."

"Oh, you deny it, too!"

"Too!"

"You will catch it when dinner is over."

The thought of what is to take place after dinner was over, together with the remarks which his father kept up, steadily augments his weeping.

Dinner is over.

"Come in here now!" says the father, and goes into the bed-room.

The mother follows.

"Ask papa to forgive you!" says she.

"I didn't do it," he screams.

"Ask papa to forgive you," says the mother, and pulls his forelock.

"Dear papa, forgive me!" shrieks the innocent victim.

But it is too late now. Confession has been made. The mother takes part in the execution.

The child howls, from a sense of injury, of anger, of pain, but most of shame and humiliation.

"Ask papa to forgive you!" says the mother.

The child looks at her and despises her. He recognizes that he is alone, deserted by the one to whom he always fled for tenderness and consolation but so seldom found justice.

"Dear papa, forgive me!" he says with set, lying lips.

And so he slinks out into the kitchen to Louise, the governess, who sets to combing and washing him, and in her apron he sobs it out.

"What did Johan do?" she asks, soothingly.

"Nothing," he replies; "I didn't do it."

His mamma comes out.

"What did Johan say?" she asks Louise.

"He says he didn't do it."

And now Johan is led in again to be tortured into confessing an offence which he never committed.

And now he confesses an offence which he never committed.

Glorious, moral institution, holy family! Sacred, divine institution which shall rear up citizens to truth and virtue! Thou perpetual abiding-place of all virtues, where innocent children are tortured into their first lie; where the will-power is crumbled to pieces by tyranny, and where self-respect is killed by narrow egotisms! Family, thou art the abiding-place of all social vices, the institution for the care of all compliant women, the family caretaker's forge, and the child's hell!

SINGERS.

Singers!

How long will you warble but lullabies
And shake rattles for infant children?
Why do you cling to nursing-bottles?
See ye not that the milk is left untouched?
And that the child has teeth?

Singers!

How long will you frighten the children
With bugbears bundled together out of rags?
Gather up the rusty armor and swords
And send them for a last exhibition
To the Norse Museum.

Singers!

Why whine ye always of forsaken ideals?
Each age has its own view of things and affairs;
We have ours of the true and real.
Ideals of a by-gone age are blinding you;
We do not forsake ours.

Singers!

Why sing ye in stilted tone about the lofty?
The high in the life before us is the highest.
Why do ye still set beauty's sheen before the true?
The true will be ugly so long as sheen is beautiful;
Ugliness is the truth.

Singers!

An end to ravishing serenades in the moonlight!
With her taper yet gleaming in her window,
Ideality has lain down between warm sheets.
She's growing old, this ancient beauty,
And clings to her night's rest.

Singers!

If the night-air cracks not your fine voices,
And if ye are willing to learn new songs,
Then leave the ancient beldam to her slumbers.
We will with song salute the new day together,
For the sun is up.



STROTHER, DAVID HUNTER, an American descriptive writer, born at Martinsburg, Va., September 16, 1816; died at Charleston, W. Va., March 8, 1888. In 1840, after studying art at Philadelphia and New York, he went to Europe, where he remained five years. After his return to America he passed some years in New York, where he acquired skill as a designer and a draughtsman on wood for engravers. He returned to Virginia in 1848; and in 1852, under the pseudonym of "Porte Crayon," he began in *Harper's Magazine* a series of articles illustrative of life and scenery in Virginia. Not only were these papers written by him, but the numerous illustrations were designed and drawn upon wood by himself. In fact, he tells his story by means of both pencil and pen. These papers were in 1857 collected into a volume entitled *Virginia Illustrated*. Immediately after the breaking out of the civil war he entered the Union service, as captain, and rose to the rank of colonel in the West Virginia cavalry. He resigned his commission in 1864, and in 1865 received the brevet rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. After the close of the war, although his time was mainly occupied in the care of his estate, he occasionally contributed illustrated articles to periodicals. From 1879 to 1885 he was United States Consul-General in Mexico.

LITTLE MICE.

One morning a huge negro made his appearance in the hall, accompanied by all the negro servants, and all in a broad grin.

"Sarvant, master," said the giant, saluting, cap in hand, with the grace of a hippopotamus. "I'se a driver, sir."

"Indeed!" said Porte, with some surprise. "What is your name?"

"Ke! hi!" snickered the applicant for office, and looked toward Old Tom.

"He's name Little Mice," said Tom; and there was a general laugh.

"That's a queer name, at least, and not a very suitable one; has he no other?" inquired Porte.

"Why, d'ye see, Mass' Porte," said Tom, "when dis nigga was a boy his old Miss tuck him in de house to sarve in de dinin'-room. Well, every day she look arter her pies an' cakes, an' dey done gone. 'Dis is onaccountable,' say ole Miss. 'Come here, boy. What goes wid dese pies?' He says, 'Spec, missus, little mice eats 'em.' 'Very well,' say she; 'maybe dey does.' So one mornin' arter she come in onexpected like, an' she see dis boy, pie in he's mouf. 'So,' says she, 'I cotch dem little mice at last, have I?'—an' from dat day, sir, dey call him nothin' but Little Mice; an' dat been so long dey done forgot his oder name, if he ever had any."

The giant during this narrative rolled eyes at Old Tom, and made menacing gestures in an underhand way; but, being unable to stop the story, he joined in the laugh that followed, and then took up the discourse.

"Mass' Porte, never mind dat ole possum. Anyhow I ben a-drivin' horses all my life; an' I kin wait on a gemplum fuss rate. To be sure it sounds sort a foolish 'mong strangers; but you can call me Boy, or Hoss, or Pomp, or anyting dat suits; I comes all the same!"

Having exhibited a permit to hire himself, Crayon engaged him on the spot; moved thereto, we suspect, more by the fun and originality indicated in Mice's humorous phiz than by any particular fact or considera-

tion. The newly appointed dignitary bowed himself out of the hall, sweeping the floor with his cap at each reverence. But no sooner was he clear of the respected precinct, than the elephantine pedals commenced a spontaneous dance, making a clatter on the kitchen-floor like a team of horses crossing a bridge. During this performance he shook his fists—in size and color like an old ham—alternately at Old and Young Tom.

“Heh, ye ole turkey-buzzard! I take you in dar to recommend me, an’ you tell all dem lies. You want to drive yourself, heh! An’ you black calf, you sot up to drive gemplum’s carriage, did you? Mass’ Porte too smart to have any sich ’bout him!”

Old Tom’s indignation at this indecorous conduct knew no bounds. He pitched into Mice incontinently, and bestowed a shower of kicks and cuffs upon his carcass. Tom’s honest endeavors were so little appreciated that they only served to increase the monster’s merriment. “Yah, yah! lame grasshopper kick me!” shouted he, escaping from the kitchen; and making a wry face through the window at Tom, he swung himself off to the stables to “look arter his critters.”

A couple of pipes with some tobacco, and a cast-off coat, soothed the mortification of the senior and junior Tom to such an extent that they were both seen the next morning actually assisting Mice in getting out the carriage.—*Virginia Illustrated*.





STUBBS, WILLIAM, an English clergyman and historian, born at Knaresborough, June 21, 1825. He was graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, taking a first-class in classics and a third-class in mathematics. He was ordained in 1848, and became Vicar of Neverstock in 1850. In 1862 he received the appointment of librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury, at his palace at Lambeth. From 1860 to 1866 he was Inspector of Schools for the diocese of Rochester. In 1866 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. In 1869 he was made curator of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In 1875 he was presented to the Rectory of Cholderton, but resigned in 1879 on being appointed Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. He has put forth several works relating mainly to the ecclesiastical and political archæology of England. His principal works in the department of English history are: *Chronicles and Memorials of Richard I.* (1865); *Select Charters, and Other Illustrations of English Constitutional History* (1870); *The Constitutional History of England, in its Origin and Development* (3 vols., 1874, 1875, 1878); *History of the University of Dublin* (1890). Other works of interest are: *The Early Plantagenets* (Epochs of History Series) (1876); *Memorials of St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury* (1874); and *Chronicles of the Reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.* (1882-83).

ENGLAND UNDER THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

The history of the three Lancastrian reigns (Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI.—1399–1461) has a double interest. It contains not only the foundation, consolidation, and destruction of a fabric of dynastic power, but parallel with it, the trial and failure of a great constitutional experiment; a premature testing of the strength of the parliamentary system. The system does not indeed break under the strain, but it bends and warps so as to show itself unequal to the burden; and, instead of arbitrating between the other forces of the time, the parliamentary constitution finds itself either superseded altogether, or reduced to the position of a mere engine which these forces can manipulate at will. The sounder and stronger elements of English life seem to be exhausted, and the dangerous forces avail themselves of the weapons with equal disregard to the result. Although the deposition of Richard II. and the accession of Henry IV. were not the pure and legitimate result of a series of constitutional workings, there were many reasons for regarding the revolution of which they were a part as only slightly premature; the constitutional forces appeared ripe, although the particular occasion of their exertion was to a certain extent accidental, and to a certain extent the result of private rather than public causes.

Richard's tyranny deserved deposition had there been no Henry to revenge a private wrong; Henry's qualifications for sovereign power were adequate, even if he had not a great injury to avenge and a great cause to defend. The experiment of governing England constitutionally seemed likely to be fairly tried. Henry could not, without discarding all the principles which he had ever professed, even attempt to rule as Richard II. and Edward III. had ruled. He had great personal advantages. If he were not spontaneously chosen by the nation, he was enthusiastically welcomed by them; he was in the closest alliance with the clergy, and of the greater baronage there was scarcely one who could not count cousinship with him. He was reputed

to be rich, not only on the strength of his great inheritance, but in the possession of the treasures which Richard had amassed, to his own ruin. He was a man of high reputation for all the virtues of chivalry and morality ; and possessed in his four young sons a pledge to assure the nation that it would not soon be troubled with a question of succession, or endangered by a policy that would risk the fortunes of so noble a posterity. Yet the seeds of future difficulties were contained in every one of the advantages of Henry's position—difficulties that would increase with the growth and consolidation of his rule, grow stronger as the dynasty grew older, and in the end prove too great both for the men and the system.—*Constitutional History of England.*

HENRY IV. OF ENGLAND.

The character of Henry IV. has been drawn by later historians with a definiteness of outline altogether disproportioned to the details furnished by contemporaries. Like the whole period on which we are entering, the portrait has been affected by controversial views and political analogies. If the struggle between Lancaster and York obscured the lineaments of the man in the view of the partisans of the fifteenth century, the questions of legitimacy, usurpation, divine right, and indefeasible royalty obscured them in the minds of later writers. There is scarcely one in the whole line of our kings of whose personality it is so difficult to get any definite idea. The impression produced by his earlier career is so inconsistent with that derived from his later life, and from his conduct as a king, that they seem scarcely reconcilable as traits of one life. We are tempted to think that, like other men who have taken part in great crises, or in whose life a great crisis has taken place, he underwent some deep change of character at the critical point.

As Henry of Derby he is the adventurous, chivalrous Crusader ; prompt, energetic, laborious ; the man of impulse rather than of judgment ; led sometimes by his uncle Gloucester, sometimes by his father ; yet independent in action, averse to bloodshed, strong in con-

stitutional belief. If with Gloucester and Arundel he is an appellant in 1388, it is against the unconstitutional position of the favorites ; if, against Gloucester and Arundel in 1397, he takes part with John of Gaunt and Richard, it is because he believes his old allies have crossed the line which separates legal opposition from treason and conspiracy. On both these critical occasions he shows good faith and honest intent rather than policy or foresight. As king we find him suspicious, cold-blooded, and politic ; undecided in action, cautious and jealous in private and public relations ; and, if not personally cruel, willing to sanction and profit by the cruelty of others. . . .

Although he was a great king and the founder of a dynasty, the labor and sorrow of his task were ever more present to him than the solid success which his son was to inherit. Always in deep debt, always kept on the alert by the Scotch and the Welsh : wavering between two opposite lines of policy with regard to France ; teased by the Parliament, which interfered with his household, and grudged him supplies ; worried by the clergy, to whom he had promised more than he could fulfil ; continually alarmed by attempts on his life, disappointed in his second marriage, bereft by treason of the aid of those whom he had trusted in his youth, and dreading to be supplanted by his own son ; ever in danger of becoming the sport of Court factions which he had failed to extinguish or reconcile—he seems to us a man whose life was embittered by the knowledge that he had taken on himself a task for which he was unequal ; whose conscience, ill-informed as it may have been, had soured him ; and who felt that the judgments of men, at least, would deal hardly with him when he was dead.—*Constitutional History of England.*



STURGIS, JULIAN, an English novelist, published in 1879 *English Life in Venice*, highly finished and analytical; in 1880, *Little Comedies*, some of them favorites in private theatricals; in 1882, *Dick's Wandering*, the heroine an American girl, with an English lover; in 1885, *John Maidment*, a political novel; in 1887, *Thraldom*, a study of personal magnetism. Besides these are his *My Friends and I*, *An Accomplished Gentleman*, *John-a-Dreams*, *After Twenty Years*, and *Count Julian*. His work is carefully and delicately done, often with much quiet, satirical humor.

"It would be unfair," says the *Nation*, "not to acknowledge the delicate, if somewhat cool and scientific, analysis of that stratum of character which he elects to represent in *An Accomplished Gentleman*. . . . The scene of the story is laid in Venice, and the descriptions of the town and its sea and sky are charming."

Of *My Friends and I*, the *Nation* says: "An admirable piece of work, strong, dignified, calm. . . . It shows the author's power to pierce the heart, and his mastery of a fine method for exposing the core of things to a more obtuse world."

MISS FALCONHURST.

During the first days of his visit to us Gentle Georgie had declined, with his usual air of laziness, to go to the Castle or to know its inmates. At first he said, as

he generally said, that it was too much trouble; he maintained languidly that his constitution required complete repose after his journey. When he had reposed for eight-and-forty hours, he passed easily to a new excuse. . . .

For a full week George Effingham declined to accompany us on our daily walk. He smiled on our start, and said he asked nothing but to be let alone—to be left on the sofa and to the labors necessary for his schools. At the end of the week he rose and stretched himself.

“I find,” he said, smiling, “that I am not quite good enough for the hermit’s life. As you fellows keep all your conversation for the people on the hill, I must go thither, too, or consent to forego the voice of man.”

We thought that this was intended for a jest, for we had long ceased to urge him to accompany us; but when we climbed to the terrace on the afternoon of that day we found him in close conversation with General Falconhurst. The General held him by the button, and Gentle Geordie, with amiable nods and brief speeches, was confirming his new acquaintance in all his false ideas of University life. It was annoying to some of us to find that Geordie immediately became the General’s favorite. He smiled pleasantly when the elderly gentleman talked; it was never any trouble to him to smile. As usual, he smiled himself into favor.

But though George Effingham with usual luck delighted the father, his smiling and his soft, lazy speech seemed to produce a precisely opposite effect in the daughter. Miss Falconhurst had the air of being irritated by the very first word George Effingham spoke in her presence. . . .

Before their acquaintance was an hour old she had begun to throw darts at Geordie. Each time they met, the darts were sharper and more frequent. She seemed bent on rousing him from his invincible good temper. It was well-nigh impossible. The more energetic her attack, the more languid his defence. He surrendered every position with a light heart; and with a light heart he reoccupied them all when the engagement was over. The sharper her tongue, the more pleasure appeared in

his smile. He seemed to take a gentle interest in his own wounds, in wondering when the next dart was coming, and where it would strike him. So were all his powers concentrated into pure exasperation. Every day he carried to her home a small offering of sentiments which were calculated to annoy the lady. He not only shaped his speech, but also his life, to the same good end. He delighted to come lounging in the character which would most surely irritate her. He discovered at once her love of heroism and self-sacrifice; therefore he plumed himself ostentatiously on selfishness and cowardice. He would do nothing but sit in the sun, when it was warm enough on the terrace, or by the fire when the mists crept up from the sea. He refused a mount on the ground that he was afraid of horses; he said that his nerves could not bear the sound of a gun; he lisped forth his opinions, that it was too much trouble to play games. Now none of these reasons was true, as I very well knew. They are reasons which I might have urged in my own case, with far more truth; since I confess that I join in the sports and pastimes of young men less from any natural inclination than from a strong desire to be with the young men themselves—to see what they are doing, to find out what they are thinking. But George Effingham is not like me. He is a very pretty horseman, and was one of the best tennis-players in our time at Oxford. Indeed, he is one of those men who do most things well, and with the crowning grace of apparent ease. He seems to sit well on a horse, because it would be an effort to him to sit otherwise; to place a ball in the right place, because his racket so willed it, and he would not balk his racket. In short, there seemed to be but one true reason for Gentle Geordie's conduct at the castle—the desire to irritate Honoria Falconhurst. He was very polite in manner, always sweet-tempered as a cherub; and when he begged that his attendance might be excused, he would plead with a childlike look the meanest motives. It was too much trouble; or he was frightened; or he didn't see what good *he* could get out of it. Such were his excuses, and so the young lady was moved to looks of scorn and to

hasty speech. She shot arrows into him, whereat he smiled as if tickled ; she threw caps in his way, which, though to her eye they fitted him to a nicety, he would by no means wear. It was a very pretty game for the spectators ; and yet I could see that it afforded no pleasure to Michael Horatio Belbin. . . .

"Oh, why did you neglect your opportunity?" I said, almost blaming him in my vexation. "Why didn't you go to her fresh from saving George Effingham—from your heroic action—then you would have won the whole thing."

"It was too late."

"Too late!"

"The second time that Geordie went to the castle, I knew what would be."

"They did nothing but quarrel."

Michael looked at me, and even smiled as he said, "I have eyes."

I knew that he had eyes. But had I not eyes, too?

"Effingham's luck is something which defies calculation," I said, crossly ; for I was annoyed.

"He deserves it," said Michael ; "and no man could take it better ; he has the sweetest temper in the world, and yet she may trust him ; he will make her happy." His voice had dropped, and he seemed to be speaking to himself. Then he looked at me again and smiled.

"The ever-victorious Geordie," he said, softly.—*My Friends and I.*





SUCKLING, SIR JOHN, an English dramatist and lyrical poet, born at Whitton, Middlesex, baptized February 10, 1609; died in Paris in 1642. His father held high royal offices, and his maternal uncle became Earl of Middlesex. He is interesting chiefly as a typical courtier and wit in the time of Charles I., and as author of airy verse, a few of his songs being remarkably free from the libertinism and petty conceits of the rest and of his age. In 1623 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and five years later travelled on the Continent. As an attendant of the Marquis of Hamilton, he served in the army of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Against the Scottish Covenanters, he equipped at his own great expense the most conspicuous troop of Cavaliers, clad in scarlet and white. In 1640 he entered the Long Parliament. As a conspirator for the rescue of the Earl of Strafford from the Tower he was obliged to flee to France, where he is supposed to have committed suicide.

Suckling's literary work consisted of numerous verses and masques written with a desire to please his lord and master, Charles I. He was, perhaps, the first to produce a play with elaborate scenery and stage settings. This was *Aglaure*, a tragedy (1637). This piece was first played on Christmas and reproduced the following Easter, with cer-

tain ingenious changes in the fifth act to make it end happily, as the tragic finale was distasteful to the ladies of the Court. He next produced *Goblins*, a comedy, and in 1639, *Brennoralt*, also a tragedy. He began, but never completed, *The Sad One*, another tragedy. His reputation as a poet rests upon his minor poems rather than upon his dramas. They have wit and fancy, and at times admirable diction. The nicest, perhaps, is the *Ballad upon a Wedding*.

SONG.

When, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted :
For, beauties that from worth arise
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus while I sit, and sigh the day
With all his borrowed lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee—thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleeping men,
So they by their bright lights awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection ;
Since in the darkest night they may
By love's quick motion find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont that hath stood
Far from the main up in the river :
Oh, think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an ocean, too,
Which flows not every day, but ever.

TO AN HONEST LOVER.

Honest lover whatsoever,
 If in all thy love there ever
 Was one wavering thought ; if thy flame
 Were not still even, still the same :

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew.

If when she appears i' th' room,
 Thou dost not quake, and are struck dumb,
 And in striving this to cover,
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take,
 Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
 When she hath little or nothing spoken,

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew. . . .

If by this thou dost discover
 That thou art no perfect lover,
 And desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love anew,

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew.

THE BRIDE.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
 For such a maid no Whitsun-ale

Could ever yet produce :
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,—
It was too wide a peck ;
And, to say truth—for out it must—
It looked like the great collar—just—
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light ;
But, oh, she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison ;
Who sees them is undone ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly ;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

—*From a Ballad upon a Wedding.*

CONSTANCY.

Out upon it. I have loved
 Three whole days together ;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me ;
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this
 A dozen in her place.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN ?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee thee, why so pale ?
 Will when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee thee, why so pale !

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee thee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do 't !
 Prithee thee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move.
 This cannot take her :
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her ;
 The devil take her !

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet, now I think on 't, let it lie ;
To find it were in vain ;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
O Love ! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
For when I think I'm best resolved
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe ;
I will no longer pine ;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.





SUDERMANN, HERMANN, a German dramatist and novelist, born at Matzicken, East Prussia, December 9, 1857. He studied at Königsberg and Berlin, and was engaged as a private tutor, employing his spare time in contributing to the press, when his drama *Die Ehre* (1890), a treatment of the social question, was produced and he became famous. *Frau Sorge* (1887), a novel which has been highly praised, has been Englished under the name *Dame Care* (1892).

His other works include *Sodom's Ende* (1891); *Die Heimath* (1893), and *Die Schmetterlings-schlacht* (1894), plays, and a number of novels and short stories, of which *Der Katzensteg* (1889) and *Es War* are praised.

"It is not easy entirely to love the heroes and heroines of Sudermann," says the *Atlantic Monthly*. "There is something hard about them. They remind one of the bronze figures of Donatello. They want the graciousness and repose that win the affections while captivating the soul. Magda fills the heart with appreciation, without, however, warming it to love. So likewise with Count Trast and the young hero of *Frau Sorge*. The iron of care stiffens their backs; they have left off kneeling, and their attitude of unbending fortitude electrifies us by flashing across our minds a sense of the tragedy of their spiritual

Isolation. But we have no longing to take part with them therein; while they, on their side, have passed beyond the weakness of drawing near to us."

"When he comes to flesh-and-blood presentation of ordinary mortals," says the *Fortnightly*, "he seems at first to incline most decidedly toward the darker side of humanity. There is a very distinct strain of gloom underlying even the fairy-like brightness of some parts of *Frau Sorge*. *Das Eleud*, that is the constant refrain of all his work. The endless strife of the German peasant with grinding poverty, with crushing debt, with the accumulated burden of succeeding generations, all alike looking for sustenance to the ever-dwindling *Bauerngut*."

A REPULSIVE MUSICIAN.

Paul had often asked himself what such flute-playing sounded like, and what kind of people they were who were initiated into the mysteries of it. He formed a high opinion of them, and thought that they must always cherish high and holy thoughts, such as arose in his own mind occasionally when he was deeply absorbed in his whistling.

And then came the day when he was to see a flute-player face to face.

It was a dreary, stormy afternoon in the month of November. It began to get dark already as he left school and slowly walked along the village road to go home. Issuing from the public-house, which used to be frequented by all the rogues of the neighborhood, wonderful sounds met his ear. He had never heard the like, but he immediately knew this must be a flute-player. Eagerly listening, he stopped at the door of the public-house. His heart beat loudly, his limbs trembled. The sounds were very much like his whistling, only much

fuller and softer. "Such music the angels must make at His throne," he thought to himself.

Only one thing was inexplicable to him: how this flute-playing, which sounded so sad and plaintive, could come from such a place of ill-repute. The shouts and the clinking of glasses which sounded in between filled his soul with horror. Sudden rage seized him; if he had been tall and strong he would have sprung into the house and turned all these noisy and drunken people into the street, so that the holy sounds should not be profaned.

At this moment the door was thrown open; a drunken workman reeled past him, an obnoxious odor issued forth. Louder still grew the noise; the tones of the flute could scarcely make themselves heard above it.

Then he took courage, and before the door was closed pressed through the narrow opening into the inner room of the public-house.

He stood there, squeezed behind an empty brandy-cask. Nobody heeded him.

During the first few moments he could not distinguish anything.

The oppressive atmosphere and the noise had overwhelmed his senses, and the tones of the flute grew harsh and unmelodious, so that they hurt his ears.

In the midst of the yelling and stamping people sat a ragged fellow on an upturned cask; he had a bloated, pimply face, a brandy-nose, and black, greasy hair—a figure, the sight of which made Paul shudder. It was he who had played the flute.

Petrified with horror, the boy stared at him. It seemed to him as if the heavens were falling and the world going to ruin.

The musician now put down his flute, uttered a few coarse words in a rough, hoarse voice, greedily swallowed the brandy which was handed to him by the by-standers, and, beating time with his feet, began playing a vulgar ballad, which the listeners accompanied with loud bawling.

Then Paul fled from the den, and ran and ran till he was perfectly dizzy, as if he wished to escape from his own thoughts.

When he was alone on the storm-swept heath, from the extremity of which a sulphurous streak of evening light was shining, he stopped, hid his face in his hands, and cried bitterly.

In the winter which followed, Paul stopped whistling altogether, and flute-playing disgusted him even more. When he thought of it there stood before his eyes the figure of the outcast who had profaned his yearnings for art.—*From Dame Care.*

THE FAIRY-TALE OF DAME CARE.

There was once a mother, to whom the good God had given a son, but she was so poor and lonely that she had nobody who could stand godmother to him. And she sighed, and said, "Where shall I get a godmother from?" Then one evening at dusk there came a woman to her house who was dressed in gray and had a gray veil over her head. She said, "I will be your son's godmother, and I will take care that he grows up a good man and does not let you starve; but you must give me his soul."

Then his mother trembled, and said, "Who are you?"

"I am Dame Care," answered the gray woman; and the mother wept; but as she suffered much from hunger, she gave the woman her son's soul and she was his godmother.

And her son grew up and worked hard to procure her bread. But as he had no soul, he had no joy and no youth, and he often looked at his mother with reproachful eyes, as if he would ask, "Mother, where is my soul?"

Then the mother grew sad and went out to find him a soul. She asked the stars in the sky, "Will you give me a soul?" But they said, "He is too low for that." And she asked the flowers on the heath; they said, "He is too ugly." And she asked the birds in the trees; they said, "He is too sad." And she asked the high trees; they said, "He is too humble." And she asked the clever serpents, but they said, "He is too stupid."

Then she went away, weeping. And in the wood she met a young and beautiful princess surrounded by her court.

And because she saw the mother weeping she descended from her horse and took her to the castle, which was all built of gold and precious stones.

There she asked, "Tell me why you weep?" And the mother told the princess of her grief that she could not procure her son a soul, nor joy and youth.

Then said the princess, "I cannot see anybody weep; I will tell you something—I will give him my soul."

Then the mother fell down before her and kissed her hands.

"But," said the princess, "I will not do it for nothing; he must ask me for it." Then the mother went to her son, but Dame Care had laid her gray veil over his head, so that he was blind and could not see the princess.

And the mother pleaded, "Dear Dame Care, set him free."

But Dame Care smiled—and whoever saw her smile was forced to weep—and she said, "He must free himself."

"How can he do that?" asked the mother.

"He must sacrifice to me all that he loves," said Dame Care.

Then the mother grieved very much, and lay down and died. But the princess waits for her suitor to this very day.

.

"Mother, mother," he cried, and sank down on the grave.

"Come," said Elsbeth, struggling with her tears as she laid her hand on his shoulder; "let mother be, she is at peace; and she shall not harm us any more—your wicked Dame Care."—*From Dame Care.*



SUE, MARIE JOSEPH (known as Eugène), a popular French novelist, born in Paris, December 10, 1804; died at Annecy, Savoy, July 3, 1857. He was the son of Jean Joseph Sue, from whom he inherited wealth. His sponsors were Prince Eugène Beauharnais and the Empress Josephine, from the former of whom he took the name of Eugène, which he prefixed to his own for a pseudonym. For a time he was surgeon in the army, then gave himself to painting, and finally became an author. From 1830 to 1833 he wrote stories of the sea; these were followed by historical romances—*Jean Cavalier*, *The Count of Létorières*, and *The Commander of Malta*. *The Mysteries of Paris* appeared in 1842, and *The Wandering Jew* in 1846. Other works are *Mathilde* and *Thérèse Dunoyer*. He was elected to the National Assembly in 1850.

From the purely literary point of view his style is undistinguished, not to say bad, and his construction loose and indefinite. His popularity was immense, and despite his many and glaring faults of authorship and, perhaps, of morality, he deserved most of his fame. After 1840 he became deeply imbued with the socialistic ideas of the time, and these found expression in his most notable works of fiction—*The Mysteries of Paris* and *The Wandering Jew*. These were among the most popular specimens of the romance feuilleton, then

at the height of its popularity. His popularity coincided with that of Alexandre Dumas, and some critics have rated him higher than the author of the *Count of Monte Cristo*; but Sue had neither the latter's wide range of subject nor humanity of tone; he had, however, a command of terror Dumas seldom or never attained, and which, melodramatic as he is, sometimes comes within measurable distance of the sublime, while his purpose gives him a certain energy not easily to be found elsewhere in novel-writing.

THE WANDERING JEW AT PARIS.

It is night. The moon shines and the stars glimmer in the midst of a serene but cheerless sky; the sharp whistlings of the north wind, that fatal, dry, and icy breeze, ever and anon burst forth in violent gusts. With its harsh and cutting breath, it sweeps Montmartres Heights. On the highest point of the hills, a man is standing. His long shadow is cast upon the stony, moonlit ground. He gazes on the immense city, which lies outspread beneath his feet. PARIS—with the dark outline of its towers, cupolas, domes, and steeples, standing out from the limpid blue of the horizon, while from the midst of the ocean of masonry, rises a luminous vapor, that reddens the starry azure of the sky. It is the distant reflection of the thousand fires, which at night, the hour of pleasures, light up so joyously the noisy capital.

"No," said the wayfarer; "it is not to be. The Lord will not exact it. Is not *twice* enough?"

"Five centuries ago, the avenging hand of the Almighty drove me hither from the uttermost confines of Asia. A solitary traveller, I had left behind me more grief, despair, disaster, and death, than the innumerable armies of a hundred devastating conquerors. I entered this town, and it, too, was decimated. Again, two centuries ago, the inexorable hand, which leads me

through the world, brought me once more hither ; and then, as the time before, the plague, which the Almighty attaches to my steps, again ravaged this city, and fell first on my brethren, already worn out with labor and misery.

“ My brethren—mine ?—the cobbler of Jerusalem, the artisan accused by the Lord, who, in my person, condemned the whole race of workmen, ever suffering, ever disinherited, ever in slavery, toiling on like me without rest or pause, without recompense or hope, till men, women, and children, young and old, all die beneath the same iron yoke—that murderous yoke, which others take in their turn, thus to be borne from age to age on the submissive and bruised shoulders of the masses.

“ And now, for the third time in five centuries, I reach the summit of one of the hills that overlook the city. And perhaps I again bring with me fear, desolation, and death.

“ Yet this city, intoxicated with the sounds of its joys and its nocturnal revelries, does not know—oh ! does not know—that *I* am at its gates.

“ But no, no ! my presence will not be a new calamity. The Lord, in His impenetrable views, has hitherto led me through France, so as to avoid the humblest hamlet ; and the sound of the funeral knell has not accompanied my passage.

“ And, moreover, the spectre has left me—the green, livid spectre, with its hollow, blood-shot eyes. When I touched the soil of France, its damp and icy hand was no longer clasped in mine—and it disappeared.

“ And yet—I feel that the atmosphere of death is around me. The sharp whistlings of that fatal wind cease not, which, catching me in their whirl, seem to propagate blasting and mildew as they blow.

“ But perhaps the wrath of the Lord is appeased, and my presence here is only a threat—to be communicated in some way to those whom it should intimidate.

“ Yes ; for otherwise He would smite with a fearful blow, by first scattering terror and death here in the heart of the country, in the bosom of this immense city !

“ Oh ! no, no ! the Lord will be merciful. No ! He will not condemn me to this new torture.

"Alas ! in this city, my brethren are more numerous and miserable than elsewhere. And should I be their messenger of death ?

"No ! the Lord will have pity. For, alas ! the seven descendants of my sister have at length met in this town. And to them likewise should I be the messenger of death, instead of the help they so much need ?

"For that woman, who like me wanders from one border of the earth to the other, after having once more rent asunder the nets of their enemies, has gone forth upon her endless journey.

"In vain she foresaw that new misfortunes threatened my sister's family. The invisible hand that drives me on drives *her* on also.

"Carried away, as of old, by the irresistible whirlwind, at the moment of leaving my kindred to their fate, she in vain cried with supplicating tone :

"'Let me at least, O Lord, complete my task !'—'Go ON !'—'A few days, in mercy, only a few, poor days !'—'Go ON !'—'I leave those I love on the brink of the abyss !'—'Go ON ! Go ON !'

"And the wandering star again started on its eternal round. And her voice, passing through space, called on me to the assistance of mine own.

"When that voice reached me, I knew that the descendants of my sister were still exposed to frightful perils. These perils are even now on the increase.

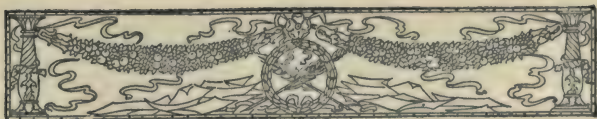
"Tell me, O Lord ! will they escape the scourge, which for so many centuries has weighed down our race ?

"Wilt Thou pardon me in them ? wilt Thou punish me in them ? Oh, that they might obey the last will of their ancestor !

"Oh, that they might join together their charitable hearts, their valor and their strength, their noble intelligence, and their great riches !

"They would then labor for the future happiness of humanity—they would thus, perhaps, redeem me from my eternal punishment !

"The words of the Son of Man, LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER, will be their only end, their only means."—*The Wandering Jew.*



SUETONIUS, CAIUS TRANQUILLUS, a Roman biographer, born about 70 A.D. He was the son of a tribune of the army, practised law, and held the office of Secretary to the Emperor Hadrian. For character and various learning he was held in high esteem in his time and since. But few of his many works have been preserved, and these are of great value, viz., the *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*, and brief lives of grammarians (*literati*), and of rhetoricians (*orators*).

It seems from occasional references which he makes to himself that he was a young man during the reign of Domitian, and doubtless had opportunities of conversing with men who had lived in the days of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, and witnessed some of the scenes of civil war and anarchy which followed the reign of the latter. He was a friend of the younger Pliny and a contemporary of Tacitus, and he relates much in the way of gossip concerning the customs of the people of the time which the latter considered beneath his notice. *The Lives of the Cæsars* has always been a popular work, especially with students. The lives of the first six Cæsars are much fuller than those of the last six, showing that Suetonius was a careful and industrious compiler rather than an original historian.

Of the Emperors, may be selected Titus, the

destroyer of Jerusalem (though he would have saved the Temple) and the builder of the Coliseum—a man who was wonderfully reformed and humanized by accession to power, not brutalized or corrupted, like many of the Emperors.

THE EMPEROR TITUS.

He was by nature extremely benevolent : for whereas all the emperors after Tiberius, according to the example he had set them, would not admit the grants made by former princes to be valid, unless they received their own sanction, he confirmed them all by one general edict, without waiting for any applications respecting them. Of all who petitioned for any favor, he sent none away without hopes. And when his ministers represented to him that he promised more than he could perform, he replied, "No one ought to go away downcast from an audience with his prince." Once at supper, reflecting that he had done nothing for any that day, he broke out into that memorable and justly admired saying, "My friends, I have lost a day." More particularly, he treated the people on all occasions with so much courtesy, that, on his presenting them with a show of gladiators, he declared, "He should manage it not according to his own fancy, but that of the spectators," and did accordingly. He denied them nothing, and very frankly encouraged them to ask what they pleased. Espousing the cause of the Thracian party among the gladiators, he frequently joined in the popular demonstrations in their favor, but without compromising his dignity or doing injustice. To omit no opportunity of acquiring popularity, he sometimes made use of the baths he had erected, without excluding the common people. There happened in his reign some dreadful accidents: an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in Campania, and a fire at Rome, which continued three days and three nights, besides a plague, such as scarcely ever was known. Amidst these many great disasters, he not only manifested the concern which might be expected from a prince, but even the affection of a father for his people;

one while comforting them by his proclamations and another while relieving them to the utmost in his power. He chose by lot, from among the men of consular rank, commissioners for repairing the losses in Campania. The estates of those who had perished by the eruption of Vesuvius, and who had left no heirs, he applied to the repairs of the ruined cities. With regard to the public buildings destroyed by fire in the City, he declared that nobody should be a loser but himself. Accordingly, he applied all the ornaments of his palaces to the decoration of the temples, and purposes of public utility, and appointed several men of the equestrian order to superintend the work. For the relief of the people during the plague, he employed, in the way of sacrifice and medicine, all means, both human and divine. Among the calamities of the times were informers and their agents—a tribe of miscreants who had grown up under the license of former reigns. These he frequently ordered to be scourged or beaten with sticks in the forum, and then, after he had obliged them to pass through the amphitheatre as a public spectacle, commanded them to be sold for slaves, or else banished to some rocky islands. And to discourage such practices in the future, amongst other things he prohibited actions to be successively brought under different laws for the same cause, or the state of the affairs of deceased persons to be inquired into after a certain number of years.

Having declared that he accepted the office of Pontifex Maximus for the purpose of preserving his hands undefiled, he faithfully adhered to his promise. For after that time he was neither directly nor indirectly concerned in the death of any person, though he sometimes was justly irritated. He swore “that he would perish himself rather than prove the destruction of any man.” Two men of patrician rank being convicted of aspiring to the empire, he only advised them to desist, saying “that the sovereign power was disposed of by fate,” and promised them that if there was anything else they desired of him, he would grant it. He also immediately sent messengers to the mother of one of them, who was at a great distance, and in deep anxiety about her son, to assure her of his safety. Nay, he not only invited

them to sup with him, but next day, at a show of the gladiators, purposely placed them close by him ; and handed to them the arms of the combatants for inspection. It is said likewise, that having had their nativities cast, he assured them "that a great calamity was impending on both of them, but from another hand, and not from his." Though his brother was continually plotting against him, almost openly stirring up the armies to rebellion, and contriving to get away, yet he could not endure to put him to death, or to banish him from his presence ; nor did he treat him with less respect than before. But, from his first accession to the empire, he constantly declared him his partner in it, and that he should be his successor ; and begging of him sometimes in private, with tears in his eyes, "to return the affection he had for him." Amidst all these favorable circumstances, he was cut off by an untimely death, more to the loss of mankind than himself.





SULLIVAN, MARGARET FRANCES, an American journalist, a native of Tyrone, Ireland, was brought to this country in infancy. Having received a classical and general education in public and private schools at Detroit, she entered the profession of teaching, which she abandoned for journalism, becoming an editorial writer on the daily press of Chicago, and, on occasion, for the *New York Sun* and *Boston Herald*, her topics including international affairs, tariff, finance, and the arts. She was one of the editorial cabinet of the *Chicago Herald*, and at times acted as chief of the editorial staff of the *Times-Herald*. She wrote a number of the articles in the supplemental volumes of the American edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. She has contributed to the *Century Magazine*, *Lippincott's*, the *North American Review*, and other periodicals, American and foreign. She was married in 1874 to Alexander Sullivan.

In 1889 Mrs. Sullivan was sent as special cable correspondent of the Associated Press to the Universal Exhibition, Paris, and, at the inaugural, was the only foreign correspondent admitted to the hall reserved for officials and diplomats, being honored with a seat in line with President Carnot. Her first dispatch of 6,000 words, depicting the opening scene, and characterizing the exhibition in general, and, at weekly intervals, four sub-

sequent ones of 3,000 words each, descriptive and critical, devoted to the several great departments, were printed in all the leading newspapers of the United States, and commanded approval in Europe. Mrs. Sullivan has published *Ireland of To-day* (1881), and with Mary E. Blake, *Mexico, Picturesque, Political, and Progressive* (1888).

THE POLICY OF CONQUEST.

No matter who, after Cortés, ruled Mexico for Spain, he carried out the original design of the governor of Cuba who planned the invasion. Barter, and the obtaining of gold, with the employment of religion as a means to that end, is written over every chapter of Spanish rule; and the traditions of despotism, the bigotry against commerce, the hostility toward foreigners, the avarice and sloth which politicians infused into the religious orders for their own ends, resulting at last in a great crisis, are all directly traceable to the rapacity, the hypocrisy, and the feudalism of the invaders.

It would have made no difference if the invader had been England, and the new religion Protestantism. The Spanish domination in Mexico lasted for just three hundred years, from 1521 to 1821. "The government, or viceroyalty, established by Spain in Mexico, seems to have always regarded the attainment of three things or results as the object for which it was mainly constituted, and to have allowed nothing of sentiment or of humanitarian consideration to stand for one moment in the way of their rigorous prosecution and realization. These were, first, to collect and pay into the royal treasury the largest possible amount of annual revenue; second, to extend and magnify the authority and work of the established Church; third, to protect home [*i.e.*, Spanish] industries." Is not that the description of the English domination in Ireland? The consequences are curiously correspondent. The land in Mexico, like the land in Ireland, is owned by a small number of

proprietors. The tillers in Mexico have no more interest in the results of their toil than had the tenants in Ireland prior to the beginning of the land-reform era forced upon the English Government by the people of Ireland. The Mexican landlords reside abroad in large numbers, like the absentee landlords of Ireland; and the money produced by the soil flows out of Mexico in exports of bullion for these absentees and their creditors, precisely as the crops and money of Ireland are carried from her to replenish the purses of her landlords. The native manufactures of Mexico, slight as they were, were discouraged by the Spanish administration, for the same reason that England destroyed the more vigorous industries of Ireland as rapidly as they appeared. Mexico was to buy only from the manufacturers and merchants of Spain; gold and silver, woods, and a few products of soil and labor combined, she was required to give in exchange for what Spain had to sell. Ireland and India have been required to give products of labor and soil combined in exchange for English manufactures. Religion in each case was degraded into the uses of the conqueror. Human greed was the passion in both cases. The sleep of Mexico, disturbed at intervals by hideous convulsions, was the result on this continent. A more muscular race made a more persistent resistance to England, and Ireland has begun the recovery of her complete rights. India's day is not yet at hand.

It is a droll satire upon political economy, that Spain accomplished her purpose by protection in Mexico, and England by free trade in Ireland and India. There is no abstract theory yet devised by man superior to natural avarice enforced by arms.

A patriot priest, the divine instinct of nationality carrying him above the dreaming masses of his fellow-countrymen, at length arose against the Spanish domination. He paid with his life for his devotion to his country, but the death of Hidalgo blew the breath of liberty into Mexico. His country relapsed for a time under the old oppression. In another decade she made another desperate and more successful, but far from sufficient, effort; and, when the flag of the republic

was unfurled in 1821, the symbol upon it was that of the old native race—the eagle and cactus, the emblems of the Aztecs. A people without means of intercommunication, of different languages, in whom the poetry of paganism was often mingled with a dull understanding of Christian principles; whose more subdued classes scarcely cared to be awakened to exertion, and whose intellectualized caste was filled with languid selfishness; a people who had no interest in their land, no manufactures, no education; whose wants were simple and easily supplied; who knew little of arms, and possessed none—it was impossible that such a people should be eager in seizing upon chances for the erection of representative government on the ruins of hereditary despotism; hereditary, that is, not in the line of the Spanish viceroys, but in the ideas by which Mexico was held under foreign rule. It is not wonderful that revolution followed revolution. It is not surprising that province attacked province, and faction collided with faction.—*Mexico, Political.*

FADING OF THE VISION.

By limit of law the Columbian Exhibition has ceased to be. Soon in truth also it will die. The vision itself must fade; all who have beheld its majesty will suffer for its passing as yearning eyes watch mirage of island and grove faint away in desert dusk.

When Marco Polo and his companions returned after long absence in an unknown East, Venice bade them to a banquet. When water had been offered for their hands and they had tasted of sumptuous viands, they doffed satin, damask, and velvet and put on coarse mantles, such as they had worn on their homeward journey. Amid astonishment and rapture they slit open the seams and thereupon poured forth rubies, emeralds, sapphires, carbuncles, and diamonds, gifts from the Great Khan. In converging, if long divided, threads of gold, the legend runs down to us through centuries, from Venice of old to the fairest counterfeit ever hand of man engraved. For it was the story of Marco Polo that inspired the dream of Columbus, and

none other matches it for aptness in the vision that marked quadrennial celebration of his achievement.

Satin, velvet, and damask were the robes with which anticipation vested the Columbian Exhibition; but when, at length, its gates of lake, temples, and sky were thrown open, from quarry and forest, from grime of mine and smoke of forge, from the coarse garments of labor and the simplicity of genius, poured forth such sapphires and rubies, emeralds and diamonds, as never imagination had conceived. For the Great Khans of all the Khanates had sent us gems; the travellers of all the world had come to banquet on the prairie; Venice itself was transplanted, the astonishment of nations paralleled the daring of its artificers.

Quick to forget are bazaar and mart, clatter of hoof, clangor of crowds, dust of feet, push and stress, hunger and weariness. The concrete little perishes first. Last to vanish will be the vision; manifold, mysterious, all coherent, yet all ideal, and touched along its brow in all directions with the glow of heaven.

Few, perhaps, who have felt its charm have realized how much the scene owed to sea-line and sky. Great fanes in countries older than ours endure partial suffocation. The Cathedral of Cologne, most magnificent of Gothic structures, is pushed to its knees by crone-like old houses that smother it on every side with peaked bonnets rising from wizened eaves, and iron shoulders bearing down on its rose windows. In Antwerp pressure for room belittles an impressive façade, and tourists remember only Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" within it. Squalor hob-nobs with antique grandeur in old Saint Gudule at Brussels; Westminster itself would beg for air if it were not afraid of rousing unwholesome ghosts in the abbey.

Detached from all mean contact, the Columbian Exhibition rose in ample space, its alabaster pillars admitting staves of dove-backed waves from the lavender lake of May; its spires of white and domes of gold ascending unbaffled to heaven. Its horizon was boundless. It had the apparent dimensions of infinity. Clouds were its only companions above; an ocean murmured and sparkled at its feet. Through June to September

the vista warmed from sea-gray to rose-of-the-South. Irregular fleets of commerce and pleasure moved near and far ; shipping, always beautiful at a distance, hove across the bar of sight, sometimes half in fog, half in sun, " the misty pennon of the east wind nailed to the mast." In later days came mediæval caravel and Norse viking, and, to modernize the water-view, the latest device of naval science, the huge whale-back tumbled itself against shivering piers.

The summer scene was loveliest at night, and most engaging when approached from the water-side. After the dusty haze of a hot afternoon, the evening air grew sunny with deeper tone on water and on sky ; the wind fainted into perfect quiet ; there was no sound on the lake but monotone of rest ; flocks of blackbirds and silver gulls circled and dipped along the peristyle, and from unseen coigns within the grounds came strains of slumbrous music. In the imagery of Trowbridge, on such evenings many voices exclaimed :

" Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores with many a shining rift
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift."

The scene within the park assumed a more intimate and more fantastic aspect after an imp the ancients knew not, electricity, shot his jewels along the black silhouette of basin, cornice, and cascade, and made the crown of the Janus Temple more brilliant than myths report the revels of Olympus. Then the witchery of night ; the shimmer of artificial yellow on blue lagoons ; titanic play of search-lights over sculptured frieze and monumental galley ; athwart colonnade, pediment, and portico, and across the paths of stars, noiseless gliding in and out of tropical crafts, thrum of semi-barbaric strings, strident chant of Orientals, sparkle of Chinese and Japanese lanterns, maroon shadows chasing yellow ripples on the basin ; a sudden melody of chimes, the splash of oars, the serpentine pace of electric launches, the shrill whistle of steam, the joyful greeting of friends who may not have seen each other since carnivals at Naples or nights on the Nile. Sometimes a sudden, hoarse rever-

beration of thunder and pallid flash of lightning, with copious but warm downpour of summer rain. Over all the scene a spell of wonder and of weirdness that never shall human eyes of this generation see again, nor any who saw it wholly forget.

It is passing away in the darkening twilight of autumn. On the ridge of wood that skirts the northwest as the railroad switches back to town, russet and dun, purple and scarlet foliage warn that the beauteous vision must fade. As it passes, nobler truths come into view. The fascination of architecture and painting, and of nature's sublimity, yields to profounder spell. As the seams of Marco Polo's mantle poured forth wealth of precious stones, the Columbian Exhibition yields from its ravelling textures to the people of all the world imperishable possessions of new mutual understanding, a keener appreciation of distinctive national virtues, and the diverse gifts of races. For the greatest glory of the Columbian Exhibition is a glory of love. Its evangel, which may heaven make perpetual, is the divine commission of toil throughout the globe for the progress and ennoblement of humanity. Its triumph is the triumph of liberty; its beauty is the beauty of peace.—*From the Chicago Herald, October 31, 1893.*





SULLIVAN, THOMAS RUSSELL, an American novelist, poet, and dramatist, born in Boston, Mass., November 21, 1849. He was fitted for Harvard College, but did not enter, beginning instead a business life in Boston, 1866-70; then in Paris, 1870-73. Returning to Boston, he pursued business by day and literature by night, till 1888, when he retired from business. His principal works are many dramatic adaptations from the French, and (in collaboration) two original plays, *The Cat-paw* (1881) and *Merely Players* (1886); poems in the *Century*, *Lippincott*, *Life*, etc. (1880-85); *Roses in Shadow*, a novel (1885); dramatization of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886); *Day and Night Stories* (1890-93); and *Tom Sylvester* (1893). He was joint author with W. W. Chamberlain of *Hearts Are Trumps* (produced in 1878), and *Midsummer Madness* (produced in 1880).

NEW ENGLAND GRANITE.

"Your happy household is your best argument," said Luxmore; "but think of the risk they run in saying 'yes.' Look around you at the unhappy marriages."

"Nonsense. The man runs his risk, doesn't he? Why not the woman? Because she is too self-centred; she will not let herself go a single instant. . . . Look at the case in point. Here is Sylvia Belknap, young, lovely, rich beyond reckoning. She has no near relatives; she lives alone with her servants and her companion, Miss Winchester. It is the most selfish and

limited of lives. She writes her checks, studies her art and her philosophy, cuts the leaves of her review, dines, dances, and her day is done. Unluckily her coldness, that should repel, attracts. More than one better man than she deserves to get has dangled after her and come to grief. She cannot understand it, she has improved all antiquated ideas away. I have no patience with such a temperament. Her smile makes me think of a vein of quartz in its granite setting. She is like the reef out there—the waves rush at it and the biggest can only dash itself to pieces. What are you laughing at now?"

"Only to think that the gods made Mordaunt poetical."

It was the following autumn that Luxmore's "Circe and Ulysses"—his first great picture—made him suddenly famous. Long before the summer there came rumors that he was bent, at last, upon that higher flight from which his self-distrust had hitherto deterred him. The world saw less of him than of old. And, though he looked pale and worn, his air of hopeful determination showed that he was dealing with a problem which hard work would solve. Mordaunt and one or two other friends saw the work in progress and promised great things. Great things, therefore, were expected. And the result, given to the public, surpassed expectation.

He had chosen the moment of the king's first meeting with the enchantress, when, armed with the sprig of moly, he draws his sword defiantly, declining to become a brute at her command. The figures, of life-size, were superbly modelled; the composition was original and fine, the color fully worthy of it. His triumph proved in every way complete. An English amateur pounced upon the picture, paying without a murmur the sum he demanded for it, carrying it off to London. Hard upon this followed an order for a pendant at his own price. His long apprenticeship had not been served in vain. His reputation rose at last; he had but to sustain the bubble, now soaring into sight of all the world.

From misfortune, fortune. There can be no doubt that to what, in technical phrase, may be termed heart-failure Luxmore's first success was due. In that mem-

orable winter twilight he had broken down utterly at the sight of Sylvia's roses still surviving the desolation of his home. Home! He had hoped for one, and the echo of that hope, resounding in the lonely place, brought him hours of anguish—days and nights of it, scoring themselves like years. For age is measured more by lost illusions than by actual flight of time. One or two intimate friends saw the change in him and remarked upon it; but they invited no confidences, and he made none. He met the world's glance without flinching, walked erect with a firm step, hugging to himself his "gnawing sorrow" as bravely as a Spartan. Mordaunt alone suspected the truth; but even to him it remained always a mere suspicion. He became, none the less, a model of discreet and devoted friendship. Various were the devices he employed to change the current of his comrade's thoughts, to shorten his hours of solitude. . . .

The stupor slowly wore itself away, to be succeeded by a fierce reaction. An hour came when Luxmore woke and said: "She has ruined one man; she shall be the making of another. I cannot hate her. I will forget her. I am not like Selden." He plunged into work, wearily enough at first. Day by day, however, gaining strength from this healthful stimulus, he applied himself more closely, grew more and more at one with his difficult task, found to his delight that something better than his old self had taken possession of him. This it was to live; no earthly joy that he had ever known was comparable to it. Leaving noble work behind them, men were more than men. And if not the fulfilment, the endeavor; to that end men were endowed with souls—"to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The last fumes of the alembic had cleared away. He knew now that they had lent their colors to an air-drawn shape, a creature of his own mind, totally unreal, perhaps too perfect for material existence. That lovely soul, divine in its perceptions, could never, consciously or unconsciously, have so betrayed two men; for her there would have been no second victim to dismiss with an allusion to the first. She would have been unselfish and considerate, quick to interpret a silence that every

look and every act of his had contradicted, eager to avert the merest possibility of danger. With all the weakness of her sex she would have proved herself the strongest and noblest of women—an angel with a human heart, not a cold abstraction. How well he remembered Mordaunt's warning, when he had fatally disregarded it. She had only to reveal herself, to bring home to him the cleverness of that description. . . .

"I see. Your work absorbs you; you have no other end in life."

"None."

"And does it make you happy?"

"I do not ask so much of it. I have lost a hope, but I have gained a virtue—the virtue of contentment. In this life we are all servants and not masters; the rewards come after. I serve to win them. I live only for a few letters in high relief upon a tombstone—for a statue, perhaps; for fame, immortality, who knows? for happiness elsewhere."

He looked not at her, but straight before him, through the half-empty rooms, toward the Mexican Minister, who had just risen to take leave. A star glittered upon his breast. The light of it flashed in Luxmore's eyes.

At a slight sound beside him he turned his head. One of the slender sticks of her fan had broken in Miss Belknap's hands. "It is nothing," she said, rising. "As you were saying, you have grown older, if not wiser. All your ideas are completely changed."

He rose too. "No," he said. "My ideal—that is all."

"And nothing can change that?"

"Nothing in the world."

She held out her hand once more. "Since you will go, then, I wish you all possible success."

"It is to you that I shall owe it," he replied, looking at her now, as their hands clasped. He could hardly believe his own eyes, for hers were full of tears.

"They are going," he said. "Shall I take you to our hostess?"

"No. I shall stay a little longer. Good-night."

"Good-night—until we meet again!"

On his way home he reviewed their talk lightly,

Pessimism : a History and a Criticism (1877); *Illusions* (1883); *The Outlines of Psychology* (1884); *The Teacher's Handbook of Psychology* (1876); *The Human Mind* (1892).

Of his first volume, the *Saturday Review* says: "The materials furnished by a quick and lively natural sense are happily ordered by a mind trained in scientific method. This merit is especially conspicuous in those parts of the book where, with abundant ingenuity and no mean success, Mr. Sully endeavors to throw some light of cosmic order into the chaos of æsthetics."

Of his *Outlines of Psychology*, Edith Simcox, in the *Academy*, says: "The value of the work may be said to consist mainly in a convenient restatement of the doctrine and analyses of the English school of psychology, so rearranged as to leave space for all that is known and part of what is foreboded as to the physiology of sensation and thought."

MODERN PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

The modern science of psychology exhibits traces of each of two tendencies: the spiritualistic and the materialistic.

The first thing to note about this modern branch of inquiry is that it has separated itself, in a measure at least, from philosophy. As a positive science, it aims merely at studying observable facts or phenomena, and drawing inferences from these, according to properly scientific methods of investigation, respecting their laws. As a science of mind, it does not discuss the question of the ultimate nature of spiritual activity, or the substance of mind, and the related question of the immortality of the soul. These it hands over to the branch of philosophy or metaphysics known as Rational or Inferential Psychology, reserving for itself

the more modest title of Scientific or Empirical Psychology.

Again, modern psychology has, as a positive science, separated itself from philosophy in another way. As already hinted, the central problem of modern philosophy is the nature and certainty of knowledge. The investigation of this problem was for a time, especially in England by Locke and his successors, carried out by an examination of the contents of mind (ideas and impressions). But it has now come to be recognized that a study of mental processes, *e.g.*, the way in which perceptions and ideas arise, is distinct from a critical inquiry into their validity. As a science, then, psychology confines itself to studying what we call thinking or reasoning as it actually takes place; that is, as a psychical process determined by certain conditions. The problem of testing the objective validity or truth of our thoughts it hands over to Philosophy, or Theory of Knowledge.

POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN PSYCHOLOGY AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

In thus separating itself as a positive science from philosophy, psychology has placed itself more on the level of the physical sciences. Its conceptions of mental phenomena, and of laws to be ascertained by induction from these, have in fact been modelled on the pattern of conceptions reached by physical science. More particularly in its consistent determination to deal with all mental processes as subject to the great law of causation, modern psychology has tended to assimilate itself in one important respect to the physical sciences. Not only so, a distinct approximation of psychology to physical science has recently been effected by the growing recognition of the interaction of mind and body. Our knowledge of the way in which mental activity is connected with the bodily life has been greatly advanced by the recent development of the biological sciences, and more particularly neurology, or the science of the normal functions and functional disturbances of the nervous system. . . . A great

deal of new and valuable information has been acquired quite recently respecting the nervous conditions of mental activity, and we are now able to conclude with a high degree of probability that every psychical process or *psychosis* has its correlative nervous process or *neurosis* : and psychologists, while insisting on the disparity of mental and physical processes, have shown themselves ready to acknowledge and profit from all that physiologists discover with respect to the nervous accompaniments of mental states, and the way in which variations in the former affect the latter.

HOW PSYCHOLOGY SEPARATES ITSELF FROM PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

While the development of the modern science of psychology has thus involved an approximation of this branch of inquiry to physical science, it has not by any means tended to the absorption of the former into the latter.

The modern scientific psychologist follows the tradition of philosophical spiritualism so far as to insist on the radical disparity of the psychical and the physical. He contends that mental phenomena differ, in the nature of their elements and in the mode of their grouping, from physical. A sensation is something intrinsically dissimilar to any form of physical movement such as presumably takes place in the nervous system. Consequently psychical processes cannot be included in and studied as a part of the functional activities of the bodily organism. However closely connected with these last, they form a group of phenomena of a quite special kind, and needing separate study.

Again, the modern psychologist contends not only that psychical phenomena are different in kind from physical, but that they have to be approached by a different mode of observation from that which is employed in physical investigation. We cannot study thoughts, sentiments, or desires by means of the senses, as we study bodily movements. They have to be inspected by what is called internal observation or introspection. This self-observation has, as we shall see, its own pe-

cular difficulties, and, as the history of the science fully illustrates, the successful handling of it presupposes particular gifts and a special training of the investigator. — *The Human Mind, Chap. I.*

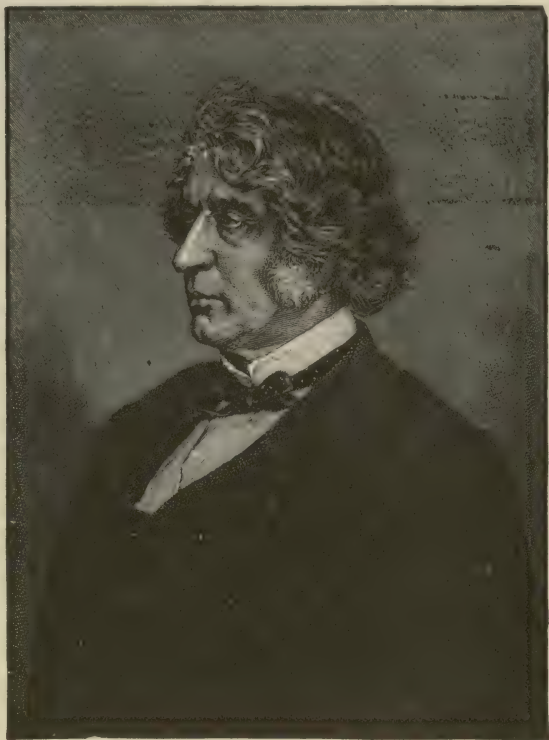
THE DREAM AS A COMMUNICATION FROM A SUPER-
NATURAL BEING.

It is plain that even in the savage's conception of dreaming there is room for the thought of a divine announcement. When once the idea of superior beings, deities, demons, etc., is reached, it becomes natural to regard the visit of some departed soul as the despatch of a messenger to the dreamer. In this way the first mode of explanation passes insensibly into the second. In higher stages of religious thought the view of a dream as a divine revelation takes a less crude form. The immediate object present to the dreamer is no longer conceived as possessing the same degree of materiality. Something is still present, no doubt, and so the dream is in a sense objective ; but the reality is less like a tangible material object, and is transformed more or less completely into something unsubstantial, spiritual, and phantasmal. On the other hand, the dream is objective in the sense of being a message or revelation from some divine actual personage. The essence of the dream, so to speak, lies in the fact that it conveys to the dreamer something which the divine personage wishes him to know, whether it be the will of this being in the shape of a command or a prohibition, or some fact as yet unknown (past or future), the knowledge of which will be of practical utility to the recipient.—*Dreams.*





SUMNER, CHARLES, an American statesman and orator, born in Boston, January 6, 1811; died at Washington, D. C., March 11, 1874. He was graduated at Harvard in 1830; studied at the Cambridge Law School, and in 1834 commenced practice at Boston. He was appointed Reporter to the Circuit Court, and put forth three volumes known as *Sumner's Reports*, and other legal works. In 1837 he went to Europe, where he remained three years. In 1844 he edited *Vesey's Reports*, in twenty volumes, to which he appended much original matter. He also lectured in the Cambridge Law School, and began to take an active part in politics, especially in opposition to the extension of slavery in the Territories. In 1851 he was elected to the U. S. Senate, succeeding Daniel Webster. On May 22, 1856, he was violently assaulted, while seated at his desk in the Senate Chamber, by Mr. Preston Brooks, a member of Congress from South Carolina, and so severely beaten with a bludgeon that his life was thought to be endangered. It was seven years before his health was fully restored, a considerable part of the interval being passed in Europe. In 1857 he was re-elected to the Senate; but he was not able to take his seat permanently until 1859. During the Civil War, and afterward, he was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He



CHARLES SUMNER.

was re-elected Senator in 1862, again in 1869, and died near the conclusion of his third consecutive senatorial term.

During the whole of his active life Mr. Sumner, besides his speeches and reports in Congress, delivered numerous public addresses on political and literary topics. A collection of his earlier *Addresses and Essays*, in three volumes, was published in 1850. An edition of his *Complete Works*, comprising about fifteen volumes, was commenced in 1870. His *Life* has been written by Charles A. Phelps.

JUDICIAL INJUSTICES.

I hold judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect, but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and in all ages have shown a full share of human frailty. Alas! alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summons them to judgment.

It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour barefoot over the pavements of Jerusalem, bending beneath His cross. It was a judicial tribunal which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave; which arrested the teachings of the great apostle to the Gentiles, and sent him in bonds from Judea to Rome; which, in the name of the Old Religion, adjudged the Saints and Fathers of the Christian Church to death in all its most dreadful forms; and which afterward, in the name of the New Religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition, amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims, while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun.

It was a judicial tribunal which in France during the long reign of her monarchs lent itself to be the instrument of every tyranny, as during the brief Reign of Terror it did not hesitate to stand forth, the unpitying accessory of the unpitying guillotine.

It was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry the Eighth, from the unjust divorce of his queen to the beheading of Sir Thomas More ; which lighted the fires of persecution that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley, and John Rogers ; which, after deliberate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of Ship-Money, against the patriot resistance of Hampden ; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sidney and Russell to the block ; which persistently enforced the laws of Conformity that our Puritan Fathers persistently refused to obey ; and which afterward, with Jeffreys on the bench, crimsoned the page of English history with massacre and murder—even with the blood of innocent women.

Ay, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal, in our country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung the witches at Salem ; which affirmed the constitutionality of the Stamp Act while it admonished “jurors and the people” to obey ; and which now, in our day, lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the Fugitive Slave Bill.—*Speech, September, 1854.*

THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA BILL.

From the depths of my soul, as a loyal citizen and as Senator, I plead, remonstrate, protest against the passage of this bill. I struggle against it as against death ; but as in death itself corruption puts on incorruption, and this mortal body puts on immortality, so from the sting of this hour I find assurance of that triumph by which freedom will be restored to her immortal birth-right in the Republic.

The bill you are about to pass is at once the worst and the best on which Congress ever acted. Yes, sir, worst and best at the same time.

It is the worst bill, inasmuch as it is a present victory of Slavery. In a Christian land, and in an age of civilization, a time-honored statute of freedom is struck down, opening the way to all the countless woes and wrongs of human bondage. Among the crimes of history another is soon to be recorded, which no tears can blot out, and which in better days will be read with universal shame. The Tea Tax and the Stamp Act, which aroused the patriot rage of our fathers, were virtues by the side of this transgression; nor would it be easy to imagine at this day any measure which more openly and wantonly defied every sentiment of justice, humanity, and Christianity. Am I not right, then, in calling it the worst bill on which Congress ever acted?

There is another side to which I gladly turn. It is the best bill on which Congress ever acted, for it annuls all past compromises with slavery, and makes any future compromise impossible. Thus it puts Freedom and Slavery face to face, and bids them grapple. Who can doubt the result? It opens wide the door of the future, when at last there will really be a North and the slave-power will be broken; when this wretched despotism will cease to dominate over our Government; when the National Government will be divorced in every way from slavery, and, according to the true intention of our fathers, freedom will be established everywhere—at least beyond the local limits of the States. . . .

Thus, standing at the very grave of freedom in Nebraska and Kansas, I lift myself to the vision of that happy resurrection by which freedom will be assured, not only in these Territories, but everywhere under the National Government. More clearly than ever before, I now penetrate that great future when slavery must disappear. Proudly I discern the flag of my country, as it ripples in every breeze, at last in reality, as in name, the flag of freedom—undoubted, pure, and irresistible. Am I not right, then, in calling this bill the best on which Congress ever acted? Sorrowfully I bend before the wrong you commit. Joyfully I welcome the promises of the future.—*In the Senate, May, 1854.*



SUNDERLAND, JABEZ THOMAS, an American theologian and religious writer, was born at Howarth, Yorkshire, England, in 1842. He came to the United States in early life; and was educated at Madison University and at the old University of Chicago. He studied theology at the Union Baptist Seminary in Chicago; and has been pastor of churches at Milwaukee, at Northfield, Mass., at Chicago, and at Ann Arbor. In 1886 he founded the *Unitarian*, a religious monthly. His publications, besides many minor works, include: *A Rational Faith* (1878); *What Is the Bible?* (1878); *The Liberal Christian Ministry* (1889); *Home Travel in Bible Lands* (1891); *The Bible* (1893).

THE HEBREW LAND.

If there is anything in the theory that the physical environment of a nation or race tends to influence its intellectual and moral development (as doubtless there is), we need not be surprised to find it illustrated in the case of the ancient Hebrews.

The largest body of land in the world is that which makes up the three continents of the eastern hemisphere. At almost the exact centre of these three continents—at the very place where, if Europe and Africa were a little projected, the three would meet—lies the land of Palestine. It is a mere dot on the map of the world, yet in the moral and religious life of mankind no other land has been so influential. Has its location here, so literally at the “centre of the world,” had nothing to do with this?

All the physical characteristics of ancient Palestine were such as would naturally tend to make a vigorous and independent people. It was a land of hills, valleys, swift streams, fertile plains, picturesque and rugged mountains, and rimmed on one side by a great sea. Such a land should produce strong-minded, nature-loving men. In mountain-lands we expect to find lovers of freedom. Is it strange that we should find here a race sturdily independent?

Palestine was a singularly shut-in land. On the north were the Lebanon ranges of lofty mountains; on the east the wide Syrian desert; on the south another desert, and on the west a great sea with scarcely a harbor. It was just the kind of a country, therefore, to develop a self-centred people—a people capable of standing alone, and working out a great career. Yet, while it was thus so remarkably isolated, and protected from forces that might break down its strong individuality, it was to an unusual degree in touch with great world-influences.

Just beyond the narrow southern wilderness was Egypt, with its art and letters and learning, and its civilization the most venerable and august in the ancient world. On the other side of the eastern desert were mighty Babylon and Assyria. Contiguous on the northwest was Phœnicia, the leading commercial nation of antiquity. Across the western sea were glorious Greece and all-conquering Rome. Into quiet Palestine came influences from all these. Indeed, many a time it was forced to succumb to the armies of its mighty neighbors. And in times of peace it was a highway for the great caravans which were the bearers of the world's wealth between Mesopotamia, Persia, and India, on the east, and Egypt, Tyre, and all the Mediterranean cities and lands, on the west.

Thus it was near, indeed at the very focus of, all the greatest empires and centres of civilization of the Old World. Yet it was not of them. It was touched in deep and powerful ways by all, yet was enough apart from all to have its own life not overpowered by them, but only stimulated, broadened, quickened, deepened. Hence it was exactly the land to develop the intensest,

and in one sense the narrowest of religions—yet a religion destined to unfold into the broadest, nay, into the one really universal religion of the world.—*The Bible.*

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.

Perhaps nothing about our sacred volume is more striking than the variety of its contents. In this it surpasses all other sacred books. This variety grows out of the fact that it *is* so truly a *literature*, and not a theological or ecclesiastical treatise, or indeed a single book of any kind. Springing not from any one mind, but from scores and hundreds; not from one age, but from many; and being an embodiment of the very life of the Hebrew people, it could not fail to be as many-sided as human life itself. Thus it is not strange that we find it greatly varied not only in form, in matter, and in excellence of literary work, but also in ethical and spiritual quality.

There is hardly a form of literature known that is not represented here. At the beginning of the collection, under the name of history, we have an extended group of legends, traditions, accounts of persons and events in the main imaginary. Farther on we come to real history, yet even with parts of this we find intertwined a legendary element which has to be carefully separated. Then, too, we find poetry of various kinds, as lyric, didactic, dramatic; fierce war-songs, tender love-songs, sublime descriptions of nature, devout hymns of worship. We find biographies, some brief, some extended; collections of laws; state documents; chronologies and genealogies; collections of proverbs of wisdom; accounts of religious institutions and ceremonies; romances; parables; speculations about the past; apocalyptic visions of the future; letters; religious utterances of various kinds, as of preacher, reformer, sage, and seer. Some of these writings have little merit in themselves, and owe such value as they possess mainly to the fact that they have a place in the sacred collection, while others rank with the very noblest literary and religious productions of the world.—*The Bible.*

INSPIRATION.

In the light of the facts which we have discovered, may we say that the Bible is a work of divine inspiration? I reply: That evidently must depend upon what we mean by inspiration. If by the word we understand that barren, mechanical, unspiritual signification which has too often been given to it in the past, which makes the inspired writers mere passive tools or instruments, then we must answer, as with ever-increasing clearness and unanimity modern Biblical scholarship is everywhere answering: No; the Sacred Scriptures give no evidence of *such* an inspired origin. But if by inspiration we mean something vital instead of mechanical; an inspiration human as well as divine, and divine because so nobly human; an inspiration in which men are not passive, but active, intense, alive, quickened by touch with the Infinite Mind, illuminated by "that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," open to the incoming of the tides of the Infinite Life, and so are made seers and prophets, guides and leaders of their fellows in the things of the spirit—in a word, if by inspiration we mean something sufficiently large, noble, spiritual, then we are compelled to reply: The Bible is rich in inspiration—inspiration which the growing scholarship of our time is not dimming, but making more clear. Of course, no intelligent scholar thinks of affirming equal inspiration in all its parts; some portions, as we have seen, bear no marks of inspiration whatever. But when we come to other parts, words are too poor adequately to express the depth and richness of the moral and spiritual power which they reveal. From what source but that which is eternal in God could have come the truth of those great passages, in the Old Testament and the New, which instantly flash on our minds when we think of what is loftiest in religion? At what fountain but that of the world's divinest inspiration could those men have drunk whose words have sounded down the ages, thrilling and inspiring the hearts of untold millions as otherwise they have never been thrilled and inspired?—*The Bible.*



SURREY, EARL OF (HENRY HOWARD), an English poet, born, most probably in Norfolk, about 1517; beheaded on Tower Hill, London, January 21, 1547. In youth he was known as "Henry Howard of Kenninghall," from his grandfather's estate in Norfolk. He was unusually well educated, lived at Windsor Castle from 1530-32 with the young Duke of Richmond, natural son of King Henry VIII., and in 1532 accompanied the King to France. He lived at the French Court for about a year. In 1541 he was made a Knight of the Garter, joined the English forces at Landre-
cies, with special recommendations to Charles V. from Henry VIII. in 1543, and a short time afterward became cup-bearer to the King; he was present at the surrender of Boulogne, of which he was in 1545 made Governor, being recalled to England in 1546. When the death of Henry VIII. was at hand, Surrey's father, the Duke of Norfolk, was suspected of entertaining thoughts of becoming King. About a month before the death of Henry VIII., the Duke and Earl of Surrey were both arrested; the former, as a peer of the realm, was tried by his peers; while Surrey, whose title was one of courtesy only, was tried by a jury selected for the occasion, who found that he "falsely, maliciously, and treacherously set up and bore the arms of Edward the Confessor, then used by

the Prince of Wales, mixed up and joined with his own proper arms." He had borne these arms in the presence of the King, without question, as had the Howards before him, since their grant by Richard II. He was found guilty of high treason and beheaded. His poems were first printed as *Songs and Sonetes in Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557, with those of Sir Thomas Wyatt. He was the first English writer of blank verse; he translated the second and fourth books of the *Æneid* into this form, and, with Wyatt, was the introducer of the sonnet into English literature.

ÆNEAS RELATES TO THE QUEEN THE TAKING OF TROY.

They whisted all with fixèd face attent :
When Prince Æneas from the royal seat
Thus gan to speak. O Queen ; it is thy will
I should renew a woe, can not be told
How that the Greeks did spoil, and overthrow
The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy :
Those ruthful things that I myself beheld ;
And whereof no small part fell to my share.
Which to express, who could refrain from tears ?
What Myrmidon ? or yet what Dolopes ?
What stern Ulysses waged soldier ?
And lo ! moist night now from the welkin falls :
And stars declining counsel us to rest.
But since so great is thy delight to hear
Of our mishaps, and Troia's last decay ;
Though to record the same my mind abhors,
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin:
The Greeks' chieftains all irked with the war
Wherein they wasted had so many years ;
And oft repuls'd by fatal destiny,
A huge horse made, high raisèd like a hill,
By the divine science of Minerva.
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs ;
For their return a feignèd sacrifice :

The fame whereof so wander'd it at point.
In the dark bulk they clos'd bodies of men
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
The hollow womb with armèd soldiers.
There stands in sight an isle, bright Tenedon,
Rich, and of fame, while Priam's kingdom stood ;
Now but a bay, and road unsure for ship.
Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,
Shrouding themselves under the desert shore.
And, weening we they had been fled and gone,
And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,
Troia discharged her long-continued dole.
The gates cast up, we issued out to play,
The Greekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void, and the forsaken coasts.
"Here Pyrrhus' band ; there fierce Achilles pight ;
Here rode their ships ; there did their battles join."
Astonnied, some the scatheful gift beheld,
Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve ;
All wond'ring at the hugeness of the horse.
And first of all Timœtes gan advise
Within the walls to lead and draw the same ;
And place it eke amid the palace court :
Whether of guile, or Troia's fate it would.
Capy's with some of judgment more discreet,
Will'd it to drown ; or underset with flame
The suspect present of the Greeks' deceit ;
Or bore and gage the hollow caves uncouth.
So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.
Lo ! foremost of a rout that follow'd him,
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the tower,
Crying far off : "O wretched citizens !
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you ?
Deem ye the Greeks our enemies to be gone ?
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose
Devoid of guile ? Is so Ulysses known ?
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid ;
Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,
To view our towers and overwhelm our town.
Here lurks some craft. Good Trojans ! give no trust
Unto this horse ; for whatsoever it be,
I dread the Greeks ; yea ! when they offer gifts."

—*Second Book of the Æneid.*

OF THE HAPPY LIFE AND THE MEANS TO ATTAIN IT.

Martial, the things that do attain
 The happy life, be these I find :
 The riches left, not got with pain ;
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind :

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife ;
 No charge of rule, nor governance ;
 Without disease, the healthful life ;
 The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
 True wisdom join'd with simpleness ;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress :

The faithful wife, without debate ;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night,
 Content thee with thine own estate ;
 Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

PSALM LXXIII.

The sudden storms that heave me to and fro,
 Had well near pierced
 Faith, my guiding sail.
 For I that on the noble voyage go
 To succor truth, and falsehood to assail,
 Constrainèd am to bear my sails full low ;
 And never could attain some pleasant gale.
 For unto such the prosperous winds do blow
 As run from port to port to seek avail.
 This bred despair ; whereof such doubts did grow
 That I gan faint, and all my courage fail.
 But now, my Blage, mine error well I see ;
 Such goodly light King David giveth me.

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

Give place, ye lovers, here before
 That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;

My lady's beauty passeth more
 The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
 Than doth the sun the candle-light,
 Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
 As had Penelope the fair ;
 For what she saith, ye may it trust,
 As it by writing sealèd were :
 And virtues hath she many mo'
 Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
 The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
 When she had lost the perfect mould,
 The like to whom she could not paint :
 With wringing hands, how she did cry,
 And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore with raging mind,
 Her kingdom only set apart,
 There was no loss by law of kind
 That could have gone so near her heart ;
 And this was chiefly all her pain ;
 " She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
 To be the chiefest work she wrought,
 In faith, methink, some better ways
 On your behalf might well be sought,
 Than to compare, as ye have done,
 To match the candle with the sun.

A PRISONER IN WINDSOR CASTLE, HE REFLECTS ON
 PAST HAPPINESS.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas !
 As proud Windsor ? Where I in lust and joy,
 With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
 In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy ;
 Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
 The large green courts, where we were wont to hove.

With eyes upcast unto the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight ;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
When each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm play, where dèspotted for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravell'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts ;
With cheer as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth ;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies praise ;
Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forèst, the clothèd holts with green ;
With reins avail'd, and swiftly breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void walls eke that harbour'd us each night :
Wherewith, alas ! revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight ;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust ;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play ;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face ;
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue :
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas !
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew :
O place of bliss ! renewer of my woes !
Give me account, where is my noble fere ?
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose :
To other lief : but unto me most dear.

Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint,
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint :
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale ;
The adder all her slough away she flings ;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small ;
The busy bee her honey now she mings ;
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.





SWEDENBORG, EMANUEL, a Swedish philosopher and theosophist, born at Stockholm, January 29, 1688; died in London, March 29, 1772. He completed his course at the University of Upsala in 1709; travelled for two years, and resided abroad until 1716, when he returned to Sweden. Between 1717 and 1722 he put forth several treatises on philosophical topics, and was engaged in public affairs. In 1722 he was appointed Assessor of Mines. Between 1722 and 1745 he wrote several important works on physical science, among which are *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*, *Œconomia Regni Animalis*, and *De Cultu et Amore Dei*, the last being an allegorical presentation of his theory of the Creation. When he had reached his fifty-fifth year he believed himself divinely commissioned to enunciate a new system of religious truth, and permitted to have frequent intercourse with angelic intelligences. He resigned his assessorship, and devoted himself to the study of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament, and to the writing and publication of works setting forth the principles of his new faith. Of these works the principal are *The Heavenly Arcana*, put forth at different periods from 1749 to 1756, and *The True Christian Religion*, published in the last year of his life, which sets forth the dogmatic system of his teachings. *The Heavenly Arcana* is primarily an

exposition of the Books of Genesis and Exodus, interspersed with sections in which are narrated "the wonderful things seen and heard in Heaven and Hell." The exposition of Genesis, the first thirty-one chapters, occupies in the English translation four large, closely printed volumes.

There can be no question that Swedenborg was thoroughly convinced of the verity of the revelations which he enunciated. It is related that on his death-bed, and only two days before he breathed his last, a Swedish clergyman who was with him solemnly adjured him to tell the truth in regard to his teachings, to which Swedenborg replied: "As true as you see me before you, so true is everything I have written. I could have said much more had I been permitted. When you come into eternity, you will see all things as I have stated and described them, and we shall have much to say concerning them to each other." Swedenborg made no attempts to gain proselytes except by the writing of his books, and their publication, which was done at his own expense. The association commonly designated as the Swedenborgian Church, but styling itself the "Church of the New Jerusalem," was organized at London in 1788.

THE INTERNAL SENSE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

That the Word of the Old Testament includes arcana of Heaven, and that all its contents, to every particular, regard the Lord and His Heaven, the Church, Faith and the things relating to Faith, no man can conceive who only views it from the Letter. For the Letter, or literal sense, suggests only such things as respect the externals

of the Jewish Church, when, nevertheless, it everywhere contains internal things, which do not in the least appear in those externals, except in a very few cases where the Lord revealed and unfolded them to the Apostles : as, that Sacrifices are significative of the Lord ; and that the Land of Canaan and Jerusalem are significative of Heaven ; and that Paradise has a like signification.

But that all and every part of its contents—even to the most minute, not excepting the smallest jot and tittle—signify and involve spiritual and celestial things is a truth to this day deeply hidden from the Christian world ; in consequence of which little attention is paid to the Old Testament. This truth, however, might appear plainly from this single circumstance, that the Word, being of the Lord, could not possibly be given without containing interiorly such things as relate to Heaven, to the Church, and to Faith. For if this be denied, how can it be called the Word of the Lord, or be said to have any Life in it ? For whence is its Life but from those things which possess life ? that is, except from hence, that all things in it, both general and particular, have relations to the Lord, who is the very Life itself. Wherefore, whatsoever does not interiorly regard Him, does not live ; nay, whatsoever expression in the Word does not involve Him, or in some measure relate to Him, is not divine.

It is impossible, while the mind abides in the literal sense only, to see that it is full of such spiritual contents. Thus, in the first chapters of Genesis nothing is discoverable from the literal sense but that they treat of the creation of the world, and of the Garden of Eden, which is called Paradise, and also of Adam, as the first created man ; and scarcely a single person supposes them to relate to anything besides. But that they contain arcana which were never heretofore revealed will sufficiently appear from the following pages ; where it will be seen that the first chapter of Genesis, in its interior sense, treats of the New Creation of Man, of his Regeneration, in general, and specifically of the most ancient Church : and this in such a manner that there is not a single syllable which does not represent, signify, and involve something spiritual.



SWIFT, JONATHAN, a celebrated British ecclesiastic, politician, and satirist, born in Dublin, November 30, 1667 ; died there, October 19, 1745. His father, an Englishman of good family, who had recently come over to Ireland, died before the birth of his son ; and an uncle took charge of the boy, who in his fourteenth year was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was chiefly remarkable for irregularities and breaches of college discipline ; and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts "by special favor"—a term used to indicate lack of merit. The state of affairs in Ireland was then in nowise encouraging to English adventurers or their descendants, and in his twenty-first year Swift went over to England, and sought the assistance of the veteran statesman, Sir William Temple, who was a distant kinsman by marriage. Temple took him into his service as private secretary, but treated him with little consideration.

After a couple of years Swift, who had seriously devoted himself to the improvement of his mind, solicited Temple to procure for him some public employment. The request not being complied with, Swift resigned his situation, and in 1694 went back to Ireland, with the design of entering the Church. Before he could be admitted to holy orders it was required by the bishop that he should present a certificate of good con-



JONATHAN SWIFT.

duct while residing with Sir William Temple. Sir William not only gave the certificate, but recommended Swift so highly that immediately after his ordination he received the prebend of Kilroot, in Ireland. Here his conduct was such as to excite some scandal among the neighboring gentry, and he grew weary of the position. Temple, moreover, was desirous to get back a secretary whose capacities he had come to appreciate. He wrote to Swift, urging his return, and promising to make strenuous efforts for his promotion. In 1696 Swift resigned his prebend, and returned to Temple's residence at Moor Park, near London.

Swift now began his political career, to narrate which would require an account of English parties and factions for several disgraceful years. He became a noted character in clubs and coffee-houses, among men of letters and political leaders. At first he was a zealous Whig, and wrote bitterly against the Tories. In 1708 Lord Wharton was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Swift procured an earnest recommendation from Lord Somers, to which Wharton is said to have made answer: "Oh, my lord, we must not prefer or countenance these fellows; we have not character enough ourselves."

About 1710 Swift was introduced to Harley, Earl of Oxford, who was rising into political importance, as a person who had been injuriously treated by the Whig Cabinet, and one who might be won over to do good service to the other side. Swift went over, and put forth several pamphlets, which were highly serviceable to the new Minis-

try. For these services he claimed an adequate reward. He demanded an English bishopric, which Harley was quite willing to grant, provided it could be done without offending his clerical supporters. But this could not be done. Archbishop Sharpe, in the name of his brethren, urged Queen Anne not to bestow the episcopal dignity upon a person whose belief in Christianity was suspicious, who had written *The Tale of a Tub*, and who had moreover lampooned the Duchess of Somerset, one of the Queen's favorites. The Queen declared that Swift should never be made a prelate; and it was impossible to induce her to change her determination. The best that could be done for Swift was to make him Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, whither he went in 1713.

For a large part of the subsequent thirty-two years of his life Swift mingled largely in political affairs; but his career as Dean of St. Patrick's was for the most part fairly creditable. It is inexpedient here to enter upon that part of his personal history connected with the names of Hester Johnson ("Stella") and Mrs. Vanhomrigh ("Vanessa"). Notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, very little has been made absolutely certain. Almost all that is positively proven is that Swift and "Stella" were privately married in 1716, both of them verging upon fifty; that they never lived together as man and wife; that seven years later "Vanessa" pressed Swift to make her his wife so urgently that he was obliged to confess that he was already legally married to "Stella;" that "Vanessa" died not

long after, having revoked a will which she had executed leaving her large fortune to Swift.

As Swift advanced in years all the worst elements of his nature—as in the case of his own Struldbrugs—became aggravated. He had long been subject to fits of giddiness; these now became more frequent and more violent, and the acerbity of his temper increased with them. He occasionally put forth a tractate or an epigram as keen and bitter as anything he had ever written in his best days. In 1736, while engaged in writing a stinging lampoon on the Irish House of Commons, he was seized with a fit of giddiness so severe and long-continued, that he never afterward attempted any work requiring thought or labor. In 1741 his mental condition became such that it was necessary to appoint legal guardians of his person and property. He gradually sank into a profound lethargy. "He went off," says the servant who attended upon him, "like the snuff of a candle." He had bequeathed all his property to found a hospital for idiots and lunatics. Years before he had written a sort of epitaph upon himself, in which he says:

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad,
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much."

Swift's writings form a bulky collection. As edited by Sir Walter Scott they comprise nineteen large volumes. His *Life* has been written, or attempted, by many hands, notably by Scott.

It is succinctly given by Leslie Stephen in the "English Men of Letters" series. He wrote much verse, none of it of high poetic excellence. Though it abounds in clever hits, it is frequently marked by gross indecency. His numerous political productions were important in their day; but they relate to matters of little interest to after times. Few wittier things have ever been written than *The Tale of a Tub*, intended as a satire upon Catholicism and Lutheranism. The fame of Swift as an English classicist rests mainly upon his *Gulliver's Travels*, which appeared anonymously in 1727, although its authorship soon became an open secret. It was originally designed to form part of a satire to be written conjointly by Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope, to ridicule the abuse of human learning, and the extravagant stories of travellers. Viewed simply as a marvellous tale, told with the appearance of simple veracity, the work is hardly inferior to *Robinson Crusoe*. The account of the Struldbrugs, indeed, stands by itself: one might almost fancy it to be a prophecy by Swift of his own last, sad years. Swift so far departed from the original design as to make the work a satire upon English institutions and customs of his own time; but we doubt whether, with rare exceptions, the interest of the reader is greatly enhanced by being told who were intended by the characters introduced.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT.

The Emperor is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is sufficient to

strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, and arched nose ; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well-proportioned, all his movements graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off. However, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be mistaken in my description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European ; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself if I should happen to break loose. It was almost three inches long ; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate ; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers ; but neither of us could understand a syllable. —*Voyage to Lilliput.*

DIVERSIONS AT THE COURT OF LILLIPUT.

The Emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceeded all the nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted by none so much as that of the rope-dances, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet and twelve inches from the ground. This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of these candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office.

Very often the chief Ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the Treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the somerset several times together upon a trencher fixed upon a rope, which is no thicker than common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal Secretary for Private Affairs, is, in my opinion, the second after the Treasurer; the rest of the court officers are much on a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the Ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for by contending to excel themselves and their fellows they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival Flimnap would infallibly have broken his neck if one of the King's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion which is only shown *before* the Emperor and the Empress, and the First Minister, upon particular occasion.* The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed in any other country of the New or Old World. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep

* This satirizes the three great British Orders. *Blue* is the Cognizance of the Order of the Garter; *red* of the Bath; *green* of the Thistle.

under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick and the First Minister the other; sometimes the Minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with the most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.—*Voyage to Lilliput.*

THE GREAT ACADEMY OF LAGADO.

This Academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street which, growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use. I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the Academy. Every room had in it one or more Projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face; his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight years upon a project of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that in eight years more he should be able to supply the Governor's garden with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially as this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. . . .

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder; who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish. There was a most ingenious architect who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those prudent insects, the bee and the spider. . . .

We crossed a walk to the other part of the Academy, where the projectors in Speculative Learning resided. The first Professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils around him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of the length and breadth of the room, he said : " Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving Speculative Knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness ; and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang into any other man's head. Everyone knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to art and sciences ; whereas by his contrivance the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology without the least assistance from genius or study."

He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them ; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The Professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work.

The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed around the edges of the frame ; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame ; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times ; and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved up and down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed

in this labor; and the Professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of these rich materials to give the world a complete body of all the arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections. He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech. . . .

I was at the Mathematical School, where the Master taught his pupils after a method scarcely imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and the demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days to eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the composition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or proportion, and partly by the perverseness of the lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous that they generally steal aside and discharge it upward before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires. —*Voyage to Laputa.*

THE STRULDBRUGS.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality whether I had seen any of their *Struldbrugs*, or “Immortals.” I said I had not; and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me that sometimes a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in his forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot, as he described it, was

about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its color; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned to a deep blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling; but never admitted any further alteration. He said these births were so rare that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred Struldbugs of both sexes in the whole empire; of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis; and among the rest a young girl born about three years ago; that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the Struldbugs themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people. . . .

After this preface he gave me a particular account of the Struldbugs among them. He said they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form an observation by.

When they came to fourscore years—which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country—they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative; but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbor of rest to which they themselves can never hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any

fact it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

If a Struldbrug happens to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved, of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore; for the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife. As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates; only a small pittance is reserved for their support, and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal—not even for the decision of metes and bounds.

At ninety they lose their teeth and hair. They have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common appellation of things and the names of persons, even those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable. The language of the country being always upon the flux, the Struldbrugs of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able after two hundred years to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neighbors the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

This was the account given me of the Struldbrugs, as near as I can remember. I afterward saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by my friends ; but although they were told that I was a traveller, and had seen all the world, they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question ; only desired I would give them *slumdark*, or a token of remembrance ; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, which strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.—*Voyage to Laputa.*





SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, an English poet, born near Henley-on-Thames, April 5, 1837. He is the son of a British admiral, and was educated partly in France and partly at Eton. In his twentieth year he was entered at Balliol College, Oxford, but left without taking a degree. His principal works are *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamund*, both dramas (1860); *Atlanta in Calydon*, a dramatic poem constructed after Grecian models (1864); *Chastelard*, a tragedy (1865); *Poems and Ballads* (1866); but these were so severely criticised on the ground of immorality that they were withdrawn and republished the same year under the name *Laus Veneris, and Other Poems and Ballads*, with a vigorous answer to his critics by Swinburne; *A Song of Italy*, and *William Blake*, a critical essay (1867); *Siena*, a poem (1868); *Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic* (1870); *Songs before Sunrise* (1871); *Under the Microscope* (1872), an answer to Robert Buchanan's pamphlet *The Fleshly School*; *Bothwell*, a tragedy (1874); *Essays and Studies* (1875); *Poems and Ballads*, second series (1878); *A Study of Shakespeare* (1879); *Songs of the Spring-tides* (1880); *Studies in Song* (1881); *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882); *A Century of Roundels* (1883); *Locrine*, a tragedy (1887); *Poems and Ballads*, third series (1889); *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1889); *The Sisters*, a tragedy (1895)

(1892); *Astrophel, and Other Poems* (1894), and *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894).

Swinburne is especially remarkable for his facile metrical invention. Clement K. Shorter, in a review of the Victorian poets, assigns him to a place in literature connecting Walter Savage Landor with Emily Brontë, and thinks a serious mistake was made in not making Swinburne the successor of Tennyson as Poet Laureate.

CHORUS FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

Before the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears;
 Grief, with a glass that ran;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
 Summer, with flowers that fell;
 Remembrance, fallen from heaven;
 And madness, risen from hell;
 Strength, without hands to smite;
 Love that endures for a breath;
 Night, the shadow of light;
 And Life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
 Fire, and the falling of tears,
 And a measure of sliding sand
 From under the feet of years,
 And froth and drift of the sea,
 And dust of the laboring earth,
 And bodies of things to be,
 In the houses of death and of birth;
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love,
 With life before and after,
 And death beneath and above;
 For a day and a night and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a span,
 With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife ;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life ;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the souls therein ;
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin.
They gave him a light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight ;
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire,
With his lips he travaileth ;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death ;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;
Sows, and he shall not reap ;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING.

When the Hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain,
And the brown bright nightingale, amorous,
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces ;
The tongueless vigil and all the pain :

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, Lady of Light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might ;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou, most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet !
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees and cling ?

Oh, that man's heart were fire and could spring to her
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiments, as songs of the harp-player ;
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the southwest wind and the west wind sing,

For Winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins ;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins ;
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot ;
 The faint, fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit ;
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hooped heel of a Satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follow with dancing and fill with delight
 The Mænad and the Bassaria ;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The God pursuing, the maiden hid.

—*Atalanta in Calydon.*

THE INTERPRETERS.

I.

Days dawn on us that make amends for many,
 Sometimes,
 When heaven and earth seem sweeter even than any
 Man's rhymes,

Light had not all been quenched in France, or quelled
In Greece,
Had Homer sung out, or had Hugo held
His peace.
Had Sappho's self not left her word thus long
For token,
The sea round Lesbos yet in waves of song
Had spoken.

II.

And yet these days of subtler air and finer
Delight,
When lovelier looks the darkness, and diviner
The light—
The gifts they give of all these golden hours,
Whose urn
Pours forth reverberate rays or shadowing showers
In turn—
Clouds, beams, and winds that make the live day's track
Seem living—
What were they, did no spirit give them back
Thanksgiving?

III.

Dead air, dead fire, dead shapes and shadows telling
Time naught ;
Man gives them sense and soul by song, and dwelling
In thought.
In human thought their being endures, their power
Abides :
Else were their life a thing that each light hour
Derides.
The years live, work, sigh, smile, and die, with all
They cherish ;
The soul endures, though dreams that fed it fall
And perish.

IV.

In human thought have all things habitation ;
Our days

Laugh, lower, and lighten past, and find no station
That stays.
But thought and faith are mightier things than time
Can wrong,
Made splendid once with speech, or made sublime
By song.
Remembrance, though the tide of change that rolls
Wax hoary,
Gives earth and heaven, for song's sake and the soul's
Their glory.

—*Poems and Ballads ; third Series.*

IN A GARDEN.

Baby, see the flowers !
—Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds !
—Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon !
—Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea !
—Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star !
—Baby's hand
Opens, warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells !
—Baby's head
Bows, as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,
Sleep and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night.
—*Poems and Ballads ; third Series.*

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief ;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon ;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath ;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving books and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy ;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours,
 And draw for days with flowers,
 Till day, like night, were shady,
 And night were bright, like day ;
 If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain,
 We'd hunt down love together,
 Pluck out his flying-feather,
 And teach his feet a measure,
 And find his mouth a rein ;
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

KISSING HER HAIR.

Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet :
 Wove and unwove it—wound, and found it sweet ;
 Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,
 Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies ;
 With her own tresses bound, and found her fair—
 Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me—
 Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea :
 What pain could get between my face and hers ?
 What new, sweet thing would Love not relish worse ?
 Unless, perhaps, white Death had kissed me there—
 Kissing her hair.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

.
 I will go back to the great, sweet mother,
 Mother and lover of men, the sea.
 I will go down to her, I and none other,
 Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me ;

Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast.
O fair, white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without brother,
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair, green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet, hard kisses are strong, like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen, like pain !
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
Those pure, cold, populous graves of thine,
Wrought without hand in a world without stain

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide ;
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside.
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
As a rose is fulfilled to the rose-leaf tips
With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
Alive and aware of thy waves and thee ;
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green, and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.





SWING, DAVID, a popular American pulpit orator and essayist, born in Cincinnati, August 23, 1830; died in Chicago, October 3, 1894. He was graduated at Miami University, Ohio, in 1852, and was professor of languages there for twelve years. In 1866 he moved to Chicago, and up to the time of his famous trial for heresy (in 1874) was a Presbyterian minister in that city. After he was acquitted of the charges against him, he, from preference, took an independent position, preaching in Music Hall until his death. He published several series of discourses, *Truths of To-day*, and *Motives of Life*. He also produced *Club Essays* (1880), and *Art, Music, and Nature* (1893). He was also editor of *The Alliance*.

"This author's favorite line," says the *North American Review* (1874), "is common-sense. He has not such remarkable religious fervor as Mr. Beecher, nor such winning pathos as Mr. Collyer, but common-sense rules him as it does not rule them. It is his Saviour. . . . When, however, he attempts definitions, he is uncertain, and gives ground for the criticism of an Ohio oracle, that 'he does not know where he stands.' His definitions are rather illustrations of what at the outset he despairs of clearly defining. . . . His imagination, which, by the way, was presented by his defenders at his trial as a valid reason for supposing that

he did not mean all the heresy which he seemed to utter, here finds a congenial and legitimate place [in *Truths of To-day*]. His poetic temper lends a charm to the whole volume; but while it is happy in finding expression in a natural eloquence, it still needs a more modest style."

INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.

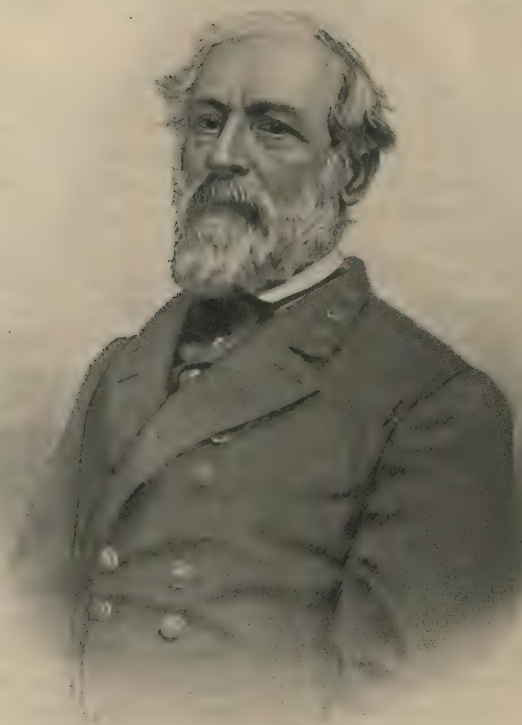
No doubt the human race has sought gold too ardently, and does so still, but we must not suffer that passion to conceal from us the fact that in all the many civilized centuries, this same race has with equal zeal asked the universe to tell man its secrets. We have been not only a money-making race, but we have been rather good children, and have studied hard the lessons on the page of science and art and history. If, when you look out and see millions rushing to and fro for money, you feel that man is an idolater, you can partly dispel the painful thought if you attempt to count the multitude who in that very hour are poring over books, or who in meditation are seeking the laws of the God of nature. Millions upon millions of the young and the old are in these days seeking, at school or at home, in life's morn or noon or evening, the facts of history and science and art and religion. In order to be ourselves properly impelled or enticed along life's path, we must make no wrong estimate of the influences which are impelling mankind, for if we come to think that all are worshipping gold, we too, despairing of all else, will soon degrade ourselves by bowing at the same altar. It is necessary for us always to be just. We must be fully conscious of the fact that there are many feet hurrying along through the places of barter, intent on more gold, but so must we be conscious that there is a vast army of young and old who are asking the great world to come and tell them its great experience, and to lead them through its literature and arts, and down the grand avenues of history. You saw the fortune, you read the will of the last millionaire when he died, but did you with equal zeal mark how our scholars



SWINTON, WILLIAM, an American journalist, historian, and philologist, born in Haddingtonshire, Scotland, April 23, 1833; died in New York, October 24, 1892. He came to America at an early age, and studied at Toronto, Canada, with a view to the Presbyterian ministry. He, however, adopted the profession of a teacher, and in 1853 became Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages in a female seminary in North Carolina, where he wrote a series of magazine articles which were subsequently published collectively under the title, *Rambles among Words* (1859). He afterward became editorially connected with the *New York Times*, of which he was correspondent with the Army of the Potomac during the early part of the civil war. From 1869 to 1874 he was Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University of California. Returning to New York, he prepared a series of educational text-books. His principal works in the department of military history are: *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac* (1866); *The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War* (1867); *History of the New York Seventh Regiment during the War of the Rebellion* (1870).

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Gettysburg was the battle the greatest in its proportions, and the greatest in respect to the issue involved, of all the actions waged during four years between the



mighty armies of the East. In point of losses alone it deserves to rank with the first-class battles of history ; for on the Union side the casualties were nearly 24,000, and on the Confederate side they exceeded 27,000, killed, spoiled, or taken. The circumstances under which Lee initiated the campaign authorized him to expect the most important results from the invasion of the North. Having many times before defeated the Army of the Potomac with a much inferior force, it was not unwarrantable for him to assume that he would again triumph now that he had an army equal in strength to that of his adversary. . . .

It must be conceded that the plan of operations devised by Lee, while wonderfully bold, was yet thoroughly methodical and well-matured. For if the march removed his army to an indefinite distance from his base, he yet had an easily guarded line of communications, by way of the Cumberland and Shenandoah Valley, to his dépôts at Winchester and Gordonsville, whence he could readily draw ammunition. And in the matter of supplies he was in nowise dependent on Virginia ; for the well-peopled and productive soil of Pennsylvania afforded ample resources for the subsistence of an army, for a time, and whilst moving, without the use of magazines, by the European method of requisitions at the cost of the inhabitants. Being thus easy in respect to that part on which Frederick the Great has said that armies, like serpents, move—to wit, the belly—Lee, leading a powerful, valiant, and enthusiastic army, confidently moved to an anticipated victory. His aim was the capture of Washington, the defeat of the Army of the Potomac, and the retention of a footing long enough on loyal soil to so work upon the North that, under the combined pressure of its own fears, the uprising of the reactionary elements at home, and, perhaps, the influence of the Powers abroad, it might be disposed to sue for peace. He had ample means for the conduct of the enterprise, which was of itself not extravagant ; and it is rare that any military operation presents greater assurance of success than Lee had of attaining his end of conquering a peace on Northern soil.

In tracing out the causes of Lee's defeat we shall find

that something was due to the faults of that commander himself, something to the good conduct of General Meade, much to the valor of the Army of the Potomac, and much again to Fortune, "that name for unknown combinations of infinite power," which, maugre every seeming assurance of success, was wanting to the Confederates. It was not by the prevision nor by the manœuvres of either general that the forces were brought into collision on July 1, though the Union commander is certainly entitled to great credit for the promptitude with which, accepting the issue accidentally presented, he threw forward his army to Gettysburg. Here nature, as well as circumstances, and the unusual temerity of Lee, favored the Union army. Elated by the success of the first day, the Confederate commander, contrary to his intent and promise, determined to attack. But while the position might readily be turned, it was impregnable by direct assault, if maintained with skill and firmness. And it was so maintained; for the Army of the Potomac, realizing the tremendous issue involved, feeling that it stood there for the defence of its own soil, fought with far more determination than it had ever displayed in Virginia.

The experiment of the Pennsylvania campaign gave a complete and final quietus to the scheme of Southern invasion of the loyal States. The Army of Northern Virginia was never again in condition to undertake such a movement. This was not alone due to the shock which it received in its *morale* from so disastrous a blow, but to its material losses, the portentous sum of which exceeded the aggregate of its casualties in the whole series of battles which Grant delivered from the Rappidan to the James River. This subtraction of force was most grave, considering the exhaustion of the fighting resources of the Confederates; while, when we take into account the quality of the men the loss was irreparable; for the 30,000 put *hors de combat* at Gettysburg were the very flower and *élite* of that incomparable Southern infantry which, tempered by two years of battle, and habituated to victory, equalled any soldiers that ever followed the eagles to conquest.—*The Twelve Decisive Battles.*



SWISSHELM, JANE GREY (CANNON), an American journalist and reformer, born in Pittsburg, Pa., December 6, 1815; died at Swissvale, Pa., July 22, 1884. Her parents were descended from the Scotch Reformers. Her religious education was therefore of the most rigid school of orthodoxy. During her girlhood there were no public schools in Pennsylvania. Her education was received in the subscription schools, and at a boarding-school which she attended for a few weeks. She opened a private school in Wilkesburg, which she continued for six years. In 1836 she was married to James Swisshelm, but after twenty years of married life there was a separation and a divorce. Two years after her marriage she removed with her husband to Louisville, Ky. It was while here that she first began writing for the press; her first contributions appearing in the *Louisville Journal*. Her husband not being successful in his business, they returned to Pennsylvania and she began writing for the *Pittsburg Spirit of Liberty*, her articles strongly favoring the abolition of slavery and being in favor of woman's rights. Her letters denouncing the Mexican War as in the interests of slavery and its extension attracted attention North and South. In 1848 she established the *Pittsburg Saturday Visitor*, a strong anti-slavery and woman's rights paper. She con-

tinued the publication of this paper until 1856. In 1857 she removed to St. Cloud, Minn., and established another *Saturday Visitor*, but, owing to its uncompromising anti-slavery sentiments, it was destroyed by a pro-slavery mob, and her press and type were thrown into the river. She then established the St. Cloud *Democrat* and continued her warfare against slavery, and began to lecture at anti-slavery meetings. When the civil war broke out she was one of the first to offer her services as a nurse, and did efficient work in the hospitals at Washington. After the Battle of the Wilderness she had charge of one hundred and eighty-two badly wounded soldiers at Fredericksburg for five days, with no surgeon, and she saved them all. Besides her numerous contributions to periodical literature, Mrs. Swisshelm published *Letters to Country Girls* (1853), and *Half a Century*, an autobiography (1880).

SELF-REPROACHES.

I continued to write for the *Spirit*, but still there did not seem to be anything I could do for the slave. As soon as I was able to be about the house I fell into my old round of drudgery, but with hope and pride shut out of it. Once my burden pressed so that I could not sleep, and I rose at early dawn, and sat looking over the meadow, seeing nothing but a dense, white fog. I leaned back, closed my eyes, and thought how like it was to my own life. When I looked again, oh, the vision of glory which met my sight !

The rising sun had sent, through an opening in the woods, a shaft of light, which centred on a hickory-tree that stood alone in the meadow, and was then in the perfection of its golden autumn glory. It dripped with moisture, blazed and shimmered. The high lights were

diamond-tipped, and between them and the deepest shadow was every tint of orange and yellow, mingled and blended in those inimitable lines of natural foliage. Over it, through it, and around it, rolled the white fog, in great masses, caressing the earth and hanging from the zenith like the veil of the temple of the Most High. All around lay the dark woods, framing in the vision like serried ranks encompassing a throne, to which great clouds rolled, then lifted and scudded away, like couriers coming for orders, and hastening to obey them.

John's New Jerusalem never was so grand! No square corners and forbidden walls. The gates were not made of several solid pearls, but of millions of pearllets, strung on threads of love, offering no barriers, through which my soul might pass. My Patmos had been visited, and I could dwell in it, work, and wait; but I would live in it, not lie in a tomb, and once more I took hold of life.—*Half a Century.*

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED AND DYING.

As the only substitute in my reach, I sat on the edge of the pew door and its panel, drew his arm across my knee, raised his head to my shoulder, and held it there by laying mine against it. In this way I could talk in a low monotone to him, of the hopes to which the soul turns when about to leave the tenement of clay. He gasped acquiescence in these hopes, and his words led several men near to draw their sleeves across their eyes; but they all knew he was dying, and a little sympathy and sadness would not injure them.

He reached toward the floor, and the man next handed up a daguerreotype case, which he tried to open. I took and opened it; found the picture of a young, handsome woman, and held it and a candle, so that he could see it. His tears fell on it, as he looked, and he gasped:

"I shall never be where that has been."

I said:

"Is it your wife?" And he replied:

"No! but she would have been."

I always tried to avoid bringing sadness to the living on account of death; but it must have been hard for

men to sleep in sound of his labored breathing ; and to soften it I began singing "Shining Shore." He took it up at once, in a whisper tone, keeping time, as if used to singing. Soon one, then another, and another joined, until all over the church these prostrate men were singing that soft, sad melody. On the altar burned a row of candles before a life-size picture of the Virgin and the Child. The cocks crew the turn of the night outside, and when we had sung the hymn through, some of the men began again, and we had sung it a second time when I heard George call me. I knew that he, too, was dying, and would probably not hear the next crowing of the cock. I must go to him ! how could I leave this head unsupported ? Oh, Death, where is thy sting ? I think it was with me that night ; but I went to George, and when the sun arose it looked upon two corpses, the remains of two who had gone from my arms in one night, full of hope in the great Hereafter.—*Half a Century*.





SYLVA, CARMEN (PAULINE ELIZABETH OTTILIE LOUISE, Queen of Roumania), a novelist and poet, born at Neuwied, Germany, December 29, 1843. She is the daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied and Princess Maria of Nassau. Through the uncommon advantages of her childhood her natural precocity was well directed, chiefly along literary lines. She wrote verses with facility at ten years of age, and became in after years especially proficient in languages. The five years 1863-68 were spent chiefly in travel. In 1869 she was married to Prince Charles of Roumania. During the war of 1876-78 she worked day and night in the hospitals, and when the victorious Roumanian army returned to the capital (October 20, 1878) the war-song chanted by them was one composed by herself. She became Queen by the raising of Roumania to the state of a kingdom in 1881. In 1882 the Academy of Sciences of Bucharest admitted her to membership. She writes generally in German, though she has written a French play, and her anonymous *Thoughts of a Queen* (1882) was written in French. A number of her works have been translated into English.

Her works include: *Sappho* (1880); *Roumanian Poetry* (1881); *Storms*, verses (1881); *The Witch* (1882); *Out of Carmen Sylva's Kingdom* (1883);

Pilgrim Sorrow: a Cycle of Tales (1884); *My Rest*, lyrical verses (1886); *Astra*, a romance (1886); *Songs of Toil* (1888); *Eileen Vaughan* (1891); *Songs of the Sea* (1892); *Legends from River and Mountain*, Alma Strettell collaborating (1896).

THE INEXORABLE.

The sea was running high and was black as night. Only the crests of the endless waves glistened in the lightning that flashed across the heavens. The storm was raging toward the land and threw the ships upon the rocks, so that hundreds of human lives perished in the ocean. Then of a sudden it seemed as though the storm grew entangled among the cliffs on the shore, and condensed into a form that reared up tall and pale against the mighty heavens. It was a grave youth with unflinching black eyes, who leaned upon a sickle and held an hour-glass in his hand. He gazed across the waters with an indifferent air, as though the wrecks and corpses beneath concerned him as little as the sand in his glass, which trickled down evenly, steadily, regardless of the blustering of the storm, or the sudden quiet. There was something iron-like in the youth's features; in his eyes there lay a power that destroyed all things they looked upon; even the ocean seemed to be numbed by them, to grow silent with fear. Day dawned, and, flooded with roseate hues from the rising sun, Sorrow came stepping over the cliffs. She stretched out her arms to the youth.

"Brother," she cried, "brother, what have you done. You have raged terribly, and did not hear how I called you; ay, cried for you so eagerly."

"I heard nothing," said Death. "I felt myself too quiet, so I roused myself. A few vessels were lost in the act."

"O pitiless one!" said Sorrow.

"I do not comprehend your grief," answered the sombre youth; and turning from her, he walked away. He paced silently through the sunny world; it blew chill around him, and wherever he paused a silent

shudder seized all things. He went by a house and looked in. There lay a man tortured with pain who beheld him and called him imploringly ; but he only shook his head and went farther. A lovely young woman stood in her garden surrounded by joyous children ; her husband had just stepped up to her and kissed her. The pale wanderer laid his hand on her shoulder and beckoned to her ; she followed him a few steps and sank lifeless to the ground.

Then he came to a forest in which a pale man was pacing hither and thither, tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth, crying :

“Dishonored ! dishonored !”

He saw the passer-by with the sombre eyes, saw him lift his white hand and point to a tree. The despairing man understood the signal.

He passed a group of playing children, and softly mowed the grass between their feet with his scythe. Then they bowed their heads like broken flowerets.

There an old man sat in an arm-chair, and was enjoying the warming sunbeams. Death raised his hour-glass and held it before his eyes—the last sands were running down.

He halted by a stagnant pool. No water could be seen, for it was covered with green. The rushes quivered under his cold breath, and the toad that had been croaking grew silent. Then the reeds rustled and a lovely woman drew close to the water, took something from a handkerchief and threw it down. It sank, with a faint gurgle, into the depths. Twice she made a movement as though she would spring in after it, but each time Death extended his scythe toward her, and she fled, terrified. He lifted his hour-glass, in which the sand ran down quickly, hurriedly. Then something white came up between the green water-plants, and, with wide-open eyes, a little corpse appeared, gazing at the running sand.

Then Death went farther, and across a battle-field, where he mowed down many fine men.

At last he came to a lovely valley in which autumn was reigning in all its glory. The trees were bathed in gleaming gold, the sward beneath was a luscious

green, strewn with tender flowers. A silvery laugh came from the branches, through which a charming little figure was floating, now hiding among the leaves, now jumping down upon the grass, and at last running with lightsome step, and garments streaming in the breeze, to meet a stately man who stood leaning on a club beside a hillock.

"Come to me, fair Happiness," he cried aloud. "You must go with me. You are mine, for I am Courage."

"Must I?" said the sweet little form, and turned her back to him.

As she did so, her eyes, full of beaming wantonness and measureless roguery, turned toward the pale pilgrim. He saw the dimples that played on her chin and cheeks, her neck, and her arms. Her whole slender figure was inwrought by her light, floating locks which were moved by the softest breeze, and which looked in the sunshine like falling gold-dust.

"Yes," cried Courage, "you must, for you love me. I have found that out."

"I love you in this fair valley, and that is why I give you smiles; but if you must go out into the world, you must go alone. There stands one who has never yet spoken with me, and he looks as if he, too, needed the gift of smiling."

"You can't give it to him," said Courage. "Do not try. You will only hurt yourself with his scythe."

But Happiness had already run up to the Inexorable.

"Shall I teach you how to smile, you serious youth? You seem to need it."

"Yes, I could use it, for all behold me unwillingly, and no one goes with me unless he is obliged, and it is because I cannot smile."

"Yes," said Happiness, and she grew quite timid; "but in order to teach you smiling, I must kiss you. That does not seem to me so hard, only your eyes terrify me."

"Then I will close them," said Death.

"No, no, you are so pale, I shall be still more afraid; and your scythe, too, is so sharp and cold."

"Then I will throw it from me."

And he threw his scythe far away ; it grazed the trees as it fell. Then their golden foliage fell to the earth, and all the branches grew bare, and as the scythe sank into the grass it grew covered with rime, and the flowers hung down their crowns.

"Oh, you have spoilt my garden with your ugly scythe," cried Happiness ; "and I was going to make you such a lovely present."

"I did not want to do it, but the scythe flew out of my hand, and now I am much sadder because I have grieved you. You can find new gardens, but no one can teach me how to smile."

"You shall learn, notwithstanding," said the fair maiden, and she stepped close to him ; but as often as her rosy lips approached him she grew so cold that she fell back shuddering. Then he looked at her imploringly without raising his hand, as if he feared to hurt her by a touch ; but his gaze held her spellbound like a great power, and she had to kiss him. But at the moment that her lips touched him his cold sank deep into her heart, and she fell dead to the earth. Courage sprang angrily at the pale youth.

"You have murdered my Happiness."

"Was she yours ?" asked Death, and sighed ; "then go after her ; there she floats."

Following the indication of his hand, Courage saw how the soft breezes were tenderly bearing away Happiness upon their wings, like to a light cloudlet. Courage hurried after them with powerful steps, keeping his eye ever fixed on that rosy cloud.

Death stood and gazed until he felt quite warm within, and a tear ran slowly down his pale cheeks. He had to learn for himself, what as yet he knew not, how it hurts if we chase away Happiness.

When nothing more could be seen but bare trees, faded grass, and withered flowers, he lifted his scythe and looked sadly around the valley, as though he expected it would all bloom again. But the earth remained dead and stark, so he turned once more to the sea. That was rolling its eternal tides upward and downward, as indifferent as ever. But he who stood above and looked down was no longer indifferent. He

thought of the maiden whom he had hurt, and his yearning was as great as the ocean at his feet. And this yearning transfigured him to wondrous beauty. Thus he was seen of a pale maiden with unkempt hair and torn garments. She fell at his feet; but he was terrified by her, and drew back a pace.

"Do you no longer know me?" said the maiden. "You used to know me well, and you knew that I perished for yearning after you. I am Despair. Have you forgotten that you promised to kiss me, to give me one single kiss? It would be happiness forever."

The youth's eyes grew dark as night, and his voice sounded stern as he said :

"And you dare to speak of happiness? Do you know what happiness is? If you come near it only once may you be turned to stone!"

"And if I were to turn to stone, yet I implore for a kiss from your mouth."

The youth shuddered and thought of the lips that had touched his and taught him to smile, and as he thought of them he smiled. When the maiden at his feet saw this, she threw her arms about his neck, and laid her head upon his breast. She did not see the hate and loathing that flashed from his eyes, but the next moment a hideous skeleton grinned at her, and nearly crushed her in his bony arms, and a death's-head kissed her.

Then the earth trembled and opened. Cities vanished, fire streamed forth from mountains, forests were uprooted, rocks flew through the air, the sky was on fire, and the sea rolled in upon the land. When all was still again, Despair reared above the waters, an image of stone—Death rushed away as a storm-wind, to pursue the rosy cloud under this disguise.





SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON, an English poet and critic, born in Bristol, October 5, 1840; died in Rome, April 19, 1893. He was educated at Harrow School and at Oxford. In 1862 he obtained a college fellowship, but soon vacated it by marriage. Delicate health for many years compelled him to reside in a warm climate, principally in Italy and Switzerland, and most of his works—the earliest of which appeared in 1872—are upon Italian subjects. In verse he has published *Sonnets of Michelangelo and Campanella*, a volume of *Sonnets on the Thought of Death, Many Moods, New and Old*. His prose works are *Introduction to the Study of Dante*, *Studies of the Greek Poetry, Renaissance in Italy, Sketches in Italy and Greece, Italian By-Ways*, and the lives of Shelley and Sir Philip Sidney, in the "English Men of Letters" series. The seventh and last volume of his work, on the Italian Renaissance, was published in 1886. *In the Key of Blue* and *Walt Whitman* were published after his death in 1893.

"His *History of the Renaissance in Italy*," says Saintsbury, "is actually one of great value in information, thought, and style, but its extreme redundancy cannot be denied, and has indeed already necessitated a sort of boiling-down into an abstract. Both in prose essays and in verse Mr. Symonds was one of the most characteristic and copious members of the rather fool'shly named

‘æsthetic’ school of the last third of the nineteenth century—the school which, originally deriving more or less from Mr. Ruskin, more or less rejected the ethical side of his teaching. But for the aforementioned redundancy, which is all-pervading with him, both in thought and style, Symonds would certainly occupy a much higher place than he has or ever will hold, for his appreciation both of books and of nature was intense, and his facility of description abundant. But the *ventosa et enormis loquacitas* of his style was everywhere, so that even selection would be hard put to it to present him really at his best.”

IN THE MENTONE GRAVEYARD.

Between the circling mountains and the sea
Rest thou ! Pure spirit whose work is done,
Here to the earth whate’er was left of thee
Mortal, we render. But beyond the sun
And utmost stars, who know what life begun
Even now nor ever to be ended, bright
With clearest effluence of unclouded light,

Greets thee undazzled ?—Lo ! this peace of tombs
With rose-leaf and with clematis and vine,
And violets that smile in winter, blooms,
Sun, moon, and stars in sweet procession shine
Above thy shadeless grave ; the waves divine
Gleam like a silver shield beneath ; the bare
Broad hills o’erhead, defining the free air,

Enclose a temple of the sheltering skies
To roof thee. Noon and eve and lustrous night,
The sunset thou didst love, the strong sunrise
That filled thy soul erewhile with strange delight,
Still on thy sleeping clay shed kisses bright ;
But thou—oh, not for thee these waning powers
Of morn and evening, these poor, paling flowers,

These narrowing limits of sea, sky, and earth !
For in thy tombless City of the dead
Sunrising and sunseting, and the mirth
Of Spring-time and of Summer, and our red
Rose-wreaths are swallowed in the streams that
spread
Supreme of Light ineffable from Him,
Matched with whose least of rays our sun is dim.

Oh, blessed ! It is for us, not thee, we grieve !
Yet even so, ye voices, and you tide
Of souls innumerable that panting heave
To rhythmic pulses of God's heart, and hide
Beneath your myriad booming breaker's wide
The universal Life invisible,
Give praise ! Behold, the void that was so still

Breaks into singing, and the desert cries—
Praise, praise to Thee ! praise for Thy servant
Death,
The healer and deliverer ! from his eyes
Flows life that cannot die ; yea, with his breath
The dross of weary earth he winnoweth,
Leaving all pure and perfect things to be
Merged in the soul of Thine immensity !

Praise, Lord, praise for this our brother Death :
Though, also for the fair mysterious veil
Of life that from thy radiance severeth
Our mortal sight ; for these faint blossoms frail
Of joy on earth we cherish, for the pale
Light of the circling years, we praise Thee, too ;
Since thus, as in a web, Thy Spirit through

The phantom world is woven ! Yet thrice praise
For him who frees us ! Surely we shall gain,
A guerdon for the exile of these days,
Oneness with Thee ; and as the drops of rain,
Cast from the throbbing clouds in Summer's pain,
Resume their rest in ocean, even so we,
Lost for awhile, shall find ourselves in Thee.

SAVONAROLA.

As Savonarola is now launched upon his vocation of prophecy, this is the right moment to describe his personal appearance and his style of preaching. We have abundant material for judging what his features were, and how they flashed beneath the storm of inspiration. Fra Bartolommeo, one of his followers, painted a profile of him in the character of S. Peter Martyr. This shows all the benignity and grace of expression which his stern lineaments could assume. It is a picture of the sweet and gentle nature latent within the fiery arraigner of his nation at the bar of God. In contemporary medals the face appears hard, keen, uncompromising, beneath its heavy cowl. But the noblest portrait is the intaglio engraved by Giovanni della Corniole, now to be seen in the Uffizzi at Florence. Of this work Michelangelo, himself a disciple of Savonarola, said that art could go no farther. We are therefore justified in assuming that the engraver has not only represented faithfully the outline of Savonarola's face, but has also indicated his peculiar expression. A thick hood covers the whole head and shoulders. Beneath it can be traced the curve of a long and somewhat flat skull, rounded into extraordinary fulness at the base and side. From a deeply sunken eye-socket emerges, scarcely seen, but powerfully felt, the eye that blazed with lightning. The nose is strong, prominent, and aquiline, with wide nostrils capable of terrible dilation under the stress of vehement emotion. The mouth has full, compressed, projecting lips. It is large, as if made for a torrent of eloquence; it is supplied with massive muscles, as if to move with energy and calculated force and utterance. The jawbone is hard and heavy; the cheekbone emergent: between the two the flesh is hollowed, not so much with the emaciation of monastic vigils as with the athletic exercise of wrestlers in the throes of prophecy. The face, on the whole, is ugly, but not repellent; and, in spite of its great strength, it shows signs of feminine sensibility. Like the faces of Cicero and Demosthenes, it seems the fit machine for oratory. But the furnace

hidden away behind that skull, beneath that cowl, have made it haggard with a fire not to be found in the serene features of the classic orators. Savonarola was a visionary and a monk. The discipline of the cloister left its trace upon him. The wings of dreams have winnowed and withered that cheek as they passed over it. The spirit of prayer quivers upon those eager lips. The color of Savonarola's flesh was brown ; his nerves were exquisitely sensitive yet strong ; like a net-work of steel, elastic, easily overstrained, they recovered their tone and temper less by repose than by the evolution of fresh electricity. With Savonarola fasts were succeeded by trances, and trances by tempests of vehement improvisation. From the midst of such profound debility that he could scarcely crawl up the pulpit steps, he would pass suddenly into the plenitude of power, filling the Dome of Florence with denunciations, sustaining his discourse by no mere trick of rhetoric that flows to waste upon the lips of shallow preachers, but marshalling the phalanx of embattled arguments and pointed illustrations, pouring his thought forth in columns of continuous flame, mingling figures of sublimest imagery with reasonings of severest accuracy, at one time melting his audience to tears, at another freezing them with terror, again quickening their souls with prayers and pleadings and blessings that had in them the sweetness of the very spirit of Christ. His sermons began with scholastic exposition ; as they advanced, the ecstasy of inspiration fell upon the preacher, till the sympathies of the whole people of Florence gathered round him, met, and attained, as it were, to single consciousness in him. He then no longer restrained the impulse of his oratory, but became the mouth-piece of God, the interpreter to themselves of all that host. In a fiery crescendo, never flagging, never losing firmness of grasp or lucidity of vision, he ascended the altar-steps of prophecy, and, standing like Moses on the mount between the thunders of God and the tabernacles of the plain, fulminated period after period of impassioned eloquence. The walls of the church re-echoed with sobs and wailings dominated by one ringing voice. The scribe to whom we owe the fragments of these sermons, at

times breaks off with these words : Here I was so overcome with weeping that I could not go on ! Pico della Mirandola tells us that the mere sound of Savonarola's voice, startling the stillness of the Duomo, thronged through all its space with people, was like a clap of doom ; a cold shiver ran through the marrow of his bones, the hairs of his head stood on end as he listened. Another witness reports : " These sermons caused such terror, alarm, sobbing, and tears that everyone passed through the streets without speaking, more dead than alive. "—*Renaissance in Italy*.





TACITUS, CAIUS CORNELIUS, a famous Roman historian, born about A.D. 55; died about A.D. 117. He was eminent as an orator and pleader. He married a daughter of Julius Agricola; was a friend of the younger Pliny, and held important positions under Vespasian, Domitian, and Nero (A.D. 69-98), after which nothing definite is recorded of his personal history. He wrote *A Dialogue Concerning Orators*, an attempt to demonstrate and explain the decay of oratory in the Imperial period, in the form of a dialogue between literary celebrities of the time of Vespasian, which was held in high esteem. His *Life of Agricola*, his father-in-law, is of great value for its information concerning the early inhabitants of Britain. His *Germania* gives nearly all the knowledge which we have of the ancient Germans. His *History of Rome* narrated the events from A.D. 69 to 96; but the greater part of this has been lost, only the portions relating to the years 69 and 70 being extant. His *Annals* narrated the events from the year 14 to 68; but of the sixteen books only nine, and portions of three others, are now known to exist. Our extracts are from the translation of Brodribb and Church.

Brodribb says of his style and the value of his contributions to history: "Whatever judgment may be passed upon his style, it is certainly that

of a man of genius, and cannot fail to make a deep impression on the studious reader. Tacitean brevity has become proverbial, and with this are closely allied an occasional obscurity and a rhetorical affectation which his warmest admirers must admit. Tacitus was never, probably, a popular author. To be understood and appreciated he must be read again and again, or the point of some of his acutest remarks will be quite overlooked. Much of the history of the period described by him, especially of the early Cæsars, must have been inaccessible to most historians. Tacitus, as a man of good social position, and enjoying the confidence of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, doubtless found abundant material within reach, and he certainly was a man who knew how to turn it to good account. He says, 'I regard it as history's highest function to rescue merit from oblivion, and to hold up as a terror to base words and actions the reprobation of posterity.'"

THE DEATH OF TIBERIUS.

The bodily powers of Tiberius were now leaving him, but not his skill in dissembling. There was the same stern spirit; he had his words and his looks under strict control; and occasionally would try to hide his weakness, evident as it was, by a forced politeness. After frequent changes of place, he at last settled down on the promontory of Misenum, in a country-house once owned by Lucius Lucullus. It was there discovered that he was drawing near his end; and thus there was a physician of the name of Charicles usually employed, not indeed to have the direction of the Emperor's varying health, but to put his advice at his immediate disposal. This man, as if he was leaving on

business of his own, clasped his hand with a show of homage, and touched his pulse. Tiberius noticed it. Whether he was displeased, and strove the more to hide his anger, is a question. At any rate, he ordered the banquet to be resumed, and sat at the table longer than usual, apparently by way of showing honor to his departing friend. Charicles, however, assured Macro that his breath was failing, and that he would not last more than two days. All was at once hurry; there were conferences among those on the spot, and despatches to the generals and armies. On the 15th of March [A.D. 37] his breath failing, he was believed to have expired; and Caius Cæsar was going forth, with a numerous throng of congratulating followers, to take first possession of the empire, when suddenly news came that Tiberius was recovering his voice and sight, and calling for persons to bring him food to recover him from his faintness. Then ensued a universal panic; and while the rest fled hither and thither, everyone feigning grief or ignorance, Caius Cæsar, in silent stupor, passed from the highest hopes to the extremity of apprehension. Macro, nothing daunted, ordered the old Emperor to be smothered under a huge heap of clothes, and all to quit the entrance-hall.—*Annals*, VI., 50.

THE CAREER AND CHARACTER OF TIBERIUS.

And so died Tiberius, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His father was Nero, and he was on both sides descended from the Claudian house, though his mother passed, by adoption, first into the Livian, then into the Julian family. From earliest infancy perilous vicissitudes were his lot. Himself an exile, he was the companion of a proscribed father; and on being admitted as a step-son into the house of Augustus, he had to struggle with many rivals so long as Marcellus and Agrippa, and subsequently Caius and Lucius Cæsar, were in their glory. Again, his brother Drusus enjoyed in a greater degree the affection of the citizens. But he was more than ever on dangerous ground after his marriage with Julia, whether he tolerated or escaped from his wife's profligacy. On his return from Rhodes

he ruled the Emperor's now heirless house for twelve years, and the Roman world, with absolute sway, for twenty-three. His character, too, had its distinct periods. It was a bright time in his life and reputation when, under Augustus, he was a private citizen or held high offices ; a time of reserve and crafty assumption of virtue as long as Germanicus and Drusus were alive. Again, while his mother lived he was a compound of good and evil. He was infamous for his cruelty, though he veiled his debaucheries while he loved or feared Segnus. Finally he plunged into every wickedness and disgrace when, fear and shame being cast off, he simply indulged his own inclinations.—*Annals*, VI., 51.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF ROME UNDER NERO.

A disaster followed (whether accidental or treacherously contrived by the Emperor is uncertain, as authors have given both accounts) worse, however, and more disastrous than any, which have happened to the city, by the violence of fire. It had its beginning in that part of the Circus which adjoins the Palatine and Cælian hills, where, amid the shops containing inflammable wares, the conflagration both broke out and instantly became so fierce and so rapid from the wind, that it seized in its grasp the entire length of the Circus. For here there were no houses fenced in by solid masonry, or temples surrounded by walls, or any other obstacle to interpose delay. The blaze in its fury ran first through the level portion of the city ; then rising to the hills, while it again devastated every place below them, it outstripped all preventive measures, so rapid was the mischief, and so completely at its mercy the city, with those narrow, winding passages and irregular streets which characterized old Rome. Added to this were the wailings of terror-stricken women, the feebleness of age, the helpless inexperience of childhood, the crowds who sought to save themselves or others, dragging out the infirm or waiting for them, and by their hurry in the one case, by their delay in the other, exaggerating the confusion. . . . At last, doubting what they should avoid, or whither betake themselves, they

crowded the streets or flung themselves down in the fields ; while some who had lost their all, even their very daily bread, and others, out of love for their kinsfolk whom they had been unable to rescue, perished, though escape was open to them. And no one dared to stop the mischief, because of incessant menaces from a number of persons who forbade the extinguishing of the flames ; because others again openly hurled brands, and kept shouting that there was one who gave them authority : either seeking to plunder more freely, or obeying orders.

Nero at this time was at Antium, and did not return to Rome until the fire approached his house which he had built to connect the palace with the gardens of Mæcenæ. It could not, however, be stopped from devouring the palace, the house, and everything around it. However, to relieve the people, driven homeless as they were, he threw open to them the Campus Martius and the public buildings of Agrippa, and even his own gardens, and raised temporary structures to receive the destitute multitude. Supplies of food were brought up from Ostia and the neighboring towns, and the price of corn was reduced to three *sestertia* [sixpence] a peck. These acts, though popular, produced no effect, since a rumor had gone forth everywhere that, at the very moment when the city was in flames, the Emperor appeared on a private stage, and sang of the destruction of Troy, comparing present misfortunes with the calamities of antiquity.—*Annals*, XV., 38, 39.





TAINÉ, HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE, a distinguished French critic, historian, and philosopher, born at Vouziers, Ardennes, April 21, 1828; died in Paris, March 5, 1893. He was educated at the Bourbon College, employed in the Paris Normal School, and in 1864 was appointed Professor of History and Æsthetics in the *École des Beaux-Arts*. Beginning with 1855, he published numerous works, such as *Travels in the Pyrenees* (1855); *French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century* (1856); *Critical and Historical Essays*, two series (1864-65), a study of *Carlyle* and one of *J. S. Mill*; a *History of English Literature*, in four volumes (1864), widely known and used by students in this country; *Travels in Italy* (1866); *The Philosophy of Art in Italy* (1866); also *Philosophy of Art in Greece* (1870); *The Intellect* (1870); *Notes on England* (1871), and *Origin of Contemporaneous France* (5 vols., 1876-90). His works have been translated into English.

"Taine has done for English literature," says Henri Van Laun, "what no Englishman has done, and he has made contributions to the general history of literature such as hardly any other historian had previously made; but in two important aspects—and I state this with all due deference and diffidence—he appears to have fallen short of the standard which he has adopted. He has valued

too cheaply the paramount influence which the political—perhaps also the social—history of a generation exerts upon an author and his works; and he has passed too lightly over the immeasurable reflex influence which literary productions have upon political and social history.”

“The fault of Taine’s system,” says Benjamin W. Wells, “. . . is that it rigidly and intentionally excludes a certain psychic element, ‘the inexpressible monad’ of individuality, that many of his readers feel to be as real as any of his ‘little facts.’ . . . He will seek, just as Sainte-Beuve would have done, the explanation of literary phenomena in environment, but he will order the facts so won after a preconceived system, where Sainte-Beuve would have judged them independently. It was this logic, at once relentless and inadequate, that repelled the delicately tuned soul of Amiel. The reading of Taine, he said, ‘dried, corroded, saddened him.’ It had to him ‘the smell of the laboratory;’ it never inspired, but only informed, and gave ‘algebra to those who asked life, the formula for the image, the heady fumes of distillation for the divine intoxication of Apollo.’”

ART ENVIRONMENT.

In the first place the men of this period, A.D. 1500, are obliged to be interested in one thing with which we are no longer familiar, because we no longer have it before us and pay no attention to it; and that is the body, the muscles, and the different attitudes which the human figure in action presents to us. At this epoch a man, no matter what his rank might be, is expected to be a man of arms, to be skilled in the use of the sword and

dagger in his own defence ; consequently, and without being aware of it, he charges his memory with every form and attitude of the active or militant body. Count Balthazar de Castiglione, in describing a polished society, enumerates the exercises in which a man who is well brought up should be expert. You will see that gentlemen of those days have the education and, consequently, the ideas, not only of a master of arms, but again of a bull-fighter, of a gymnast, of a horseman, of a knight-errant.

“I require,” says Castiglione, “that our courtier be a complete horseman, and, as it is a special merit of Italians to govern the horse with the bridle, to manœuvre it systematically, especially horses difficult to control, to run with lances, and to joust, let him in these matters be an Italian among the best. In tourneys and passages-at-arms, and in races within barriers, let him be one of the good among the best of French. . . . In cudgelling, bull-fighting, casting darts and lances, let him excel among the Spaniards. . . . It is well, again, that he should know how to run and to jump. Another noble exercise is tennis, and I esteem it no slight merit to know how to leap a horse.”

These are not simple maxims confined to conversation or to books ; they were put in practice ; the habits of men of the highest rank were in conformity with them. Julian de' Medici, who was assassinated by the Pazzi, is lauded by his biographer, not only for his talent in poetry and his tact as a connoisseur, but again for his skill in managing the horse, in wrestling, and in throwing the lance. Cæsar Borgia, that great assassin and able politician, possessed hands as vigorous as his intellect and will. His portrait shows us the man of fashion, and his history the diplomatist ; but his private life also shows us the matadore as we see it in Spain, whence his family came. “He is twenty-seven years old,” says a contemporary ; “he has a very handsome figure, and the Pope, his father, is much afraid of him. He has slain six wild bulls, fighting them on horseback with a pike, and he split the head of one of these bulls at a single blow.”

Consider men thus educated, with experience in and

taste for all corporeal exercises ; they are fully qualified to comprehend the representation of the body, that is to say, painting and sculpture ; a rearing horse, the curvature of the thigh, an uplifted arm, the projection of a muscle, every function and every form of the human body, arouse in their minds inward and pre-existing images. They can be interested in its members, and become connoisseurs through instinct, without any self-distrust.

In the next place, the absence of justice and of a police, an aggressive life, and the constant presence of extreme danger fill the soul with energetic, simple, and grand passions. It is accordingly ready to appreciate energy, simplicity, and grandeur in attitudes and in figures ; for the source of taste is sympathy, and in order that an expressive object should please us, its expression must be in conformity with our moral condition.

In the last place, and for the same reasons, we have a deeper sensibility ; for it is forced back within us by the terrible pressure of the various trials which encircle a human life. The more a man has suffered, dreaded, or grieved, the more delighted he is to expand. The more his soul has been beset with painful anxieties or with dark thoughts, the greater his pleasure in the presence of harmonious and noble beauty. The more he has strained or bridled himself either for action or for dissimulation, the more he enjoys when he is able to give vent to and to unbend himself. A calm, blooming Madonna in his alcove, the shape of a valiant youth over his dresser, occupies his eye the more agreeably after tragic preoccupations and funereal reveries. . . .

Let us try to bring together these diverse traits of character, and consider, on the one hand, a man of our time, rich and well educated, and on the other, a grand seignior of the year 1500, both selected from the class in which you look for judges. Our contemporary gets up at eight o'clock in the morning, puts on his dressing-gown, takes his chocolate, goes into his library, overlooks some piles of papers if he is a business man, or turns over the leaves of some fresh publications if he is a man of society ; after this, with his mind filled and at ease, having taken a few turns on

a soft carpet, and breakfasted in a handsome room warmed with a heater, he goes out to promenade on the boulevard, smoke his cigar, and visit a club, to read the newspapers, and talk about literature, stock quotations, politics, or railroad improvements. When he goes home, if on foot, an hour after midnight, he knows that the streets are lined with policemen and that no accident can well happen to him. His spirit is perfectly calm, and he goes to bed thinking that to-morrow he will do the same thing over again. Such is life to-day. What has this man seen in the way of the body? He has perhaps entered a cold bath-house and contemplated the grotesque pool in which every human deformity is plashing about; perhaps, if he is curious, he has looked two or three times in his life at the market athletes; and the most decided thing in the way of the nude that he has seen is the common pink fleshings of the opera-house. What an experience has he been subjected to in the matter of strong passions? Perhaps to some cases of wounded vanity or to some uneasiness about investments; he has made a poor speculation at the stock exchange or he has not secured a place he hoped to get; his friends have reported in society that he was dull; his wife spends too much money or his son has committed imprudences. But the great passions which put his own life and the life of his kindred in peril, which may bring his head to the block or in a slipping-noose, which may precipitate him into a dungeon, lead him to torture or to execution, he knows nothing of. He is too tranquil, too well protected, too much parcelled out into little delicate and pleasing sensations; except the rare chance of a duel, with its ceremonial and polite accompaniments, he is ignorant of the inner state of a man who is about to kill or be killed. Consider, on the contrary, one of those grand seigniors of whom I have just spoken. Oliveretto del Fermo, Alfonso d'Este, Cæsar Borgia, Lorenzo de' Medici, and their gentlemen, all those who are at the head of affairs. The first concern in the morning for a Renaissance noble or cavalier is to strip naked with his fencing-master, a dagger in one hand and a sword in the other. Thus do we see him represented in engrav-

ings. What is his life devoted to and what is his principal pleasure? It consists of cavalcades, masquerades, entries into cities, mythological pageants, tourneys, receptions of sovereigns, in which he figures on horseback, magnificently dressed, displaying his laces, velvet doublets, and gold embroidery, proud of his imposing aspect and of the vigorous attitude by which, along with his companions, he enhances the dignity of his sovereign. On leaving his house for the day he generally has on a full suit of armor under his doublet; he is obliged to guard against the dagger strokes and sword thrusts which may possibly greet him at the corner of the street. Even in his own palace he is not at ease; the vast stone recesses, the windows barred with thick iron, the military solidity of the entire structure, indicate a dwelling which, like a cuirass, has got to defend its master against sudden surprises. Such a man, when he is well locked up at home and sees before him the fine form of a courtesan or of a Virgin, of a Hercules, of the eternal grandly draped or with vigorous development of muscle, is more capable than a modern of comprehending their beauty and physical perfection. He will appreciate, without being educated in a studio, through involuntary sympathy, the heroic nudities and terrible muscularities of Michelangelo, the health, the placidity, the pure expression of a Madonna by Raphael, the natural and hardy vitality of a bronze by Donatello, the twining, strangely seductive attitude of a figure by da Vinci, the superb animal voluptuousness, the impetuous movement, the athletic force and joyousness, of the figures of Giorgione and Titian.

A picturesque state of mind, that is to say, midway between pure ideas and pure images, energetic characters and passionate habits suited to giving a knowledge of and taste for beautiful physical forms, constitute the temporary circumstances which, added to the innate aptitudes of the race, produced, in Italy, the great and perfect painting of the human form. We have, now, only to descend into the streets, or to enter the studios, and we shall see it giving itself birth. It is not, as with us, a school production, an occupation of the critics, a

pastime for the curious, an amateur's mania, an artificial plant cultivated at great cost, withering in spite of the compost heaped about it, foreign to the soil and painfully supported in an atmosphere made for maintaining the sciences, literatures, manufactures, policemen, and dress-coats ; it forms a portion of a whole ; the cities which cover their town-halls and their churches with painted figures, gather around it countless *tableaux vivants* more transient but more imposing ; it is only a summary of these. The men of this day are amateurs of painting, not for an hour, for a single moment in their life, but throughout their life, in their religious ceremonies, in their national festivities, in their public receptions, in their avocations, and in their amusements.
—*Art in Italy.*





TALFOURD, SIR THOMAS NOON, an English dramatist and reviewer, born at Doxey, near Stafford, January 26, 1795; died there, March 13, 1854. He was admitted to the practice of law, in London, 1821, and, after he became sergeant-at-law, was known as Sergeant Talfourd; subsequently he was appointed judge. Twice he was elected to Parliament, and especially distinguished himself by advocating the rights of authors and procuring the Act of 1842. His dramas are *Ion* (1835); *The Athenian Captive* (1838); *Glencoe* (1840), and *The Castilian* (1854). He edited the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Charles Lamb* (1837), and *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb* (1848), and wrote *Vacation Rambles* (1844), an account of his continental tours. His critical and miscellaneous writings were published in Philadelphia—the second edition, with additions, in 1852.

“He was much more,” says Sir J. T. Coleridge, “than merely a distinguished leader, an eminent judge, or a great ornament of our literature. He had one ruling purpose of his life—the doing good to his fellow-creatures in his generation.”

“While many of Talfourd’s critical essays,” says the *North British Review*, “are remarkable for definement of observation and frequent felicity of phrase, there is hardly one of them which is brought to a close without being partially impaired by that flux of words which was his banè”

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE.

We have no need of resort to argument in order to show that genius is not gradually declining. A glance at its productions, in the present age, will suffice to prove the gloomy mistake of desponding criticism. . . . And first—in the great walk of poesy—is Wordsworth, who, if he stood alone, would vindicate the immortality of his art. He has, in his works, built up a rock of defence for his species which will resist the mightiest tides of demoralizing luxury. Setting aside the varied and majestic harmony of his verse—the freshness and grandeur of his descriptions, the exquisite softness of his delineations of character, and the high and rapturous spirit of his choral songs—we may produce his “divine philosophy,” as unequalled by any preceding bard. And surely it is no small proof of the infinity of the resources of genius, that in this late age of the world the first of all philosophic poets should have arisen, to open a new vein of sentiment and thought, deeper and richer than yet had been laid bare to mortal eyes. His rural pictures are as fresh and lively as those of Cowper, yet how much lovelier is the poetic light which is shed over them. His exhibition of gentle peculiarities of character and dear immunities of heart is as true and genial as that of Goldsmith, yet how much is its interest heightened by its intimate connection, as by golden chords, with the noblest and most universal truths! His little pieces of tranquil beauty are as holy and as sweet as those of Collins, and yet, while we feel the calm of the elder poet gliding into our souls, we catch farther glimpses through the luxuriant boughs into “the highest heaven of invention.” His soul mantles as high with love and joy as that of Burns, but yet “how bright, how solemn, how serene,” is the brimming and lucid stream! His poetry not only discovers, within the heart, new faculties, but awakens within it untried powers, to comprehend and enjoy its beauty and its wisdom.

Not less marvellously gifted, though in a far different manner, is Coleridge, who, by a strange error, has been

regarded as belonging to the same school, partaking of the same peculiarities, and upholding the same doctrines. Instead, like Wordsworth, of seeking the sources of sublimity and of beauty in the simplest elements of humanity, he ranges through all history and science, investigating all that has really existed, and all that has had foundation only in the strongest and wildest minds, combining, condensing, developing, and multiplying the rich products of his research with marvellous facility and skill ; now pondering fondly over some piece of exquisite loveliness, brought from a wild and unknown recess ; now tracing out the hidden germ of the eldest and most barbaric theories ; and now calling fantastic spirits from the vasty deep, where they have slept since the dawn of reason. The term "myriad-minded," which he has happily applied to Shakespeare, is truly descriptive of himself. He is not one, but legion—"rich with the spoils of time"—richer in his own glorious and sportive fantasy. There is nothing more wonderful than the facile majesty of his images, or rather of his worlds of imagery which, even in his poetry or his prose, start up before us, self-raised and all perfect like the palace of Aladdin. He ascends to the sublimest truths, by a winding track of sparkling glory, which can only be described in his own language—

"The spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds
Builds itself up ; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit."

—*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.*

THE DEATH OF ION.

Ion.—Prithee, no more—Argives ! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him !
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections crushed by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness ; what he did,

Alas ! ye know ; could ye know what he suffered,
 Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
 Let the great interests of the state depend
 Upon the thousand chances that may sway
 A piece of human frailty ; swear to me
 That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
 The means of sovereignty ; our country's space
 So happy in its smallness, so compact,
 Needs not the magic of a single name
 Which wider regions may require to draw
 Their interest into one ; but, circled thus,
 Like a blest family, by simple laws
 May tenderly be governed—all degrees,
 Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined
 By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
 But blended into one—a single form
 Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
 Of sympathy pervading shall endow
 With vital beauty : tint with roseate bloom
 In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
 With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
 Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
 That ye will do this? . . .

Medon and others.—We swear it !

Ion.—Hear and record the oath, immortal powers !
 Now give me leave a moment to approach
 That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*

Gracious gods !

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
 Look on me now ; and if there is a power,
 As at this solemn time I feel there is,
 Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
 The spirit of the beautiful that lives
 In earth and heaven ; to ye I offer up
 This conscious being, full of life and love,
 For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
 End all her sorrows ! [*Stabs himself.*

SYMPATHY.

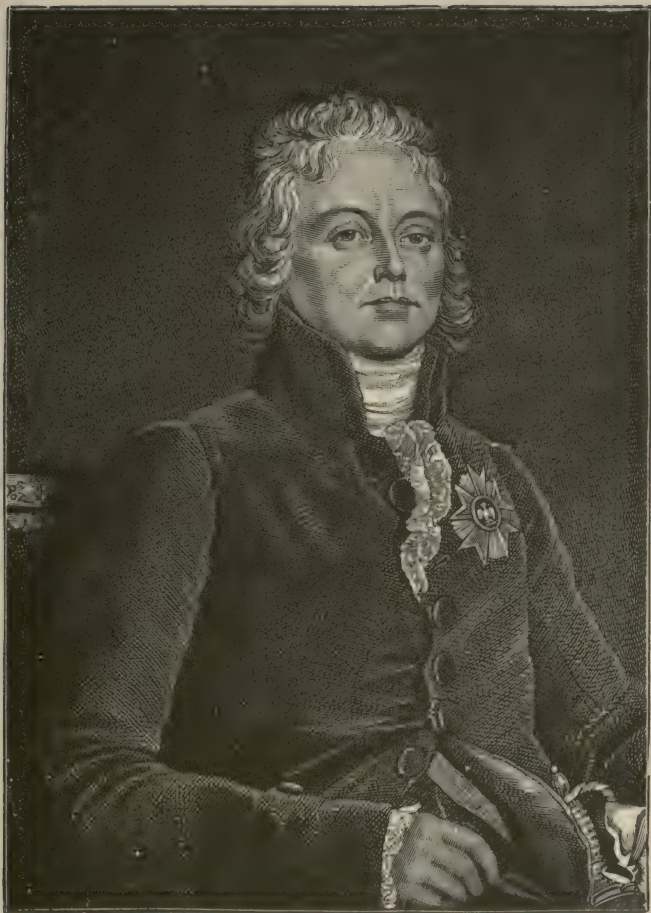
'Tis but a little thing
 To give a cup of water ; yet its draught

Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again,
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends,
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.





TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD, CHARLES MAURICE DE, a famous French prelate, prince, and diplomatist, born in Paris, February 13, 1754; died there, May 17, 1838. His father, of princely connections, was an officer of the royal household. Excluded from the rights of primogeniture by lameness, the son made the Church a means to his ambition. He distinguished himself in college, became abbé, and, in 1789, Bishop of Autun; was elected by his clergy to the States-General; was influential in advocating confiscation of church lands; was president of the Assembly in 1790; was excommunicated by the Pope in 1791, and succeeded Mirabeau as Director of the Department of Paris; was ambassador to England under Louis XVI., and also, after the Revolution, under Danton. Expelled from England, he falsely reappeared there, as an exile, to intrigue; helped to consolidate Napoleon's power, became Vice-Grand Elector of the empire, and after its fall, set up Louis XVIII., and was Prime-Minister at the second restoration. He did much service to France at the Vienna Congress, but was, under all régimes, a time-server, unprincipled, vicious, and the embodiment of deceit and selfishness, even in his occasional able advocacy of good measures. His *Memoirs* appeared under the editorship of the Duc de Broglie



(Portrait by Gerard.)

TALLEYRAND.

in 1891, and were translated into English by Mrs. A. Hall (1891-92).

"No party had to complain," says Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer in *Historical Characters*, "of treachery or ingratitude from this statesman, so frequently stigmatized as fickle. The course he took at different periods of his eventful life was that which seemed natural to the position in which he found himself, and the one which both friend and foe expected from him. His defections were from those whose policy he had been previously opposing, and whose views the higher order of intellects in his country condemned at the time that his own hostility commenced. Indeed, the rule of his conduct and the course of his success may be pretty generally found in his well-known and profound maxim, that 'the thoughts of the greatest number of intelligent persons in any time or country, are sure, with a few more or less fluctuations, to become in the end the public opinion of their age or community.' It must, however, be confessed that there is something to an honest nature displeasing in the history of a statesman who has served various masters and various systems, and appeared as the champion of each cause at the moment of its triumph. Reason may excuse, explain, or defend such versatility, but no generous sympathy calls upon us to applaud or recommend it. . . . His especial talent was tact; . . . his great defect a love of money, or rather a want of scruple as to how he obtained it."

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, October 10th, 1792.

Citizen Minister.

Permit me to request the favor of you to communicate to the other members of the executive council some remarks concerning the real and relative situation of Great Britain and Ireland. . . . That in the British nation the far greater part of the inhabitants call loudly for a reform, and desire a revolution, which may establish a commonwealth, is undeniable ; but the British patriots possess neither our activity, our disinterestedness, nor our energy, philosophy, or elevated views ; and they have not yet been able to acquire, for a support and rallying point, *the majority in the legislature*.

They may, however, and they certainly do, intend to resort to arms in supporting their petitions for reform, and their attempt to recover their lost liberties. But as long as the strength and resources of the present government continue unimpaired, they may distress it, even shake it, but I fear, without aid from France, they will be unable to change, or to curb it. The Ministers even expect to be reinforced with the interest and talents of all those violent alarmists, terrified or seduced by the eloquent sophistry of the fanatic E. Burke, who will add additional weight to the scale of the English aristocracy.

Everything indicates that the King of England will not long continue his present system of neutrality. All the colonels have lately received orders to hasten the complement of their regiments. Several more ships have just been put in commission. A report is prevalent of the militia being directly called out. Societies against *republicans* and *levellers* are talked of as encouraged by Government. . . .

Is it besides probable that England will remain neutral, without interference, should the efforts and valor of our armies be crowned with success ? Or, if encountering defeats, will she not take advantage of our disasters by dividing our spoils with our foes ? We have it this moment in our power to command, not only the

CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD

neutrality of Great Britain and Ireland, but, if it be thought politic, to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the English, Scotch, and Irish commonwealths, established by our arms, and therefore naturally connected with the French republic by the strongest of all ties—a common interest, a common danger, or a common safety. . . . The regular troops in England do not amount to 20,000 men complete. . . .

By the last official return from the executive committee, you see that England alone contains 166,000 registered patriots, of whom 33,600 may be provided with fire-arms from our depots, and the remainder in four days armed with pikes. Our travelling agents assure us that, besides these, as many more are ready to declare themselves in our favor, were we once landed, and able to support them effectually.

In Scotland there are no more than 9,500 regular troops. . . . In the same country the last official return makes the patriots amount to 44,200 registered, and double that number who, from different motives, have not yet declared themselves.

In Ireland the regular troops amount to 10,400 men, and the registered patriots to 131,500, who expect to be joined by almost every Roman Catholic in the island, should anything be undertaken by us for their deliverance from their present oppressive yoke.

All these encouraging circumstances duly considered, my humble proposal is that our fleet at Toulon, now ready for sea on an expedition in the Mediterranean, after taking aboard 20,000 to 25,000 men, and arms for 100,000 more, change its destination, pass the Strait of Gibraltar, and land in Ireland as an ally of the numerous oppressed patriots in that country. These forces are at present more than sufficient to deprive Great Britain forever of that important island, or at least to enable us to keep it as a depot during the war, and a security for her neutrality, in case our attempts to revolutionize her should not meet with an equal success.

I am, however, not too sanguine in my impressions or expectations when I assert, that at this period, even in England and Scotland, we shall meet with less resistance, and fewer obstacles than many may suppose,

if we are only discreet, prudent, and above all *expeditions*. . . .

At three times, in forty-eight hours, we may, without opposition, land 50,000 to 60,000 men in twenty or thirty different points, under the names of emigrants, and seize the principal dock-yards, arsenals, and naval stations. With the assistance of our numerous secret adherents we may even occupy London itself, and *what is certain, and may be depended upon*, our landing will be the signal for a general revolt. . . .

But if unfortunately any unforeseen, or to me unknown, reasons or impediments prevail, to prevent it from being carried into effect, pardon me when I fear that centuries will elapse before another such opportunity offers to France to seize on Ireland, to invade England and Scotland, and with their riches and power maintain an undisturbed sway over the universe, in proclaiming an universal republic.—*Memoirs of Talleyrand, London, 1805.*





TALMAGE, THOMAS DE WITT, a popular American minister of the Presbyterian Church and writer on religious subjects, born near Bound Brook, N. J., on January 7th, 1832; died on April 12th, 1902 (aged 70 years). He was educated in New York City, and at New Brunswick, N. J. His most noted pastorate was that of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Congregation, whose house of worship was three times burned to the ground. In 1895 he became associate pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C. He has been successively editor of the *Christian at Work*, *The Advance*, the *Sunday Magazine*, and *The Christian Herald*; and is the author of *Crumbs Swept Up* (1870); *Abomination of Modern Society* (1872); *Around the Tea-Table* (1874); *The Mask Torn Off* (1879); *The Marriage Ring* (1886); *Woman: Her Powers and Privileges* (1888), etc., and a collection of sermons entitled *The Brooklyn Tabernacle*.

OUR SPECTACLES.

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk pocket-handkerchiefs on Chatham Street for twelve cents, and diamonds at a dollar-store. He supposes that when a play is advertised "for one night only," he will have but one opportunity of seeing it. He takes a greenback with an X on it, a mere sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing that there are counterfeits. He takes five shares of silver-mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a

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gentleman. He goes to see the lions, not knowing that any of them will bite ; and that when people go to see lions, the lions sometimes come out to see them. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith-shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit, and buckwheat-fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and ripe fall-pippins are a legal tender, and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, an evil companion has despoiled him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turn-key bids him a rough "Good-night !"

What got him into all this trouble? Can any moral optician inform us? *Green goggles*, my dear.

Your neighbor's first great idea in life is a dollar ; the second is a dollar—making in all two dollars. The smaller ideas are cents. Friendship is with him a mere question of loss and gain. He will want your name on his note. Every time he shakes hands he estimates the value of such a greeting. He is down on Fourth of July, and Christmas Days, because on them you spend money instead of making it. He has reduced everything in life to vulgar fractions. He has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf. He has cut the Lord's Prayer on the back of a three-cent piece, his only regret that he has spoiled the piece.—*Crumbs Swept Up.*





TALMUD, the traditionary or unwritten law of the Jews; called *unwritten*, to distinguish it from the textual or *written* law. It is the interpretation which the Rabbis affix to the law of Moses; it embodies their doctrine, polity, and ceremonies, and to it many of them adhere more than to the law itself. The word is derived from the Hebrew *lamad*, to teach. The *Talmud*, therefore, is a book, or volume, which contains such doctrines and duties as are *taught* to the Jews by their own authorized *teachers*, the ancient Rabbis. There are two *Talmuds*, that of Jerusalem and that of Babylon; not to mention those of Onkelos and Jonathan, which are rather paraphrases than volumes of traditional doctrines. That of Jerusalem consists of two parts, the *Gemara* and the *Mishna*. The *Mishna* is the work of Rabbi Judah Hakkadosh, one hundred and twenty years after the destruction of Jerusalem. Its style is tolerably pure, and its reasonings are more solid than those of the *Gemara*, which was written one hundred years later by Rabbi Jochanan, rector of the school of Tiberius. But the Jerusalem *Talmud* is less esteemed than that of Babylon, which was formed by Rabbi Asa, or Aser. who had an academy at Sara, near Babylon. He died before the work was completed, and it was finished by his disciples about five hundred years after Christ.

About fifty complete editions of the *Talmud* have been printed.

"The almost unconquerable difficulty," says Lightfoot, "of the style of the Talmudic writings, the frightful roughness of their language, and the amazing emptiness and sophistry of the matters handled, do torture, vex, and tire him that reads them. They do everywhere abound with trifles, in that manner as though they had no mind to be read; with obscurities and difficulties as though they had no mind to be understood; so that the reader hath need of patience all along to enable him to bear both trifling in sense and roughness in expression." "Yet," says Calvin Stowe, "there is in them truth as well as trash, wisdom as well as folly, sense as well as nonsense, sound instruction as well as ludicrous absurdity, and a great deal of all."

PROVERBS FROM THE TALMUD.

To the wasp men say, Neither thy honey nor thy sting.
Never leave the door open to an honest man, much less to a thief.

In the same pot in which you cook, you will yourself be cooked.

If you speak in the night, speak softly; if in the daytime, look around you before you speak.

A melon is known even in its blossom.

Hypocrites steal leather, and make shoes for the poor.

The camel aspired after horns, and the Lord took away his ears.

Woe to him who builds a big door, and has no house behind it.

One must stand as well with the public sentiment as with God himself.

Of a field which is prematurely reaped, even the straw is good for nothing.

NOAH AND HIS VINEYARD.

While Noah was planting his vineyard, the Devil comes to him and says, What are you doing here, Noah? Planting a vineyard, says Noah. What is the use of a vineyard? says the Devil. Its fruit, says Noah, whether fresh or dry, is sweet and good, and its wine gladdens the heart. Let us work it on shares, says the Devil. Agreed, says Noah. Now, what does the Devil do? He brings a lamb and a lion, a hog and a monkey, sacrifices them on the spot, and mingles their blood with the soil. Wherefore, if a man only eats the fruit of the vineyard, he is mild and gentle as a lamb; if he drinks the wine, he imagines himself a lion, and falls into mischief; if he drinks habitually, he becomes unmannerly and disgusting as a hog; if he gets drunk, he jabbbers and jumps, and is silly and nasty as a monkey.

THE WONDER-STAFF OF THE PROPHET.

Gird up thy loins said Elisha to his servant Gehazi (when the Shunamite woman implored him to raise her son to life), and take my staff in thine hand. If any one meet thee, salute him not; but lay this my staff on the boy's face, and his soul will return to him again.

So Gehazi took the prophet's staff with joy, for he had long been wishing to get hold of it, that he, too, might work a miracle. As he was hurrying along, Jehu, the son of Nimshi, called out to him, Whither away so fast, Gehazi? To raise one from the dead, says Gehazi, and here is the staff of the prophet.

Jehu and a curious crowd from all the towns and villages on the way hurried after to see one rise from the dead. Gehazi with great alacrity hurried on, the mob with him, and, entering the Shunamite's house, he laid the staff on the face of the dead child; but there was neither voice nor movement. He turned the staff about, placed it in different positions, to the right and to the left, above, below; but the child awoke not. Gehazi was confounded, and the mob hooted at him. Ashamed, he returned to the prophet, and said, The boy does not wake up.

The prophet took his staff, hastened to Shunem, entered the house, and closed the door against all spectators. He prayed to the Lord, and then went to the corpse, placed himself on the child, his mouth to the child's mouth, his eyes to the child's eyes, till the child's body became warm. With what did he warm the dead to life? With that silent, humble prayer, and with the breathing of an unselfish, disinterested love. Here, take thy son again, said the prophet to the mother ; and the self-seeking, vain Gehazi stood confounded and ashamed.





TANNAHILL, ROBERT, a Scottish poet, born at Paisley, June 3, 1774; died there, May 17, 1810. From an early age he worked as a weaver in his native city until he was twenty-six years old, when he went to Lancashire, England. At the end of two years he was recalled to Paisley by the failing health of his father, who died soon afterward. Tannahill wrote to a friend: "My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty; and but seven years back, nine of us used to sit at dinner together." A collection of his *Poems* was published in 1807, and three years afterward he prepared a new and enlarged edition. The issue of this edition was declined by the publisher on account of "a press of engagements." This disappointment, and his own precarious health, preyed upon his spirits, and he fell into a condition of profound melancholy, in an access of which he burned all of his manuscripts. His body was found one morning in a neighboring brook, where he had evidently drowned himself. A new edition of his poems was published in 1838, and a sumptuous "Centenary Edition" in 1874. Most of his poems are in the Scottish dialect, and his Scottish songs are second only to those of Burns. His life was wholly free from those irregularities which marred the career of Burns.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Gloomy Winter's now awa' ;
 Saft the westlin breezes blaw ;
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell
 Blooming like thy bonny sel',
 My young and artless dearie O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blithely spend the gowden day
 Midst joys that never wearie O.
 Towering o'er the Newton woods,
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
 Feathery breckans fringe the rocks ;
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks
 And ilka thing is cheerie O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom and verdure spring :
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless with thee, my dearie O.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
 To the braes o' Balquhither,
 Where the blae-berries grow
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather ;
 Where the deer and the rae
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang summer day
 On the braes o' Balquhither.
 I'll twine thee a bower
 By the clear siller fountain,

And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain ;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night-breeze is swelling,
Sae merrily we'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light, lilting chorus.

Now the simmer's in prime,
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming,
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin' blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green !
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny ;
For guileless simplicity marks her his ain ;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o' Dum-
blane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer;
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley's green shaw!
The wild-flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonny,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep, rocky braise,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e;
For oh! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn;
The dews begin to fa';
The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.

Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While, flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay :
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the lingering day ;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell ;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.





TAPPAN, WILLIAM BINGHAM, an American poet, born at Beverly, Mass., October 29, 1794; died at West Needham, Mass., June 18, 1849. He was apprenticed to a clock-maker in Boston; in 1816 entered into business in Philadelphia; in 1823 became connected with the American Sunday-school Union, becoming from time to time the Superintendent of its depositories at Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Boston. He put forth several volumes of poems, among which are *New England, and Other Poems* (1819); *Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems* (1846); *The Sunday-School, and Other Poems* (1848); *Late and Early Poems* (1849).

"Mr. Tappan's poems," says the *Christian Examiner*, "are written, generally, in a tone of simple and earnest feeling, and are marked by a gentle and humane spirit. . . . We should not be unwilling to have them taken as a specimen by which American poetry is to be judged on the other side of the water."

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear : 'tis heaven.

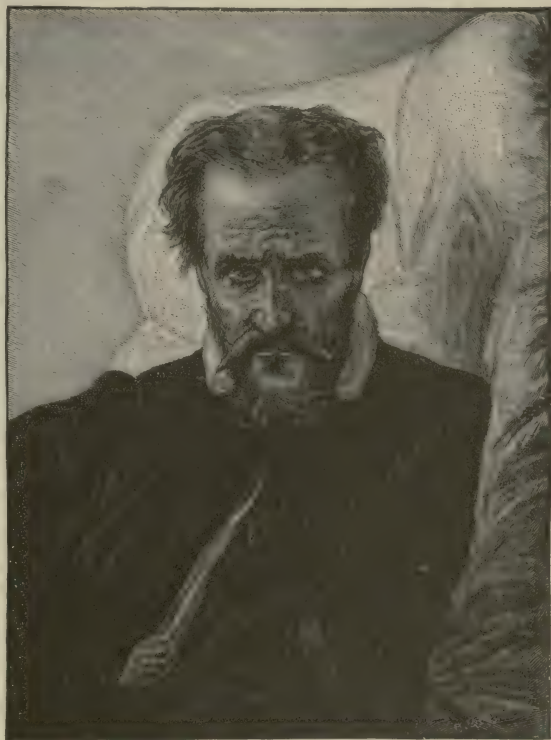
There Faith lifts up her languid eye,
The heart no longer riven ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly ;
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.





TASSO, TORQUATO, a distinguished Italian poet, born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544; died in Rome, April 25, 1595. His father, Bernardo Tasso, was of noble rank, and a poet of marked ability. The son studied in the best Italian schools, and at the age of seventeen received high honors from the University of Padua in the four departments of civil law, ecclesiastical law, theology, and philosophy. He, however, devoted himself wholly to letters, and at the age of eighteen wrote the epic poem *Rinaldo*, which won for him a high reputation. He was soon after invited to the newly founded University of Bologna, where he planned an epic poem founded upon the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under Godfrey of Boulogne. In 1565 he was invited to the Court of Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, where he rose to great favor with the Duke and his two accomplished sisters Lucretia and Leonore. His epic, the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, "Jerusalem Delivered," was completed in 1575, and Tasso was appointed historiographer of the ducal house. Not long after began that mystery in his history which has never been fully cleared up. The authenticated facts are these: In 1577 Tasso fled from Ferrara. After a couple of years he returned, but meeting with an unfavorable reception, he inveighed bitterly against the Duke. He was arrested, and



TORQUATO TASSO.

confined as a madman in the Hospital of Santa Anna, where he was treated with extreme harshness for seven years. In 1586 he was released, at the intercession of Vincenzo Gonzago, Prince of Modena, with whom he passed two years; and subsequently he spent some years mainly at Naples and Rome. He went to Rome for the last time in the Autumn of 1594. His friend, Cardinal Aldobrandini, had obtained for him from the Pope the honor of a public coronation in the Capitol, the ceremony to take place in the ensuing Spring. His health gave way, and at his own request he was taken to the Monastery of St. Onofio, where he died, April 25, 1595—the day which had been fixed upon for his coronation. The *Jerusalem Delivered* holds an acknowledged place among the great epics of the world. It has been translated into English by some half-score of persons, the best of these versions being those of Edward Fairfax (1600), and of J. H. Wiffen (1838). Among Tasso's other works are: *Aminta*, a pastoral drama (1573); *Rime, insieme con altro Conponimenti* (1581); *Dialoghi e Discorsi* (1586-87); and *Gerusalemme Conquistata* (1593).

THE THEME OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

I sing the pious arms and Chief who freed
 The Sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane :
 Much did he toil in thought and much in deed,
 Much in the glorious enterprise sustain ;
 And Hell in vain opposed him, and in vain
 Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
 Their mingled tribes. Heaven recompensed his pain,
 And from all further sallies of the sword,
 True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends re-
 stored.

And Thou, the Muse that not with fading palms
 Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
 The Angels warbling the celestial psalms,
 Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
 Of everlasting stars, make thou my song
 Lucid and pure ; breathe thou the flame divine
 Into my bosom ; and forgive the wrong
 If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
 And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than
 thine.

—*Translation of WIFFEN.*

THE CRUSADERS IN SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

The odorous air, morn's messenger, now spread
 Its wings to herald, in serenest skies,
 Aurora issuing forth, her radiant head
 Adorned with roses plucked in Paradise ;
 When in full panoply the hosts arise,
 And loud and spreading murmurs upward fly
 Ere yet the trumpet rings its melodies.
 They miss not long ; the trumpet's tuneful cry
 Gives the command, loud sounding through the sky.

Wing'd is each heart, and wingéd every heel ;
 They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly ;
 But by the time the dusty meads reveal
 The fervent sun's ascension to the sky,
 Lo, tower'd Jerusalem salutes the eye.
 A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale
 "Jerusalem !" a thousand voices cry ;
 "All hail, Jerusalem !" Hill, down, and dale
 Catch the glad sounds, and shout, "Jerusalem, all
 hail !"

Thus, when a crew of fearless voyagers,
 Seeking new lands, spread their audacious sails,
 In the hoarse Arctic, under unknown stars—
 Sport of the faithless waves and treacherous gales—
 If, as the little bark the billow scales,
 One views the long-wished headland from the mast,
 With merry shouts the far-off coast he hails,

Each points it out to each, until at last
They close in present joy the troubles of the past.

To the pure pleasure which that first far view
In their reviving spirits swelling shed,
Succeeds a deep contrition, feelings new—
Grief touched with awe, affection mixed with dread ;
Scarce dare they now upraise the abject head,
Or turn to Zion their desiring eyes,
The chosen city where Messiah bled,
Defrauded Death of his long tyrannies,
New-clothed his limbs with life, and reassumed the skies.

Low accents, plaintive whispers, groans profound,
Sighs of a people that in gladness grieves,
And melancholy murmurs float around,
Till the sad air a thrilling sound receives,
Like that which sobs amidst the dying leaves,
When with autumnal winds the forest waves ;
Or dash of an insurgent sea that heaves
On lonely rocks, or, locked in winding caves,
Hoarse through their hollow aisles in wild, low cadence
raves.

Each, at his Chief's example, lays aside
His scarf and feathered casque, with every gay
And glittering ornament of knightly pride,
And barehead treads the consecrated way ;
Their thoughts, too, suited to their changed array.
Warm tears devout their eyes in showers diffuse—
'Tears that the haughtiest temper might allay ;
And yet, as though to weep they did refuse,
Thus to themselves their hearts of hardness they ac-
cuse :—

"Here, Lord, where currents from thy wounded side
Stained the besprinkled ground with liveliest red,
Should not these two quick springs, at least, their tide
In bitter memory of thy passion shed ?
And melt'st thou not, my icy heart, where bled
The dear Redeemer ? Still must pity sleep ?
My flinty bosom, why so cold and dead ?

Break, and with tears the hallowed region steep!
 If that thou weep'st not now, forever shouldst thou
 weep!"

Meanwhile the guard, that from a lofty tower
 In the far city cast about his view,
 Marked the dust rise, and, like a thunder-shower
 Printed in air, turn dark the ethereal blue.
 The glowing cloud seemed pregnant, as it flew,
 With fire; anon, bright metals flashed between
 Its shaken wreaths; and, as it nearer drew,
 Dim through the storm were apparitions seen—
 Spearmen, and issuing steeds, and chiefs of godlike
 mien.

He saw, and raised his terrible alarm!—

"Oh, rise, all citizens below, arise!
 Mount to the walls! Haste! Arm! this instant
 arm!

Lo, what a dust upon the whirlwind flies,
 And lo, the lightning of their arms!" he cries;
 "The foeman is at hand!" Then yet more loud
 He calls: "Shall the swift foe the town surprise?
 Quick, seize your weapons; mark the dusty cloud
 That hither rolls! It wraps all heaven within its
 shroud!"

The simple infant and the aged sire,
 Matrons and trembling maids, to whom belong
 Not strength nor skill to make defence, retire,
 A pale, disconsolate, and suppliant throng,
 In sad procession to the mosque. The strong,
 In spirit as in limbs, obey the call.

Seizing their arms in haste, they speed along;
 Part flock to guard the gates, part man the walls;
 The king to all parts flies, sees, cares, provides for all.

—*Translation of* WIFFEN.

Many of the sonnets of Tasso relate to the troubles which fell upon him at the Court of Ferrara. Some of them were written during his im-

prisonment as a madman. We give a few of these,
as translated by Mr. R. H. Wilde:

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA.

Sisters of great Alphonso ! to the west
Three times have sped the courses of the sun,
Since, sick and outraged, I became a jest,
And sighed o'er all that cruel Fate had done :
Wretched and vile whatever meets my eye
Without me, whereso'er I gaze around ;
Within, indeed, my former virtues lie,
Though shame and torments the reward they've
found.
Ay ! in my soul are truth and honor still,
Such as, if seen, the world were proud to own ;
And your sweet images my bosom fill,
But lovely idols ne'er content alone
True hearts ; and mine, though mocked and scorned at
will,
Is still your temple, altar, shrine, throne.

TO HIS LADY, THE BETROTHED OF ANOTHER.

She, who a maiden, taught me, Love, thy woe,
To-morrow may become a new-made bride ;
Like, if I err not, a fresh-gathered rose,
Opening her bosom to the sun with pride ;
But, him for whom flushed with joy it blows,
Whene'er I see, my blood will scarcely glide.
If jealousy my ice-bound heart should close,
Will any ray of pity thaw its tide ?
Thou only knowest. And now, alas, I haste
Where I must mark that snowy neck and breast
By envied fingers played with and embraced.
How shall I live, or where find peace or rest,
If one kind look on me she will not waste
To hint not vain my sighs, nor all unblest ?

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

Fortune's worst shafts could ne'er have reached me more,
Nor envy's poisoned fangs. By both assailed,

In innocence of soul completely mailed
 I scorned the hate whose power to wound was o'er ;
 When thou—whom in my heart of hearts I wore
 And as a rock of refuge often sought—
 Turned on myself the very arms I wrought,
 And Heaven beheld, and suffered what I bore !
 O holy Faith ! O Love ! how all thy laws
 Are mocked and scorned !—I throw my shield away,
 Conquered by fraud. Go, seek thy feat's applause,
 Traitor, yet still half-mourned with fond delay.
 The hand, not blow, is of my tears the cause.

THE GOLDEN AGE. FROM "AMINTA."

O lovely age of gold !
 Not that the rivers rolled
 With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew ;
 Not that the ready ground
 Produced without a wound,
 Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew ;
 Not that a cloudless blue
 Forever was in sight,
 Or that the heaven, which burns
 And now is cold by turns,
 Looked out in glad and everlasting light ;
 No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
 Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than
 war ;
 But solely that that vain
 And breath-invented pain,
 That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,
 That Honor—since so-called
 By vulgar minds appalled—
 Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
 It had not come to fret
 The sweet and happy fold
 Of gentle human-kind ;
 Nor did its hard law bind
 Souls nursed in freedom ; but that law of gold,
 That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
 Which Nature's own hand wrote—What pleases is per-
 mitted.

Then among streams and flowers
The little wingèd powers
Went singing carols without torch or bow;
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers ; and with whispers low,
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed,
Which now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore :
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.
'Twas thou, thou, Honor, first
That didst deny our thirst
Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set ;
Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
Into constrained awe,
And keep the secret for their tears to wet ;
Thou gather'dst in a net
The tresses from the air,
And mad'st the sports and plays
Turn all to sullen ways,
And putt'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
Thy work it is—thou shade, that will not move—
That what was once the gift is now the theft of Love.
Our sorrows and our pains,
These are thy noble gains ;
But, O thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
Thou conqueror of the crowned,
What dost thou on this ground,
Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere ?
Go and make slumber dear
To the renowned and high ;
We here, a lowly race,
Can live without thy grace,
After the use of mild antiquity.
Go, let us love ; since years
No truce allow, and life soon disappears ;
Go, let us love ; the daylight dies, is born ;
But unto us the light
Dies once for all ; and sleep brings on eternal night.



TAYLOR, BAYARD, an American journalist, traveller, and novelist, born at Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa., January 11, 1825; died in Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878. While engaged as an apprentice in a country printing-office he learned Latin and French. He began to write verses for periodicals at the age of seventeen. In 1844 he put forth *Ximena*, a small volume of poems, and soon afterward, having secured an engagement as a newspaper correspondent, he set off for Europe. He visited Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, and upon his return, in 1846, published his first book of travels, *Views Afoot*. In 1847 he became connected with the New York *Tribune*, and made numerous journeys to different parts of the world, as correspondent of that newspaper. His most extended tour occupied two years and four months, from the Summer of 1851 to the close of 1853. The regions visited comprised portions of Europe, Egypt, the Soudan, Palestine and Syria, India, China and Japan; the whole distance traversed by land and water being not less than 50,000 miles. This journey furnished materials for the following books: *A Journey to Central Africa*, *The Lands of the Saracen*, and *A Visit to India, China, and Japan*. In 1856-57 he visited Northern Europe, and wrote *Summer Pictures of Sweden, Denmark,*

and Lapland. His books of travel comprise eleven volumes, the latest being *Colorado, a Summer Trip* (1867), and *By-Ways of Europe* (1869). He also edited a series of volumes entitled *Cyclopædia of Modern Travel*, and *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*. In 1862 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. In 1878 he was sent as United States Minister to Germany, but died not long after reaching Berlin.

He wrote the following novels: *Hannah Thurston* (1863); *John Godfrey's Fortunes* (1865); *The Story of Kennett* (1866); *Joseph and His Friend* (1870); *Beauty and the Beast*, a collection of magazine stories. He published several volumes of poems: *Poems of the Orient*, *Poems of Home and Travel*, *The Poet's Journal*, which were issued collectively in 1865. Subsequent poems are: *The Picture of St. John* (1866); *The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln* (1869); *The Masque of the Gods* (1872); *Lars, a Pastoral of Norway* (1873); *The Prophet, a Tragedy* (1874); *Home Pastorals* (1875); *National Ode* (1876); *Prince Deukalion*, a lyrical drama (1878). For several years he was engaged upon the translation of Goethe's *Faust*, which was published in 1871. The various metres of the original were reproduced, and this translation is, as a whole, the best which has appeared in the English language.

WITH THE GERMAN STUDENTS.

There was to be a general *Commerz*, or meeting of the Societies among the Heidelberg students, and I determined not to omit witnessing one of the most interesting and characteristic features of student-life. So

borrowing a cap and coat, I looked the student well enough to pass muster. Baader, a young poet of some note, and President of the Palatia Society, having promised to take us to the Commers, we met at 8 o'clock at an inn frequented by the students, and went to the rendezvous near the Market Platz.

A confused sound of voices came from the inn, as we drew near, and groups of students were standing around the door. Entering the room, I could scarcely see at first, on account of the smoke that ascended from a hundred pipes. All was noise and confusion. Near the door sat some half-dozen musicians, who were getting their instruments ready for action ; and the long room was filled with tables, all of which seemed to be full, yet the students were still pressing in. The tables were covered with great stone jugs and long beer-glasses ; the students were talking and shouting and drinking. One who appeared to have the arrangement of the meeting, found seats for us together ; and having made a slight acquaintance with those sitting next us, we felt more at liberty to watch the proceedings.

They were all talking in a sociable, friendly way, and I saw no one who appeared to be intoxicated. The beer was a weak mixture, which I should think would make one fall over from its weight rather than its intoxicating properties. Those sitting near me drank but little, and that principally to make or return compliments. One or two at the other end of the table were rather more boisterous, and more than one glass was overturned upon their legs. Leaves containing the songs for the evening lay at each seat, and at the head, where the President sat, were two swords crossed, with which he occasionally struck upon the table to preserve order. Our President was a fine, romantic-looking young man, dressed in the old German costume—black beaver and plume, and velvet doublet with slashed sleeves. I never saw in any company of young men so many handsome, manly countenances. If their faces were any index of their characters, there were many noble, free souls among them.

After some time passed in talking and drinking together, varied by an occasional air from the musicians,

the President beat order with the swords, and the whole company joined in one of their glorious songs, to a melody at the same time joyous and solemn. Swelled by so many manly voices, it arose like a hymn of triumph; all other sounds were stilled. Three times during the singing all rose to their feet, clashed their glasses together around the tables, and drank to their Fatherland, a health and blessing to the patriot, and honor to those who struggle in the cause of freedom.

After this song the same order was continued as before, except that students from the different Societies made short speeches, accompanied by some toast or sentiment. One spoke of Germany; predicting that all her dissensions would be overcome, and that she would arise at last, like a phoenix, among the nations of Europe: and at the close gave, "Strong, united, regenerated Germany!" Instantly all sprang to their feet, and clashing their glasses together, gave a thundering "*Hoch!*" This enthusiasm for their country is one of the strongest characteristics of the German students. They have ever been first in the field for her freedom, and on them mainly depends her future redemption.

Cloths were passed around, the tables wiped off, and preparations made to sing the *Landsfather*, or Consecration Song. This is one of the most important and solemn of their ceremonies; since by performing it the new students are made *Burschen*, and the bands of brotherhood continually kept fresh and sacred. All became still a moment, then commenced the lofty song:

"Silent bending, each one tending
To the solemn tones his ear,
Hark the song of songs is sounding—
Back from joyful choir resounding—
Hear it, German brothers, hear!

"Germans, proudly raise it, loudly
Singing of your Fatherland.
Fatherland! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
Consecrate us, sword in hand!

"Take the beaker, pleasure-seeker,
With thy country's drink brimmed o'er!

In thy left the sword is blinking,
Pierce it through the cap, while drinking
To thy Fatherland once more !”

With the first line of the last stanza the Presidents, sitting at the head of the table, take their glasses in their right hands, and at the third line the sword in their left, at the end striking their glasses together, and drinking.

“In the left hand gleaming, thou art beaming,
Sword from all dishonor free !
Thus I pierce the cap, while swearing,
It in honor ever wearing,
I a valiant Bursch will be !”

They clash their swords together till the third line is sung, when each takes his cap, and piercing the point of the sword through the crown, draws it down to the guard. Leaving their caps on the swords, the Presidents stand behind the two next students, who go through the same ceremony ; receiving the swords at the appropriate time, and giving them back loaded with their caps also. This ceremony is going on at every table at the same time. These two stanzas are repeated for every pair of students, till all have performed it, and the Presidents have arrived at the bottom of the table, with their swords strung full of caps. Here they exchange swords, while all sing :—

“Come, thou bright sword, now made holy,
Of free men the weapon free ;
Bring it, solemnly and slowly,
Heavy with pierced caps to me !
From its burden now divest it ;
Brothers, be ye covered all,
And till our next festival,
Hallowed and unspotted rest it !

“Up, ye feast-companions ! ever
Honor ye our holy band !
And with heart and soul endeavor
E'er as high-souled men to stand
Up to feast, ye men united !
Worthy be your father's fame ;
And the sword may no one claim
Who to honor is not plighted.”

Then each President, taking a cap off each sword, reaches it to the student opposite ; and they cross their swords, the ends resting on the two students' heads, while they sing the next stanza :

“Go take it back ; thy head I now will cover,
And stretch the bright sword over.
Live then this Bursch, *Hoch !*
Whenever we may meet him,
Will we as Brother greet him ;
Live also this our Brother, *Hoch !*”

This ceremony was repeated till all the caps were given back ; and they then concluded with the following :

“Rest ! the Burschen-feast is over,
Hallowed sword, and thou art free.
Each one strive a valiant lover
Of his Fatherland to be !
Hail to him who, glory-haunted,
Follows still his fathers bold ;
And the sword may no one hold
But the noble and undaunted !”

The *Landsfather* being over, the students were less orderly. The smoking and drinking began again ; and we left, as it was already 11 o'clock, glad to breathe the pure cold air.—*Views Afoot.*

LIFE ON THE NILE.

The Nile is the paradise of travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveller's restless life could reach ; but here I have reached a fountain too pure and powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of travel in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of Nature. Every day opens with a *jubilate*, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me thus far can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world. Other travellers undoubtedly make other experiences and take away other impressions. I can even conceive circumstances

which would almost destroy the pleasure of the journey. The same exquisitely sensitive temperament, which in our case has not been disturbed by a single untoward incident, might easily be kept in a state of constant derangement by an unsympathetic companion, a cheating dragoon, or a fractious crew. There are also many trifling *desagrémens* inseparable from a life in Egypt which some would consider a source of annoyance; but as we find fewer than we were prepared to meet, we are not troubled thereby. . . .

The scenery of the Nile, thus far, scarcely changes from day to day in its forms and colors, but only in their disposition with regard to each other. The shores are either palm-groves, fields of cane and dourra, young wheat, or patches of bare sand blown out of the desert. The villages are all the same agglomeration of mud walls, the tombs of the Moslem saints are the same white ovens, and every individual camel and buffalo resembles its neighbor in picturesque ugliness. The Arabian and Libyan mountains, now sweeping so far into the foreground that their yellow cliffs overhang the Nile, now receding into the violet haze of the horizon, exhibit little difference of height, hues, or geological formation. Every new scene is the turn of a kaleidoscope, in which the same objects are grouped in other relations, yet always characterized by the most perfect harmony. These slight yet ever-renewing changes are to us a source of endless delight. Either from the pure atmosphere, the healthy life we lead, or the accordant tone of our spirits, we find ourselves unusually sensitive to all the slightest touches, the most minute rays of that grace and harmony which bathe every landscape in cloudless sunshine. The various groupings of the palms, the shifting of the blue evening shadows on the rose-hued mountain walls, the green of the wheat and sugar-cane, the windings of the great river, the alternations of wind and rain—each of these is cause enough to content us, and to give every day a different charm from that which went before. . . .

My friend, "the Howadji," in his *Nile-Notes*, says, "The conscience falls asleep on the Nile." If by this he means that artificial quality which bigots and secta-

rians call conscience, I quite agree with him, and do not blame the Nile for its soporific powers. But that simple faculty of the soul, native to all men, which acts best when it acts unconsciously, and leads our passions and desires into right paths without seeming to lead them, is vastly strengthened by this quiet and healthy life. There is a cathedral-like solemnity in this air of Egypt; one feels the presence of the altar, and is a better man without his will. To those rendered misanthropic by disappointed ambition, mistrustful by betrayed confidence, despairing by unassuageable sorrow, let me say, with Moore, in his *Alciphion*: "The life thou seekest thou'lt find beside the eternal Nile."—*Journey in Central Africa*.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

As we crossed the mouth of the Ulvsfjord that evening we had an open sea horizon toward the north, a clear sky, and so much sunshine at 11 o'clock that it was evident that the Polar day had dawned upon us at last. The illumination of the shores was unearthly in its glory, and the wonderful effects of the orange sunlight playing upon the dark hues of the island cliffs can neither be told nor painted. The sun hung low between Fugloe, rising like a double dome from the sea, and the tall mountains of Arnœ, both of which islands resembled immense masses of transparent purple glass, gradually melting into crimson fire at their bases. The glassy, leaden-colored sea was powdered with a golden bloom, and the tremendous precipices at the mouth of the Lyngen Fjord behind us were steeped in a dark-red, mellow flush, and touched with pencillings of pure, rose-colored light, until their naked ribs seemed clothed in imperial velvet. As we turned into the fjord and ran southward along their bases, a waterfall, struck by the sun, fell in fiery orange foam down the red walls, and the blue ice-pillars of a beautiful glacier filled up the ravine beyond it. We were all on deck, and all faces, excited by the divine splendor of the scene, and tinged by the same wonderful aureole, shone as if transfigured. In my whole life I have never seen a spectacle so unearthly beautiful.

Our course brought the sun rapidly toward the ruby cliffs of Arnöe, and it was evident that he would soon be hidden from sight. It was not yet half-past eleven, and an enthusiastic passenger begged the captain to stop the vessel until midnight. "Why," said the latter, "it is midnight now, or very near it; you have Drontheim time, which is almost forty minutes in arrears." True enough, the real time lacked but five minutes of midnight, and those of us who had sharp eyes and strong imaginations saw the sun make his last dip, and rise a little, before he vanished in a blaze of glory behind Arnöe. I turned away, with my eyes full of dazzling spheres of crimson and gold which danced before me wherever I looked; and it was a long time before they were blotted out by the semi-oblivion of a daylight sleep.—*Northern Travel*.

KILIMANDJARO.

Hail to thee, monarch of African mountains,
Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone;
Who from the heart of the tropical fervors
Lifted to heaven thine alien snows,
Feeding forever the fountains that make thee
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

The years of the world are engraved on thy forehead;
Time's morning blushed red on thy first-fallen snows;
Yet lost in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,
Of man un beholden, thou wert not till now.
Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness
The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Song.
Knowledge has borne thee anew to Creation,
And long-baffled Time at thy baptism rejoices.
Take then a name, and be filled with existence;
Yea, be exultant in the sovereign glory,
While from the hand of the wandering poet
Drops the first garland of song at thy feet.

Floating alone, on the flood of thy making,
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,

Lo ! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,
And thou art revealed to my purified vision.
I see thee supreme in the midst of thy co-mates,
Standing alone 'twixt the earth and the Heavens,
Heir of the Sunset and herald of Morn.
Zone above zone, to thy shoulders of granite,
The climates of earth are displayed as an index,
Giving the scope of the Book of Creation.
There, in the gorges that widen, descending
From cloud and from the cold into summer eternal,
Gather the threads of the ice-'gendered fountains—
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
And, giving each shelvy recess where they dally
The blossoms of the north and its evergreen turfage
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus !
There in the wondering airs of the Tropics
Shivers the aspen, still dreaming of cold ;
There stretches the oak, from the loftiest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
And the pine-tree looks down on his rival, the palm.
Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,
Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
Seats of the gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar.
Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,
Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy forehead ;
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
Chasms and caverns where Day is a stranger,
Garners where storeth his treasures the Thunder,
The Lightning his falchion, his arrows the Hail.

Sovereign Mountain ! thy brothers give welcome ;
They, the baptized and crowned of ages,
Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,
Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.
Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,
Hails thy accession ; superb Orizaba,
Belted with beech and ensandalled with palm ;
Chimborazo, the lord of the region of noonday—
Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus

With greeting august from the Pillars of Heaven
 Who, in the urns of the Indian Ganges,
 Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,
 Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

Lo ! unto each is the seal of his lordship,
 Nor questioned the right that his majesty giveth :
 Each in his awful supremacy of forces,
 Worship and reverence, wonder and joy,
 Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,
 None has a claim to the honors of story,
 Or the superior splendors of song,
 Greater than thou, in thy majesty mantled—
 Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,
 Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt !

BEDOUIN SONG.

From the Desert I come to thee
 On a stallion shod with fire,
 And the winds are left behind
 In the speed of my desire.
 Under thy window I stand,
 And the midnight hears my cry :
 I love thee, I love but thee,
 With a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold !

Look from thy window and see
 My passion and my pain ;
 I lie on the sands below,
 And I faint in thy disdain.
 Let the night-winds touch thy brow
 With the heat of my burning sigh,
 And melt thee to hear the vow
 Of a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold !

My steps are nightly driven
 By the fever in my breast,



BEDOUIN SONG..

"From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire."

Painting by A. Schreyer.

To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold!

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A Guardsman said,
"We storm the fort to-morrow;
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn, and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl ! Her name he dared not speak ;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the Soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained from the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars !

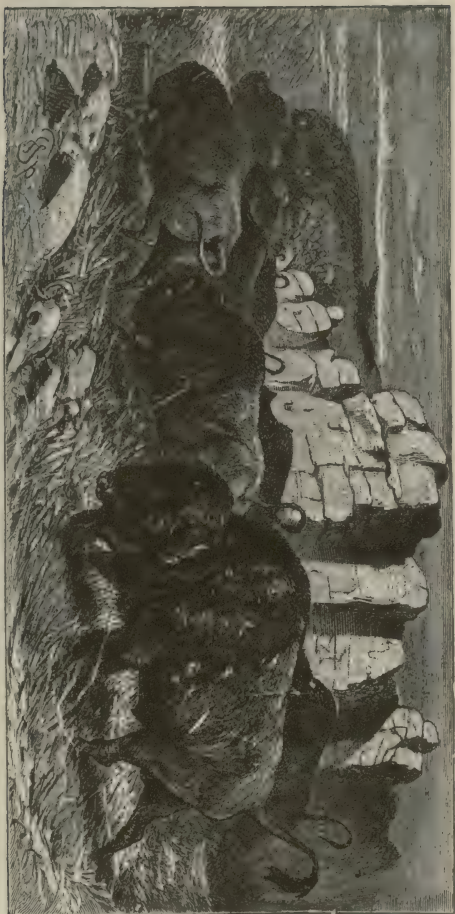
And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of " Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THE BISON-TRACK.

Strike the tent ! the sun has risen ; not a cloud has
ribbed the dawn.
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far
and wan.
Prime afresh the trusty rifle, sharpen well the hunting-
spear,
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of herds I
hear.

See ! a dusky line approaches ; hark ! the onward-surg-
ing roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of
shore !



THE BISON TRACK.

"See! a dusky line approaches. Hark! the onward-surging roar."

Drawing by F. Specht.

Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost
of the van,
And the stubborn horns are striking through the crowd-
ed caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us ; let the maddened
horses go !
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred
leagues it blow !
Though the surgy manes should thicken and the red
eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and
rushing air !

Myriad hoofs will scan the prairie in our wild and rest-
less race,
And a sound like mighty waters thunder down the des-
ert space ;
Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eye
look back ;
Death to him whose speed should slacken on the mad-
dened bison's track !

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is
close and warm,
For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the
storm.
Hurl your lassos swift and fearless ; swing your rifles
as we run !
Ha ! the dust is red before him : shout, my brothers, he
is won !

Look not on him as he staggers ; 'tis the last shot he
will need ;
More shall fall among his fellows ere we run the bold
stampede ;
Ere we stem the swarthy breakers : while the wolves, a
hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody
bison-track !

THE PHANTOM.

Again I sit in the mansion, in the old, familiar seat ;
And the shade and the sunshine chase each other o'er the
carpet at my feet.

But the sweetbrier's arms have wrestled upward in the
summers that have passed,
And the willow trails its branches lower than when I
saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly from out the
haunted room ;
To fill the house, that once was joyful, with silence and
with gloom.
And many kind, remembered faces within the doorway
come :
Voices that awake the sweeter music of one that is now
dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever, the songs she loved
to hear ;
They braid the rose in summer garlands, whose flowers
to her were dear,
And still her footsteps in the passage, her blushes at the
door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome, come back to me
once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow, unmindful of my
pain,
I think she has but newly left me, and soon will come
again.
She stays without, perchance, a moment, to dress her
dark-brown hair :
I hear the rustle of her garments, her light step on the
stair.

O fluttering heart control thy tumult, lest eyes profane
should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture her coming brings
to me !

She tarries long. But lo ! a whisper, beyond the open
door ;

And glittering through the quiet sunshine, a shadow on
the floor !

Ah ! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me ; the vine
whose shadow strays ;

And my patient heart must still await her, nor chide her
long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting, as many a
time before :

Her foot is ever at the threshold, yet never passes o'er.

Bayard Taylor's reputation as a writer, in the memories of most Americans, will rest upon his books of travel. A journalistic friend dubbed him "the great American traveller," and the American public accepted him as such. But such a definition of the man overlooks his great merit as a poet and the photographic truthfulness and keen sympathy with which he has depicted American country life of fifty years ago. *Hannah Thurston* was the *avant courier* of the works of Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary E. Wilkins. The *London Spectator* says of it: "If Bayard Taylor has not placed himself, as we are half-inclined to suspect, in the front rank of novelists, he has produced a very remarkable book—a really original story, admirably told, crowded with life-like characters, full of delicate and subtle sympathies, with ideas the most opposite to his own, and lighted up throughout with that playful humor which suggests always wisdom rather than mere fun." And of the *Story of Kennett*, this same journal remarked: "Mr. Taylor's book is delightful and refreshing reading, and a great rest after the

crowded artistic effects and the conventional interests of even the better kind of English novelists."

THE GREAT SEWING-UNION AT PTOLEMY.*

Never before had the little society of Ptolemy known so animated a season. For an inland town, the place could not at any time be called dull, and, indeed, impressed the stranger with a character of exuberant life on being compared with the other towns in the neighborhood. Mulligansville on the east, Anacreon on the north, and Atauga City on the west, all fierce rivals of nearly equal size, groaned over the ungodly cheerfulness of its population, and held up their hands whenever its name was mentioned. But at the particular time whereof we write—November, 1852—the ordinarily mild flow of life in Ptolemy was unusually quickened by the formation of the great Sewing-Union. . . . It was a social arrangement which substituted one large gathering, all the more lively and interesting, from its mixed constitution, in place of three small and somewhat monotonous circles.

It was the third meeting of the Union, and nearly all the members were present. Their session was held at the house of Mr. Hamilton Bue, agent of the "Saratoga Mutual" for the town of Ptolemy, and one of the directors of the bank at Tiberius, the county-seat. The parlor, large as it was (for Ptolemy), had been somewhat overcrowded during the afternoon; therefore, anticipating a large arrival of gentlemen in the evening, Mrs. Bue had the tables transferred from the sitting-room to the kitchen, locked the hall door, and thus produced a suite of three apartments, counting the hall itself as one. The guests were admitted at the side entrance, commonly used by the family. Two or three additional lamps had been borrowed, and the general aspect of things was so bright and cheerful that the Rev. Lemuel Styles whispered to Mrs. Hamilton Bue: "Really, I am afraid this looks a little like levity."

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"But it's trying to the eyes to sew with a dim light," said she ; "and we want to do a good deal for the Fund this evening."

"Ah ! *that*, indeed !" he ejaculated, smiling blandly as he contemplated Miss Eliza Clancy and Miss Ann Parrott, who were comparing the dresses for their little brown namesakes. . . .

Again the clacking of tongues rose high and shrill, lessening only for a few minutes after the distribution of wedges of molasses-cake, offered by Mrs. Hamilton Bue's black-mitted hands. Mr. Hamilton Bue followed in her wake with a jingling tray, covered with glasses of lemonade, which the ladies sipped delicately. The four spinsters, observing that Mrs. Lemuel Styles drank but the half of her glass, replaced theirs, also half-filled, though it went to their hearts to do so. . . .

When the last guest had disappeared Mr. Hamilton Bue carefully closed and locked the doors, and then remarked to his wife, who was engaged in putting out the extra lamps : "Well, Martha, I think we've done very well, though I say it that shouldn't. Mr. Styles liked your tea, and the cake must have been pretty good, judging from the way they stowed it out of sight."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bue ; "I was afraid, at one time, there wouldn't be enough to go round. It's well I made up my mind, at the last minute, to bake five, instead of four. Molasses is so high."

"Oh, what's the odds of two shillings more or less," her husband consolingly remarked, "when you've got to make a regular spread ? Besides, I guess I'll clear expenses by persuading Woodbury to insure his house in our concern. Dennisons always took the Etna."—*Hannah Thurston.*

FRIEND GULIELMA THURSTON AND HER DAUGHTER.*

Friend Gulielma Thurston, leaning back in the rocking-chair, had suffered her hands, with the knitting they held, to sink into her lap, and looked out upon the hazy

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valley. Her thin face, framed in the close Quaker cap, which barely allowed her gray hair to appear at the temples, wore a sweet, placid expression, though the sunken eyes and set lips told of physical suffering. The spotless book-muslin handkerchief, many-folded, covered her neck and breast, and a worsted apron was tied over her drab gown, rather from habit than use. As she basked in the balmy warmth of the day, her wasted fingers unconsciously clasped themselves in a manner that expressed patience and trust. These were the prominent qualities of her nature—the secret of her cheerfulness and the source of her courage.

Hannah Thurston was somewhat above the average height of women, though not noticeably tall, and a little too slender for beauty. Her hands were thin, but finely formed, and she carried them as if they were a conscious portion of herself, not an awkward attachment. Her face would have been a perfect oval, except that the forehead, instead of being low and softly rounded, was rather squarely developed in the reflective region, and the cheeks, though not thin, lacked the proper fullness of outline. Her hair was of a rich, dark brown, black in shadow, and the delicate arches of the eyebrows were drawn with a clear, even pencil, above the earnest gray eyes, dark and deep under the shadow of their long lashes. The nose was faultless, and the lips, although no longer wearing their maidenly ripeness and bloom, were so pure in outline, so sweetly firm in their closing junction, so lovely in their varying play of expression, that the life of her face seemed to dwell in them alone. Her smile had a rare benignity and beauty. The paleness of her face being, to some extent, a feature of her physical temperament, did not convey the impression of impaired health; a ruddy tint would not have harmonized with the spiritual and sensitive character of her countenance. No one would have dreamed of calling Hannah Thurston a beauty. In society nine men would have passed her without a thought; but the tenth would have stood still, and said: "Here is a woman 'to sit at a king's right hand in thunder-storms,'" and would have carried her face in his memory forever.—*Hannah Thurston*

MAXWELL WOODBURY.*

An unusual stir in the sitting-room interrupted the conversation. There were exclamations—noises of moving chairs—indistinct phrases—and presently the strong voice of the Hon. Zeno Harder was heard : “Very happy to make your acquaintance, sir—*very* happy !” Mrs. Waldo slipped to the door and peeped in, telegraphing her observations in whispers to the little party behind the stairs. “There’s Mr. Hammond—the lawyer, you know, from Tiberius, and another gentleman—a stranger. Tall and sunburnt, with a mustache, but I like his looks. Ah !” Here she darted back to her seat. “Would you believe it ?—the very man we were talking about—Mr. Woodbury !” . . . Miss Thurston, looking up with a natural curiosity, encountered a pair of earnest brown eyes which happened, at the moment, to rest mechanically upon her. The stranger bowed with easy self-possession and a genial air which asserted his determination to enjoy the society.

The introduction of a new element into a society so purely local as that of Ptolemy is generally felt as a constraint. Where the stranger is a man of evident cultivation, whose superiority, in various respects, is instinctively felt, but would be indignantly disclaimed if anyone dared to assert it, there is, especially, a covert fear of his judgment. His eye and ear are supposed to be intensely alert and critical ; conversation becomes subdued and formal at his approach ; the romping youths and maidens subside into decorous and tedious commonplaces until the first chill of his presence is overcome. Mr. Woodbury had tact enough to perceive and dissipate this impression. His habitual manners were slightly touched with reserve, but no man could unbend more easily or gracefully. . . .

Hannah Thurston felt that there was a germ of harsh, material truth in his words, besides which her aspirations lost somewhat of their glow. Again she was conscious of a painful, unwelcome sense of repulsion. “Is there no faith ?” she asked herself ; “are there no lofty

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human impulses, under this ripe intelligence?" The soft, liquid lustre faded out of her eyes, and the eager, animated expression of her face passed away like the sunshine from a cloud, leaving it cold and gray. . . .

"No," said Hannah Thurston, somewhat startled, "I cannot coldly dissect an author whom I so heartily admire."

Woodbury smiled very, very slightly, but her quick eye caught and retained his meaning. "Then I will not dissect him for you," he said; "though I think you would find a pleasure in the exercise of the critical faculty to counterbalance the loss of an indiscriminate admiration. I speak for myself, however. I cannot be content until I ascertain the real value of a man and his works, though a hundred pleasant illusions are wrecked in the process. A man who knows how to see, to think, and to judge, though he may possess but an average intellect, is able to get at all important truths himself, without taking them at second-hand."

There was no assumption of superiority—not the slightest trace of intellectual arrogance in Woodbury's manner. He spoke with the simple frankness of a man who was utterly unconscious that he was dealing crushing blows on the mental habits of his listener—not seeming to recognize, even, that they were different from his own. It was a species of mental antagonism for which she was not prepared. To her mother, who judged men more or less by that compound of snow and fire who had been her husband, Woodbury's manner was exceedingly grateful. She perceived, as her daughter did not, the different mental complexion of the sexes; and moreover, she now recognized in him a man with courage enough to know the world without bitterness of heart. . . .

During this visit Hannah Thurston indulged without reserve in the satisfaction it gave to her. She always found it far more agreeable to like than to dislike. Woodbury's lack of that enthusiasm which in her soul was an ever-burning and mounting fire—his cold and dispassionate power of judgment—his tolerance of what she considered perverted habits of the most reprehensible character, and his indifference to those wants and

wrongs of the race which continually appeal to the Reformer's aid, had at first given her the impression that the basis of his character was hard and selfish. She had since modified this view, granting him the high attributes of truth and charity; she had witnessed the manifestations of his physical and moral courage; but his individuality still preserved a cold, statuesque beauty. His mastery over himself, she supposed, extended to his intellectual passions and his affections. He would only be swayed by them so far as seemed to him rational and convenient. His words to her mother recalled to her mind, she knew not why, the description of her father's death. It was possible that an equal capacity for passion might here again be hidden under a cold, immovable manner. She began to suspect, now, that she had been mistaken in her judgment of Woodbury. Her strong sense of justice commanded her to rectify the mistake, while her recognition of it weakened her faith in herself.—*Hannah Thurston.*

THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN BECOMES WEAK.*

A pause ensued. The stream gurgled on, and the purple hills smiled through the gaps in the autumnal foliage. "Do you believe that Ida was happier with the Prince, supposing he were faithful to the picture he drew, than if she had remained at the head of her college?" he suddenly asked.

"You will acquit me of hostility to your sex when I say 'yes.' The Prince promised her equality, not subjection. It is said that the noble and eloquent close of the poem should be its most imaginative part."

The tone of mournful unbelief in her voice fired Woodbury's blood. His heart protested against her words and demanded to be heard. "No," he said, warmly and earnestly, "the picture is not imaginative. Its counterpart exists in the heart of every true man. There can be no ideal perfection in marriage because there is none in life; but it can, and should, embody the tenderest affection, the deepest trust, the divinest

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charity, and the purest faith which human nature is capable of manifesting. I, for one man, found my own dream in the words of the Prince. I have not remained unmarried from a selfish independence or from a want of reverence for woman. Because I hold her so high, because I seek to set her side by side with me in love and duty and confidence, I cannot profane her or myself by an imperfect union. I do not understand love without the most absolute mutual knowledge, and a trust so complete that there can be no question of rights on either side. Where that is given, man will never withhold, nor will woman demand, what she should or should not possess. That is my dream of marriage, and it is not a dream too high for attainment in this life !”

Woodbury had not intended to say so much. . . . Could it be that he had awakened the memory of some experience of love through which she had passed? After the first jealous doubt which this thought inspired, it presented itself to his mind as a relief. The duty which pressed upon him would be more lightly performed ; the test to which he must first subject her would be sure of success. . . .

On entering the cottage, she at first went upstairs to her own room : She must have five minutes alone to think upon what has passed. But her thoughts were an indistinct chaos, through which only two palpable sensations crossed each other as they moved to and fro—one of unreasoning joy, one of equally unreasoning terror. Her eyes fell upon the volume of *The Princess*. She took it up and read, involuntarily :

“ Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea,
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold on fold, of mountain and of cape,
But oh, too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer could I give?
I love not hollow cheek and fading eye,
Yet oh, my friend, I would not have thee die :
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are sealed.
I strove against the stream, and strove in vain :
Let the great river bear me to the main !
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield—
Ask me no more."

The weird, uncontrollable power which had taken possession of her reached its climax. She threw down the book and burst into tears.

. . . "Let the Past be past. I know you now. My confidence was not entirely magnanimous. It was a test."

"And I have stood it?" she faltered.

"Not yet," he answered, and his voice trembled into a sweet and solemn strain, to which every nerve in her body seemed to listen. "Not yet! You must hear it now. . . . I am beyond the delusions of youth, but not beyond the wants of manhood. I described to you, the other day, on this spot, my dream of marriage. It was not an ideal picture. Hannah Thurston, I thought of *you*!"

. . . He took her other hand, and, holding them both, whispered: "Hannah, look at me." She turned her head slowly, with a helpless submission, and lifted her face. Her cheeks were wet with tears, and her lovely, dark-gray eyes, dimmed by the floods that had gushed from them in spite of herself, met his gaze imploringly. The strong soul of manhood met and conquered the woman in that glance. He read his triumph, but veiled his own consciousness of it—curbed his triumphant happiness, lest she should take alarm. Softly and gently, he stole one arm around her waist and drew her to his breast. . . . He drew her once more softly to his breast and kissed her lips. There was no resistance, but a timid, answering pressure. He kissed her again, with the passionate, clinging sweetness of a heart that seals an eternal claim. She tore herself loose from him and cried, with a fiery vehemence: "God will curse you if you deceive me now! You have bound me to think of you day and night, to recall your looks and words, to—oh, Maxwell, to what have you not bound my heart!"—*Hannah Thurston.*



TAYLOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, an American journalist, poet, and war correspondent, born at Lowville, N. Y., July 19, 1819; died at Cleve'and, Ohio, February 24, 1887. He was a graduate of Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., of which institution his father, Stephen W. Taylor, was president. For many years he was literary editor of the *Chicago Evening Journal*. He travelled in Mexico and visited the South Sea Islands. In his latter years he lived at Wheaton, Ill. His volumes are: *January and June* (1853); *Old Time Pictures and Sheaves of Rhyme* (1874); *Songs of Yesterday* (1877); *Dulce Domum* (1884); complete edition of *Poems* (1887), and prose works—*Pictures in Camp and Field* (1871); *The World on Wheels* (1873); *Summer Savory, Gleaned from Rural Nooks* (1879); *Between the Gates*, pictures of California life (1881), and *Theophilus Trent*, a novel (1887). His poems are full of imagination and humor, with many random fancies, often overstrained.

"Mr. Taylor has written some of the most beautiful literary sketches, and some of the sweetest gems of poetry, that have been penned in the Western country," says William T. Coggeshall, in *Poets and Poetry of the West*. "His originality of thought, scope of imagination, and power of language are remarkable."

MOWING.

A breeze drops out of the maple
And travels the rippling grain,
The fog lifts white from the river,
The glorified ghost of rain
Ascending to Heaven again.

The fields are grand in their velvet,
The tall grass rustles red,
The bees boil up in their anger,
The meadow-lark leaves her bed,
Right onward the mowers tread!

With steady stride they are swaying
The swath with the chronic writhe ;
A waspy rush and a rustle,
A swing to the grasses lithe,
Right home through the swath the scythe!

Then rising, falling, and drifting,
As buoys on the billows ride,
The braided brims of the shadows
Afloat on the red-top tide
The brows of the mowers hide.

The blades are rasping and sweeping,
The timothy tumbles free,
The field is ridgy and rolling
With swaths like the surging sea
Heaped up to the toiler's knee.

Hark ! *whit-to-whit* of the whetstone—
The stridulous kiss of steel,
The shout of winners exultant
That distance the field, and wheel
As gay as a Highland reel.

Swing right ! Swing left ! And the mowers
Stream out in a sea-bird flight,
The line grows dimmer and dotted

With flickering shirt-sleeves white,
Washed clean in the morning light.

The steel-cold eddies are whirling
About and about their feet.
Die ! Clover, Grasses, and Daisies !
No dead in the world so sweet,
Ye slain of the windrow street.

Oh, wreck and raid of September !
Oh, prodigal death to die !
Till April gay, with her ribbon,
Comes bringing the blue-bird sky.
Oh, lilies of Christ, good-by !

MILKING-TIME.

At the foot of the hill the milk-house stands,
Where the balm of Gilead spreads his hands,
And the willow trails each pendent tip
The lazy lash of a golden whip,
And an ice-cold spring with a tinkling sound
Makes a bright edge for the dark-green ground.

Cool as a cave is the air within,
Brave are the shelves with the burnished tin
Of the curving shores, and the seas of white
That turn to gold in a single night,
As if the disk of a winter moon
Should take the tint of a new doubloon.

Burned to a coal the amber day,
Noon's splendid fire has faded away,
And, lodged on the edge of a world grass-grown,
Like a great live ember, glows the sun ;
When it falls behind the crimson bars
Look out for the sparks of the early stars.

With the clang of her bell a motherly brown—
No trace of her lineage handed down—
Is leading the long, deliberate line
Of the Devons red and the Durhams fine.

"Co-boss!" "Co-boss!" and the caravan
With a dowager swing comes down the lane,
And lowing along from the clover-bed
Troops over the bars with a lumbering tread.

Under the lee of the patient beasts,
On their tripod stools, like Pythian priests,
The tow-clad boys and the linsey girls
Make the cows "give down" in milky swirls.
There's a stormy time in the drifted pails,
There's a sea-foam swath in the driving gales,
Then girls and boys, with whistle and song,
Two pails apiece, meander along
The winding path in the golden gloom,
And set the milk in the twilight room.

NIGHT ON THE FARM.

Now all clucked home in their feather beds
Are the velvety chicks of the downy heads,
In the old Dutch style, with the beds above,
All under the wings of a hovering love,
But a few chinked in, as plump as wrens,
Around the edge of the ruffled hens.

With nose in the grass the dog keeps guard,
With long-drawn breaths, in the old farm-yard
The cattle stand on the scattered straw,
And cease the swing of the under jaw.

The cat's eyes shine in the currant-bush,
Dews in the grass and stars in the hush,
And over the marsh the lightning-bug
Is swinging his lamp to the bull-frog's chug,
And the slender chaps in the greenish tights,
That jingle and trill the sleigh-bell nights.

The shapes with the padded feet prowl round
And the crescent moon has run aground,
And the inky beetles blot the night
And have blundered out the candle-light!

And everywhere the pillows fair
Are printed with heads of tumbled hair.
Time walks the house with a clock-tick tread,
Without and within the farm's abed.

—*Songs of Yesterday.*

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

To claim the Arctic came the sun
With banners of the burning zone.
Unrolled upon their airy spars,
They froze beneath the light of stars ;
And there they float, those streamers old,
Those Northern Lights, forever cold.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

Oh ! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime
As it blends in the Ocean of Tears.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of the snow
All the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow
As it glides into shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there ;
There are beams of beauty and bosoms of sorrow,
There are heaps of dust—oh ! we love them so—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer.

There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken beams-and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved ones used to wear.

Oh ! remember for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of our life until night ;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile
And our eyes are closed in slumbers awhile
May the home of our souls be in sight !

BUNKER HILL.

To the wail of the fife and the snarl of the drum
Those hedgers and ditchers of Bunker Hill come
Down out of the battle with rumble and roll,
Straight across the two ages, right into the soul,
And bringing for captive the day that they won
With a deed that, like Joshua, halted the sun.
Like bells in their towers tolled the guns from the town,
Beat that low earthen bulwark so sullen and brown,
As if Titans last night had ploughed the one bout
And abandoned the field for a Yankee redoubt ;
But for token of life that the parapet gave
They might as well play on Miles Standish's grave.
Then up the green hill rolled the red of the Georges
And down the green vale rolled the grime of the forges ;
Ten rods from the ridges hung the live surge,
Not a murmur to meet it broke over the verge,
But the click of flint-locks in the furrows along
And the chirp of a sparrow just singing her song.
In the flash of an eye, as the dead shall be raised,
The dull bastion kindled, the parapet blazed,
And the musketry cracked, glowing hotter and higher,
Like a forest of hemlock its lashes of fire,
And redder the scarlet and riven the ranks,
And Putnam's guns hung, with a roar on the flanks.
Now the battle grows dumb and the grenadiers wheel—
'Tis the crash of clubbed musket, the thrust of cold
steel,
At bay all the way, while the guns held their breath,
Foot to foot, eye to eye, with each other and Death.
Call the roll, Sergeant Time. Match the day if you can ;
Waterloo was for Britons—Bunker Hill is for man.

OCTOBER.

When October comes,
And poplars drift their leafage down in flakes of gold
below,
And beeches burn like twilight fires that used to tell of
snow,
And maples, bursting into flame, set all the hills a-fire,
And Summer from her evergreens sees Paradise draw
nigher—
A thousand sunsets all at once distil like Hermon's dew,
And linger on the waiting woods and stain them through
and through
As if all earth had blossomed out, one grand Corinthian
flower,
To crown Time's graceful capital for just one gorgeous
hour.
They strike their colors to the king of all the stately
throng—
He comes in pomp, October ! To him all times belong ;
The frost is on his sandals, but the flush is on his cheeks,
September sheaves are in his arms, June voices when
he speaks ;
The elms lift bravely, like a torch within a Grecian
hand :
See where they light the monarch on through the splen-
did land.
The sun puts on a human look behind the hazy fold,
The mid-year moon of silver is struck anew in gold,
In honor of the very day that Moses saw of old,
For in the burning bush that blazed as quenchless as a
sword
The old lieutenant first beheld October and the Lord.
Ah, then, October, let it be—
I'll claim my dying day from thee.



TAYLOR, HANNIS, a contemporary American statesman and writer on constitutional law, was born in North Carolina in 1851. Very little has been published concerning his life. He was long known in Mobile, Ala., as a resident lawyer of great reputation. In 1889 appeared his great work on *The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution*. From 1893 to 1897 he was United States Minister to Spain. He has contributed valuable papers to the reviews; especially the *North American Review*.

"Mr. Taylor has entirely succeeded," said the Boston *Literary World*, upon the appearance of his work on the English constitution, "in his object of writing a volume on the historical development of the English constitutional system such as is demanded by the present stage of political knowledge. The modern historical school of writers on politics finds here a very intelligent and entirely adequate representative, who is at once master of his matter and of a clear and forcible style which makes his volume eminently interesting to students of institutions. His survey of the English Constitution from an American standpoint will have a pertinency and force which no volume from the hand of a foreign writer can entirely equal."

THE WEAK SPOT IN THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

The one great difficulty, disclosed by experience, has arisen out of the impossible attempt to put a republican president into the shoes of a modern constitutional monarch whose functions are exercised by a Ministry which in France is the servant of two popular assemblies. In making that dangerous experiment, the French statesmen of 1875 marred their work by departing from the firm basis of historical experience into the unknown realm of abstract speculation, and what inevitably happens in all such cases has taken place. Nobody had ever attempted such a thing before, and no one else has been bold enough to attempt such a thing since. A careful student of the English constitution who clearly comprehends the subtilty of that part of its mysterious organization which regulates the relations of the crown with the chambers, and the chambers with each other, through a set of unrecorded conventions, can understand in a moment why that part of its intricate machinery cannot be adapted to a republic with a written and dogmatic fundamental law. In the first place, the fiction is that the English sovereign really governs as of old; the fact is that she does not govern at all. The fiction is that the two chambers are co-ordinate and coequal; the fact is that the real sovereignty resides in the House of Commons. In the French, as in all other republican constitutions, the two chambers are really co-ordinate and coequal, and therefore capable of conflict; and that of itself is sufficient to derange the entire mechanism, as demonstrated by a very recent experience fresh in the minds of everybody. To that difficulty must also be added the fact that a republican president taken from the ranks of the people cannot be clothed with the mysterious awe and dignity with which time alone can robe a king. But no matter what the reasons may be, the fact remains that this subtile monarchical organism has never been successfully grafted upon a republican system, and the fate of the attempt in France conclusively proves, certainly so far as she is concerned, that the undertaking is impracticable. To

her it has given an executive power so unstable and precarious that any policy, internal or external, that may be inaugurated is broken up, on an average, every eight months, and the evil is increasing every day. The genius of no statesman can overcome the difficulties inherent in a fatally defective system, and since the inauguration of the present régime nearly all of France's great political chiefs have been discredited, generally without any fault of their own. If the evil is continued without remedy the inevitable result will be to discredit the republican plan as a whole, and its enemies will cry out that it is incapable of leading France safely along the difficult and dangerous path which she must certainly tread for a long time to come.—*From an article in the North American Review for February, 1897.*





TAYLOR, SIR HENRY, an English dramatic poet and essayist, born October 18, 1800; died at Bournemouth, March 27, 1886. He was, during the greater part of his life, connected with the British Colonial Office. His principal dramatic poems are: *Isaac Comnenus* (1827); *Philip van Artevelde*, by which he is best known (1834); *Edwin the Fair* (1842); *A Sicilian Summer* (1850); *St. Clement's Eve* (1862). Among his volumes of prose essays are: *The Statesman* (1836); *Notes from Life*, *Notes from Books*, *The Ways of the Rich and Great*, and *Modern Poets*. His *Autobiography* was published in 1885.

"Sir Henry Taylor," says Richard Garnett, "is pre-eminently the statesman among English poets. When he can speak poetically in this character he is impressive, almost great; when he deals with the more prosaic aspects of policy he is dignified and weighty, without being altogether a poet; when his theme is entirely unrelated to the conduct of public affairs or private life he is usually little more than an accomplished man of letters. . . . The circumstance of *Philip van Artevelde* being to a great extent the vehicle of his own ideas and feelings explains its great superiority to his other works. It is subjective as well as objective, and to a certain extent lyrical in feeling, though not in form. Though more elaborate than

any of his other dramas, it seems to smell less of the lamp."

It may be added to this estimate that Taylor shared the fate of George Borrow—to be immensely popular, and then to be so entirely forgotten that the publication of his *Autobiography* in 1885 (the year before his death), caused an actual shock of surprise to a reading public that had long thought him dead. But there the resemblance ends; for, while Borrow's fame is renescent, Taylor's books still stand on dusty library shelves.

JOHN OF LAUNOY—CAPTAIN OF GHENT.

Dean of Ghent.—Beside Nivelles the Earl and Launoy met,

Six thousand voices shouted with the last :

"Ghent, the good town ! Ghent and the Chaperons Blancs !"

But from that force thrice-fold there came the cry
Of "Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard !"

So there the battle joined, and they of Ghent

Gave back and opened after three hours' fight ;

And hardly flying had they gained Nivelles,

When the Earl's vanguard came upon their rear,

Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them.

Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,

Who, barricaded in the minster tower,

Made desperate resistance ; whereupon

The Earl waxed wrothful and bade fire the church.

Burgher —Say'st thou ? Oh, sacrilege accursed !

Was't done ?

Dean.—"Twas done ; and presently was heard a yell,
And after that the rushing of the flames.

Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud—

"A ransom !" and held up his coat to sight

With florins filled ; but they without but laughed

And mocked him, saying : "Come amongst us, John,

And we will give thee welcome ! make a leap ;
 Come out at window, John !” With that the flames
 Rose up and reached him ; and he drew his sword,
 Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,
 And shouting, “Ghent ! ye slaves !” leaped fiercely forth,
 When they below received him on their spears.
 And so died John of Launoy.

Burgher.—

A brave end.

’Tis certain we must now make peace by times,
 The city will be starvèd else.—Will be, said I ?
 Starvation is upon us.

Van Artevelde.—

I never looked that he should
 live so long.

He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
 He seemed to live by miracle. His food
 Was glory, which was poison to his mind,
 And peril to his body. He was one
 Of many thousands such as die betimes,
 Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
 Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
 And he’s a prodigy. Compute the chances,
 And deem there’s ne’er a one in dangerous times
 Who wins the race of glory, but than him
 A thousand men more gloriously endowed
 Have fallen upon the course ; a thousand others
 Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
 Whilst lighter barks pushed past them ; to whom add
 A smaller tally of the singular few,
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,
 Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Father John.—Had Launoy lived, he might have
 passed for great,

But not by conquest in the Franc of Bruges.
 The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all
 Which makes the wonder of the many. Still,
 An ardent soul was Launoy’s, and his deeds
 Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
 There’ll be some bright eyes in Ghent bedimmed for
 him.

Van Arte.—They will be dim, and then be bright
 again.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion ;
 And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
 Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
 And lightly is death mourned. A dark star blinks
 As fleets the rack ; but look again, and lo !
 In a wide solitude of wintry sky
 Twinkled the re-illuminated star,
 And all is out of sight that smirched the ray—
 We have no time to mourn.

Father John.— The worse for us !
 He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend ;
 Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
 For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
 Where Sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
 There Wisdom will not enter, nor true Power,
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
 Yet—such the barrenness of busy life !—
 From shell to shell Ambition clambers up
 To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all ;
 Whilst Magnanimity, absorbed from toil,
 Reposes self-included at the base.
 But this thou knowest.

—*From Philip van Artevelde.*

A WIFE.

She was a creature framed by love divine
 For mortal love to muse a life away
 In pondering her perfections ; so unmoved
 Amidst the world's contentions, if they touched
 No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
 Philosophy might look her in the face,
 And, like a hermit stooping to the well
 That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
 See but his own serenity reflected
 With a more heavenly tenderness of hue !
 Yet whilst the world's ambitious, empty cares,
 Its small disquietudes and insect stings,
 Disturbed her never, she was one made up
 Of feminine affections, and her life
 Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.

—*From Philip van Artevelde.*

HEART-REST.

The heart of man, walk it which way it will,
 Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
 Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
 Or mid the clang of trumpets and the march
 Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
 Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
 Its inn of rest ; and craving still must seek
 The food of its affections—still must slake
 Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
 And pleasant to behold.

—*From Philip van Artevelde.*

THE SCHOLAR.

This life, and all that it contains, to him
 Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams
 Filled with book-wisdom, pictured thought and love
 That on its own creations spends itself.
 All things he understands, and nothing does.
 Profusely eloquent in copious praise
 Of action, he will talk to you as one
 Whose wisdom lay in dealings and transactions ;
 Yet so much action as might tie his shoe
 Cannot his will command ; himself alone
 By his own wisdom not a jot the gainer.
 Of silence, and the hundred thousand things
 'Tis better not to mention, he will speak,
 And still most wisely.

ATHULF AND ETHILDA.

Athulf.—

Appeared

The princess with that merry child Prince Guy :
 He loves me well, and made her stop and sit,
 And sat upon her knee, and it so chanced
 That in his various chatter he denied
 That I could hold his hand within my own
 So closely as to hide it : this being tried
 Was proved against him ; he insisted then
 I could not by his royal sister's hand
 Do likewise. Starting at the random word,

And dumb with trepidation, there I stood
 Some seconds as bewitched ; then I looked up,
 And in her face beheld an orient flush
 Of half-bewildered pleasure : from which trance
 She with an instant ease resumed herself,
 And frankly, with a pleasant laugh, held out
 Her arrowy hand.

I thought it trembled as it lay in mine,
 But yet her looks were clear, direct, and free,
 And said that she felt nothing.

Sidroc.—

And what felt'st thou ?

Athulf.—A sort of swarming, curling, tremulous
 tumbling,

As though there were an ant-hill in my bosom.

I said I was ashamed.—*Sidroc*, you smile :

If at my folly, well ; but if you smile,

Suspicious of a taint upon my heart,

Wide is your error, and you never loved.

—*Edwin the Fair.*

WISDOM AND GENIUS.

Wisdom is not the same with understanding, talents, capacity, ability, sagacity, sense, or prudence : not the same with any one of these ; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters ; a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature. It is for this cause that a high order of Wisdom—that is, a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of Genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one ; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength. But they hardly ever reach so high, inasmuch as great intellect—according to the ways of Providence—almost always brings along with it great infirmities ; or, at least, infirmities which appear great, owing to the scale of operation ; and it is certainly exposed to unusual temptations ; for as power and pre-eminence lie before it, so ambition attends it—which, while it determines the will and strengthens the activities, inevitably weakens the moral fabric.

Wisdom is corrupted by ambition, even when the quality of the ambition is intellectual. For ambition, even of this quality, is but a form of self-love, which, seeking gratification in the consciousness of intellectual power, is too much delighted with the exercise to have a single and paramount regard to the end, and it is not according to wisdom that the end—that is, the moral and spiritual consequences—should suffer derogation in favor of the intellectual means. God is love; and God is light; whence it results that Love is Light, and it is only by following the effluence of that light that intellectual power issues into Wisdom. The intellectual power which loses that light, and issues into intellectual pride, is out of the way to wisdom, and will not attain even to intellectual greatness. For though many arts, gifts, and attainments may coexist in much force with intellectual pride, an open greatness cannot; and of all the correspondences between the moral and intellectual nature, there is none more direct and immediate than that of humility with capaciousness. If pride of intellect be indulged in, it will mark out to a man conscious of great talents the circle of his own intellectual experiences as the only one in which he can keenly recognize and appreciate the intellectual universe; and there is no order of intellectual men which stands in a more strict limitation than that of a man who cannot conceive what he cannot contain. . . .

If Wisdom be defeated by Ambition and Self-love, when these are occupied with the mere consciousness of intellectual power, still more is it so when they are eager to obtain recognition and admiration from without. Those who are much conversant with intellectual men will observe, I think, that the particular action of self-love by which their minds are most frequently warped from wisdom is that which belongs to a pride and pleasure taken in the exercise of the argumentative faculty. Whence it arises that this faculty is enabled to assert a predominance over its betters. With such men the elements of a question which will make effect in argument—those which are, so far as they go, demonstrative—will be rated above their value; and those which are matter of proportion and degree—not paipa-

ble, ponderable, or easily producible in words, or which are matters of moral estimation and optional opinion—will go for less than they are worth, because they are not available to secure the victory or grace the triumph of a disputant. . . .

Wisdom without Genius—far more precious gift than Genius without Wisdom—by God's blessing upon the humble and loving heart, though not as often met with as "the ordinary of Nature's sale-work," is yet not altogether rare ; for the desire to be right will go a great way toward Wisdom. Intellectual guidance is the less needed where there is little to lead astray ; where humility lets the heart loose to the impulses of love. That we can be wise by impulse seems a paradox to some ; but it is a part of that true doctrine which traces wisdom to the moral as well as the intellectual mind—and more easily to the former than to the latter.

The doctrine of wisdom by impulse is no doubt liable to be much misused and misapplied. The right to rest upon such a creed accrues only to those who have so trained their nature as to be entitled to trust it. It is the impulse of the *habitual* heart which the judgment may fairly follow upon occasion ; of the heart which, being habitually humble and loving, has been framed by Love to Wisdom. Some such fashioning love will always effect ; for love cannot exist without solicitude ; solicitude brings thoughtfulness ; and it is in a thoughtful love that the wisdom of the heart consists. The impulse of such a heart will take its shape and guidance from the very mould in which it is cast, without any application of the reason express ; and the most inadvertent motion of a wise heart will for the most part be wisely directed : providentially, let us rather say ; for Providence has no more eminent seat than in the wisdom of the heart.—*Notes from Life.*



TAYLOR, ISAAC, an English religious and philosophical essayist, born at Lavenham, Suffolk, August 17, 1787; died at Stanford Rivers, June 28, 1865. He belonged to a family which for four successive generations produced an Isaac Taylor eminent in religious literature. He was an artist of considerable promise, but devoted himself especially to writing upon philosophical and ethical subjects. His principal works are: *Elements of Thought* (1825); *The Process of Historical Proof* (1829); *The Natural History of Enthusiasm* (1831); *Spiritual Despotism* (1835); *Physical Theory of Another Life* (1839); *Saturday Evening* (1842); *Natural History of Fanaticism* (1843); *Loyola and Jesuitism* (1849); *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry* (1852); *The Restoration of Belief* (1855).

His son, ISAAC TAYLOR, born at Stanford Rivers, Essex, is a writer of philological subjects. He was educated at King's College, London, and was graduated in 1853, at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1857 he took orders in the Established Church. His principal works are *Words and Places* (1864), *Etruscan Researches* (1874), *Greeks and Goths* (1879), and *The Alphabet* (1883).

Of the *Etruscan Researches* of Isaac Taylor, Jr., Max Müller, in the *Academy*, says: "As both the Semitic and Aryan keys have failed, he has tried a Turanian key. He has certainly turned his key

once or twice, but the lock is not opened, and the reason why the key turned round at all was simply because it is very smooth and small and has very few wards. . . . Mr. Taylor, before attempting a task that has baffled the best scholars, has not even made himself acquainted with the simplest rules of comparative philology."

Of his *The Alphabet*, the *Saturday Review* says: "Dr. Taylor has contrived to make his history of writing not only scholarly and sufficiently learned, but thoroughly clear and readable. . . . The first seventy pages, in which the primitive non-alphabetic scripts are discussed, are the least satisfactory in the book. Dr. Taylor is here clearly out of his depth."

EXHAUSTION OF THE EMOTIONAL FACULTIES.

Everyone accustomed to reflect upon the operations of his own mind must be aware of a distinction between the intellectual and moral faculties as to the rate at which they severally move. Even the milder emotions of love and joy, and much more the vehement sensations, such as hatred, anger, jealousy, revenge, despair, tend always toward this sort of rapid enhancement, and fail to do so, as they are checked either by a sense of danger connected with the indulgence of them, or by feelings of corporeal exhaustion, or by the interference of the incidents and interests of common life. Especially is it to be noticed that those of the emotions which kindle or are kindled by the imagination are liable to an acceleration such as produces a physical excitement highly perilous both to mind and body, and needing to be speedily diverted. And although the purely moral emotions are not accompanied by precisely the same sort of corporeal disturbance, nevertheless when they actually gain full possession of the soul they rapidly exhaust

the physical powers, and bring on a state of torpor, or of general indifference.

Now this exhaustion manifestly belongs to the animal organization : nor can we doubt that if it were possible to retain the body in a state of neutrality, or of perfect quiescence, during a state of profound emotion, then these same affections might advance much farther, and become far more intense than as it is they ever can or may. The corporeal limitation of the passions becomes, in truth, a matter of painful consciousness whenever they arise to an unusual height or are long continued, and there takes place then within the bosom an agony, partly animal, partly mental, and a very uneasy sense of the inadequateness of our strongest emotions to the occasion that calls them out. We feel that we cannot feel as we should ; emotions are frustrate, and the affections which should have sprung upward are detained in a paroxysm on earth. It is thus with the noblest sentiments, and thus with profound grief ; and the malign and vindictive passions draw their tormenting force from this very sense of restraint, and they *rend* the soul because they can *move* it so little. Does there not arise amidst these convulsions of our nature a tacit anticipation of a future state, in which the soul shall be able to feel and to take its full of emotion ?—*Physical Theory of Another Life*—ISAAC TAYLOR, SR.





TAYLOR, JANE, born in London, September 23, 1783; died at Ongar, Essex, April 12, 1824, and her sister, ANN, born in 1782; died in 1830, English poets and juvenile writers, daughters of Isaac Taylor, of Ongar. The sisters were brought up at Lavenham, where their father, who was an accomplished engraver, had his residence. The daughters learned engraving, and early began to write poems designed for the young. Among their joint productions are: *Poems for Infant Minds*, *Rhymes for the Nursery*, *Hymns for Infant Minds*, *Rural Scenes*, *City Scenes*. Ann Taylor was married to Josiah Gilbert, a dissenting clergyman, who died in 1852, of whom she wrote a *Memoir*. Her own *Memoirs* were written by her son, Josiah Gilbert. Besides the works produced in conjunction with her sister, Jane Taylor wrote *Display*, a novel; *Essays in Rhyme*, and *Contributions of Q. Q.*

“What makes her so interesting, curious, stimulating,” says *Blackwood's*, speaking of Jane Taylor, “is herself. She is so natural, so arch, so frank; she says so exactly what she means, no more and no less; she is so ready to show her pleasure in a compliment; incomprehensible to her would have been Harriet Martineau's affectation of horror at ‘being made a lion of’—she is all this, and more; she is humble-minded, pious, se-

rene. . . . Jane Taylor did not write, she could not have written, for money's sake—to this her tastes and habits would have made her utterly averse; she wrote because she could not help writing, from the pure love of it; and therein lay the key—as it ever does—of success.”

THE SONG OF THE TEA-KETTLE.

Since first began my ominous song,
 Slowly have passed the ages long. . . .
 Slow was the world my worth to glean,
 My visible secret long unseen.
 Surly, apart the nations dwelt,
 Nor yet the magical impulse felt;
 Nor deemed that charity, science, art,
 All that doth honor or wealth impart,
 Spell-bound till mind should set them free,
 Slumbered, and sung in their sleep—in me!
 At length the day in its glory rose
 And off on its spell the Engine goes!
 On whom first fell the amazing dream?
 Watt woke to fetter the giant Steam,
 His fury to crush to mortal rule,
 And wield Leviathan as his tool.
 The monster, breathing disaster wild,
 Is tamed and checked by a tutored child;
 Ponderous and blind, of rudest force,
 A pin or a whisper guides its course.
 Around its sinews of iron play
 The viewless bonds of a mental sway,
 And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower:
 To Knowledge the plighted boon is Power!
 Hark! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels
 At play with the fences of England's fields;
 From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours
 To fill little cisterns at cottage doors;
 'Tis the intricate, many-fingered bright Machine,
 With its flowery film of lace, I ween!
 And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
 The span of yon arched cove beneath;

Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
 Trailing its length in a country's sight ;
 Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,
 The dim valley rises to unfelt day,
 And Man, fitly crowned with brow sublime,
 Conqueror of Distance reigns, and Time.

Lone was the shore where the hero mused,
 His soul through the unknown leagues transfused.
 His perilous bark on the ocean strayed,
 And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed,
 On the solitude strange and drear did spin
 The untracked ways of that restless brine,
 Till at length his shattered sail was furled
 'Mid the golden sands of a Western World.
 Still centuries passed with their measured tread,
 While, winged by the winds, the nations sped ;
 And still did the Moon, as she watched that deep,
 Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep ;
 And sore farewells, as they hove from land,
 Spake of absence long on a distant strand.
 She starts : wild winds at her bosom rage ;
 She laughs in her speed at the war they wage ;
 In queenly pomp on the surf she treads,
 Scarce waking the sea-things from their beds ;
 Fierce as the lightning tracks the cloud,
 She glances on in her glory proud.
 A few bright runs, and at rest she lies
 Glittering to transatlantic skies. . . .

Simpleton man ! Why who would have thought
 To this the song of a tea-kettle brought ?

—ANN TAYLOR.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A slanting ray of evening light
 Shoots through the yellow pane ;
 It wakes the faded crimson bright,
 And gilds the fringe again ;
 The window's Gothic framework falls
 In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new
 How many a cloudless day,

To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away !
How many a setting sun has made
That curious interwork of shade !

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be
That carved this fretted door, I ween—
Acorn and fleur-de-lis ;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore—that now we call—
When James the First was king,
The courtly knight from yonder Hall
His train did hither bring ;
All seated round in order due,
With bordered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask-cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt ;
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumines the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone ;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer.
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he,
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend ;

Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew ;
And in the same procession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished modern squire
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the Hall retire
A season every year ;
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest
Another and another guest—

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate—
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads ;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

—JANE TAYLOR.

THE TOAD'S JOURNAL.

[It is said that Belzoni, the traveller in Egypt, discovered a living toad in a temple which had been for ages buried in the sand.]

In a land for antiquities greatly renowned
A traveller had dug wide and deep under the ground,
A temple for ages entombed, to disclose—
When lo! he disturbed, in its secret repose,
A toad, from whose journal it plainly appears
It had lodged in that mansion some thousands of years.
The roll which this reptile's long history records
A treat to the sage antiquarian affords :
The sense, by obscure hieroglyphics concealed,
Deep learning, at length, with long labor, revealed.
The first thousand years as a specimen take—
The dates are omitted for brevity's sake :
"Crawled forth from some rubbish, and winked with
 one eye ;
Half opened the other, but could not tell why ;
Stretched out my left leg, as it felt rather queer,
Then drew all together and slept for a year.
Awakened, felt chilly—crept under a stone ;
Was vastly contented with living alone.
One toe became wedged in the stone like a peg,
Could not get it away,—had the cramp in my leg ;
Began half to wish for a neighbor at hand
To loosen the stone, which was fast in the sand ;
Pulled harder, then dozed, as I found 't was no use ;—
Awoke the next summer, and lo! it was loose.
Crawled forth from the stone when completely awake ;
Crept into a corner and grinned at a snake.
Retreated, and found that I needed repose ;
Curled up my damp limbs and prepared for a doze ;
Fell sounder to sleep than was usual before,
And did not awake for a century or more ;
But had a sweet dream, as I rather believe :
Methought it was light, and a fine summer's eve ;
And I in some garden deliciously fed
In the pleasant moist shade of a strawberry-bed.
There fine, speckled creatures claimed kindred with me,
And others that hopped, most enchanting to see

Here long I regaled with emotion extreme ;—
 Awoke—disconcerted, to find it a dream ;
 Grew pensive—discovered that life is a load ;
 Began to get weary of being a toad ;
 Was fretful at first, and then shed a few tears.”—
 Here ends the account of the first thousand years.

MORAL.

It seems that life is all a void,
 On selfish thoughts alone employed ;
 That length of days is not a good,
 Unless their use be understood.

—JANE TAYLOR.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
 In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
 Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
 Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain ;
 But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
 We know not ; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
 At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
 In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
 And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray ;
 But success is secure, unless energy fails ;
 And at length he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES

“What were they ?” you ask. You shall presently see
 These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
 Oh, no ; for such properties wondrous had they,
 That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
 Together with articles small or immense,
 From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
 And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
 And naught so reluctant but in it must go :
 All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
 Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.

As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight ;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale ; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest :
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough ;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail ;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense ;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt ;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas THE PEARL OF GREAT
PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof !
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky ;
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

—JANE TAYLOR



TAYLOR, JEREMY, an English bishop and theologian, born at Cambridge (baptized August 15, 1613); died at Lisburn, Ireland, August 13, 1667. He was the son of a barber, by whom he was, as he says, "solely grounded in grammar and mathematics." At thirteen he entered Caius College, Cambridge, as a "sizar," that is, a poor student who performed humble services in the College. He soon attracted the notice of Archbishop Laud, who placed him at All Souls' College, Oxford, and subsequently nominated him to a Fellowship. In 1637 he was appointed to the rectory of Uppington. During the civil wars he took the Royalist side; his living was sequestered, and he was obliged to keep a school as a means of support; he however wrote much and preached as he had opportunity. Upon the restoration of Charles II. he was made Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland, where the remaining seven years of his life were passed in the faithful exercise of his episcopal duties. Jeremy Taylor has been styled "the modern Chrysostom," and he is considered the most eloquent of all British theologians. Not only is his prose style highly poetical, but he wrote some poems, worthy of his prose. The best edition of his *Works* is that edited by Rev. C. P. Eden (10 vols., 1851). His earliest work was *Episcopacy Asserted* (1642); those by which he is

best known are the *Rules and Exercises of Holy Living* and *Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying*. "Taylor's fame," says the Rev. Marcus Dods, "has been maintained by the popularity of his sermons and devotional writings rather than by his influence as a theologian, or his importance as an ecclesiastic. His mind was neither scientific nor speculative, and he was attracted rather to questions of casuistry than to the deeper problems of pure theology. His wide reading and capacious memory enabled him to carry in his mind the materials of a sound historical theology, but these materials were unsifted by criticism. His immense learning served him rather as a storehouse of illustrations, or as an armory out of which he could choose the fittest weapon for discomfiting an opponent, than as a quarry furnishing him with material for building up a completely designed and enduring edifice of systematized truth."

"In the controversial line," says Dr. Shaw, "his best known work is the treatise *On the Liberty of Prophesying*, which must be understood to refer to the general profession of religious principles and the right of all Christians to toleration in the exercise of their worship. This book is the first complete and systematic defence of the great principle of religious toleration; and in it Taylor shows how contrary it is, not only to the spirit of Christianity, but even to the true interests of Government, to interfere with the profession and practice of religious sects. Of course, the argument, though of universal application, was intended by Taylor to

to secure indulgence for what had once been the dominant Church of England, but which was now proscribed and persecuted by the rampant violence of the sectarians. An *Apology for Fixed and Set Forms of Worship* was an elaborate defence of the noble ritual of the Anglican Church. Among his works of a disciplinary and practical tendency I may mention his *Life of Christ, the Great Exemplar*, in which the details scattered through the Evangelists and the Fathers are co-ordinated in a continuous narrative. But the most popular of Taylor's writings are the two admirable treatises, *On the Rule and Exercise of Holy Living* and *On the Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying*, which mutually correspond to and complete each other, and which form an institute of Christian life and conduct adapted to every conceivable circumstance and relation of human existence. This devotional work has enjoyed in England a popularity somewhat similar to that of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* among Roman Catholics; a popularity it deserves for a similar eloquence and unction. The least admirable of his numerous writings, and the only one in which he derogated from his usual tone of courtesy and fairness, was his *Ductor Dubitantium*, a treatise of questions of casuistry. His *Sermons* are very numerous, and are among the most eloquent, learned, and powerful that the whole range of Protestant—nay, the whole range of Christian—literature has produced. As in his character, so in his writings, Taylor is the ideal of an Anglican pastor. Our Church itself being a middle term or compromise between the gorgeous formalism

of Catholicism and the narrow fanaticism of Calvinistic theology, so our great ecclesiastic writers exhibit the union of consummate learning with practical simplicity and fervor.

“Taylor’s style, though occasionally overcharged with erudition and marked by that abuse of quotation which disfigures a great deal of the prose of that age, is uniformly magnificent. The materials are drawn from the whole range of profane as well as sacred literature, and are fused together into a rich and gorgeous unity by the fire of an unequalled imagination. No prose is more melodious than that of this great writer; his periods, though often immeasurably long, and evolving, in a series of subordinate clauses and illustrations, a train of images and comparisons, one springing out of another, roll on with a soft yet mighty swell, which has often something of the enchantment of verse. He has been called by the critic Jeffrey, ‘the most Shakespearian of our great divines;’ but it would be more appropriate to compare him with Spenser. He has the same pictorial fancy, the same voluptuous and languishing harmony; but if he can in any respect be likened to Shakespeare, it is firstly in the vividness of intellect which leads him to follow, digressively, the numberless secondary ideas that spring up as he writes, and often lead him apparently far away from his point of departure, and, secondly, the preference he shows for drawing his illustrations from the simplest and most familiar objects, from the opening rose, the infant streamlet, ‘the little rings and

wanton tendrils of the vine,' the morning song of the soaring lark, or the 'fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood.' Like Shakespeare, too, he knows how to paint the terrible and the sublime no less than the tender and the affecting; and his description of the horrors of the Judgment Day is no less powerful than his exquisite portraiture of married love. Nevertheless, with Spenser's sweetness he has occasionally something of the luscious and enervate languor of Spenser's style. He had studied the Fathers so intensely that he had become infected with something of that lavish and Oriental imagery which many of those great writers exhibited—many of whom, it should be remembered, were Orientals, not only in their style, but in their origin. Taking his personal character and his writings together, Jeremy Taylor may be called the English Fénelon; but in venturing to make this parallel, we must not forget that each of these excellent writers and admirable men possessed the characteristic features of his respective country: if Fénelon's productions, like those of Taylor's, are distinguished by their sweetness, that sweetness is allied in the former to the neat, clear, precise expression which the French literature derives not only from the classical origin of the language, but from the antique writers who have always been set up as models for French imitation; while Jeremy Taylor, with a sweetness not inferior, owes that quality to the same rich and poetic susceptibility to natural beauty that gives such a matchless coloring to the English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

RULES FOR EMPLOYING OUR TIME.

(1.) In the morning, when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes; and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time, beyond the needs and requirements of nature. And sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chamber in the east.—(2.) Let every man that hath a calling be diligent in pursuance of its employment, so as not lightly or without reasonable occasion to neglect it in any of those times which are usually, and by the custom of prudent persons and good husbands, employed in it.—(3.) Let all the intervals or void spaces of time be employed in prayers, reading, meditating works of nature, recreations, charity, friendliness, and neighborhood, and means of corporal and spiritual health; ever remembering so to work in our calling as not to neglect the work of our high calling; but to begin and end the day with God, with such forms of devotion as shall be proper to our necessities.—(4.) The resting-days of Christians, and festivals of the Church, must in no sense be days of idleness; for it is better to plough upon holy days than to do nothing, or to do viciously. But let them be spent in the works of the day—that is, of religion and charity—according to the rule appointed. . . . (7.) In the midst of the work of thy calling often retire to God in short prayers and ejaculations. And those may make up the want of those larger portions of time which, it may be, thou desirest for devotion, and in which thou thinkest other persons have advantage of thee; for so thou reconcilest the outward work and thy inward calling—the Church and the Commonwealth, the employment of thy body and the interest of thy soul; for be sure that God is present at thy breathings and hearty sighs of prayer, as soon as at the longer offices of less busied persons. And thy time is as truly sanctified by a trade and devout though shorter prayers, as by the longer offices of those whose time is not filled

up with labor and useful business.—(8.) Let your employment be such as may become a reasonable person ; and not be a business fit for children or distracted people, but fit for your age and understanding. For a man may be very idly busy, and take great pains for so little purpose that in his labors and expense of time he shall serve no end but of folly and vanity. There are some trades that wholly serve the ends of idle persons and fools ; and such as are fit to be seized upon by the severity of laws, and banished from under the sun. And there are some people who are busy ; but ~~it~~ is as Domitian was, in catching flies.—*Holy Living.*

THY KINGDOM COME.

Lord ! come away !
Why dost Thou stay ?

Thy road is ready ; and Thy paths made straight,
With longing expectation wait

The consecration of Thy beauteous feet !

Ride on triumphantly ! Behold we lay

Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way.

Hosanna ! Welcome to our hearts ! Lord, here

Thou hast a temple, too ; and full as dear

As that of Sion, and as full of sin ;

Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.

Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor !

Crucify them, that they may never more

Profane that holy place

Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face ;

And then, if our stiff tongues shall be

Mute in the praises of Thy Deity,

The stones out of the temple wall

Shall cry aloud, and call

Hosanna ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet !

Amen !

OF HEAVEN.

O beauteous God ! uncircumscribed treasure

Of an eternal pleasure !

Thy throne is seated far

Above the highest star,

Where Thou preparest a glorious place,
 Within the brightness of Thy face,
 For every spirit
 To inherit,
 That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
 And loves Thee with a holy charity.
 What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or eyes,
 Clear as the morning rise,
 Can speak, or think, or see
 That bright eternity
 Where the great King's transparent throne
 Is of an entire jasper stone ?
 There the eye
 O' the chrysolite,
 And a sky
 Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,
 And, above all Thy holy face,
 Makes an eternal charity.
 When Thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day
 Remember us, we pray,
 That where the beryl lies
 And the crystal 'bove the skies,
 There Thou mayest appoint the place
 Within the brightness of Thy face ;
 And our soul
 In the scroll
 Of life and blissfulness enroll
 That we may praise Thee to eternity.
 Allelujah !

MARRIAGE.

The dominion of a man over his wife is no other than
 as the soul rules the body ; for which it takes a mighty
 care, and uses it with a delicate tenderness, and cares
 for it in all contingencies, and watches to keep it from
 all evils, and studies to make for it fair provisions, and
 very often is led by its inclinations and desires, and
 does never contradict its appetites, but when they are
 evil, and then also not without some trouble and sor-
 row ; and its government comes only to this—it furnishes
 the body with light and understanding, and the body
 furnishes the soul with hands and feet ; the soul gov-

erns, because the body cannot else be happy, but the government is no other than provision ; as a nurse governs a child when she causes him to eat, and to be warm, and dry, and quiet. And yet even the very government itself is divided ; for man and wife in the family, are as the sun and moon in the firmament of heaven ; he rules by day, and she by night—that is, in the lesser and more proper circles of her affairs, in the conduct of domestic provisions and necessary offices, and shines only by his light, and rules by his authority. And as the moon in opposition to the sun shines brightest ; that is, then, when she is in her own circles and separate regions ; so is the authority of the wife then most conspicuous, when she is separate and in her proper sphere ; “in gynæceo,” in the nursery, and offices of domestic employment. But when she is in conjunction with the sun, her brother, that is, in that place and employment in which his care and proper offices are employed, her light is not seen, her authority hath no proper business. But else there is no difference, for they were barbarous people, among whom wives were instead of servants ; and it is a sign of weakness to force the camels to kneel for their load because thou hast not strength and spirit enough to climb ; to make the affections and evenness of a wife bend by the flexures of a servant is a sign the man is not wise enough to govern when another is by. And as amongst men and women humility is the way to be preferred, so it is in husbands, they shall prevail by cession, by sweetness and counsel, and charity and compliance. So that we cannot discourse of the man’s right without describing the measures of his duty.

ON PRAYER.

Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity ; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example ; and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy. Prayer is the peace of our

spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest ; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts ; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness : and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds ; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings ; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over ; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below : so is the prayer of a good man : when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man ; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up toward a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention, and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God ; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

ON CONTENT.

Since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss, he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him, because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune : and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or centre of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up, and which is down ; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised whatever happens—either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness.

It conduces much to our content, if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous ; that, by the representation of the better, the worst may be blotted out. . . .

I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me ; what now ? let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse ; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience ; they still have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too : and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbor's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself.

AGAINST ANGER.

1. Consider that anger is a professed enemy to counsel ; it is a direct storm, in which no man can be heard to speak or call from without : for if you counsel gently, you are despised ; if you urge it and be vehement, you

provoke it more. Be careful, therefore, to lay up beforehand a great stock of reason and prudent consideration, that, like a besieged town, you may be provided for, and be defensible from within, since you are not likely to be relieved from without. Anger is not to be suppressed but by something which is as inward as itself, and more habitual. To which purpose add that, 2. Of all passions it endeavors most to make reason useless. 3. That it is a universal passion, of an infinite object ; for no man was ever so amorous as to love a toad ; none so envious as to repine at the condition of the miserable ; no man so timorous as to fear a dead bee ; but anger is troubled at everything, and every man, and every accident : and therefore, unless it be suppressed, it will make a man's condition restless. 4. If it proceeds from a great cause, it turns to fury ; if from a small cause, it is peevishness : and so is always either terrible or ridiculous. 5. It makes a man's body monstrous, deformed, and contemptible ; the voice horrid ; the eyes cruel ; the face pale or fiery ; the gait fierce ; the speech clamorous and loud. 6. It is neither manly nor ingenuous. 7. It proceeds from softness of spirit and pusillanimity ; which makes, that women are more angry than men, sick persons more than the healthful, old men more than young, unprosperous and calamitous people more than the blessed and fortunate. 8. It is a passion fitter for flies and insects than for persons professing nobleness and bounty. 9. It is troublesome, not only to those that suffer it, but to them that behold it ; there being no greater incivility of entertainment, than, for the cook's fault or the negligence of the servants, to be cruel, or outrageous, or unpleasant in the presence of guests. 10. It makes marriage to be a necessary and unavoidable trouble ; friendships, and societies, and familiarities to be intolerable. 11. It multiplies the evils of drunkenness, and makes the levities of wine to run into madness. 12. It makes innocent jesting to be the beginning of tragedies. 13. It turns friendship into hatred ; it makes a man lose himself, and his reason, and his argument in disputations. It turns the desires of knowledge into an itch of wrangling. It adds insolency to power. It turns justice into cruelty, and judgment into

oppression. It changes discipline into tediousness and hatred of liberal institutions. It makes a prosperous man to be envied, and the unfortunate to be unpitied. It is a confluence of all the irregular passions : there is in it envy and sorrow, fear and scorn, pride and prejudice, rashness and inconsideration, rejoicing in evil, and a desire to inflict it, self-love, impatience, and curiosity. And, lastly, though it be very troublesome to others, yet it is most troublesome to him that hath it.

COMFORTING THE AFFLICTED.

Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting His praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease ; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment ? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north ; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter ; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow ; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning ; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted ; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.



TAYLOR, THOMAS, an English Platonist and poet, born in London, May 15, 1758; died November 1, 1835. At an early age he was entered at St. Paul's School, where he became an accomplished Greek scholar, devoting himself especially to the more recondite authors. Though always in straitened circumstances, he translated all of the known Greek philosophers whose works had not before been rendered into English; and he found friends who expended not less than £10,000 in publishing his translations, although no one seems to have imagined that they would pay even the cost of printing. There is no reasonable ground to doubt that he really believed in the truth of the Grecian mythology. He possessed the poetic faculty in an eminent degree; and some of his *Hymns to the Gods* are fit companions to the best of those which have come down to us from the ancient Greeks.

Of the *Works of Plato*, part translated by Sydenham and part by Taylor, the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1809, says: "Mr. Taylor has by no means given us a fair representation even of the meaning of Plato. He has not translated Plato; he has translated him in the most cruel and abominable manner. He has not elucidated, but covered him over with impenetrable darkness. . . . Any competent scholar has but to open the book—and

if he compares one page with the original, the chance is great that he will light upon more blunders than one. . . . We have adduced abundant proof of Mr. Taylor's lamentable deficiency in every requisite for the performance of his arduous task."

ODE TO THE RISING SUN.

See ! how with thundering, fiery feet
Sol's ardent steeds the barriers beat
That bar their radiant way ;
Yoked by the circling Hours they stand
Impatient at the god's command
To bear the car of day.

See ! led by Morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts his golden seat,
Replete with sevenfold fire ;
While, dazzled by his conquering light,
Heaven's glittering host and awful night
Submissively retire.

See ! clothed with majesty and strength,
Through sacred light's wide gates at length
The god exulting spring ;
While lesser deities around
And demon powers his praise resound
And hail their matchless King.

Through the dark portals of the deep
The foaming steeds now furious leap,
And thunder up the sky ;
The god to strains now tunes his lyre,
Which Nature's harmony to inspire
And ravish as they fly.

Even dreadful Hyle's sea profound
Feels the enchanting, conquering sound,
And boils with rage no more ;
The World's dark boundary, Tartarus, hears

And life-inspiring strains reveres,
And stills its wild uproar.

And while through heaven the god sublime
Triumphant rides, see reverend Time
Fast by his chariot run ;
Observant of the fiery steeds,
Silent the hoary king proceeds,
And hymns his parent Sun.

See ! as he comes, with general voice
All Nature's living things rejoice,
And own him as their King.
Even rugged rocks their heads advance,
And forests on the mountains dance,
And hills and valleys sing.

See ! while his glittering, beauteous feet
In mystic measures ether beat—
Enchanting to the sight—
Pæan, whose genial locks diffuse
Life-bearing health, ambrosial dews,
Exulting springs to light.

Lo ! as he comes, in heaven's array,
And scattering wide the blaze of day,
Lifts high his scourge of fire,
Fierce demons that in darkness dwell—
Foes of our race, and dogs of hell—
Dread its avenging ire.

Hail, crowned with light, creation's King !
Be mine the task thy praise to sing,
And vindicate thy might ;
Thy honors spread through barbarous climes,
Ages unborn, and impious times,
And realms involved in night.



TAYLOR, TOM, an English dramatist, critic, and editor, born at Sunderland, Durham, in 1817, died at Wandsworth, July 12, 1880. He was educated at Glasgow University and Trinity College, Cambridge, winning honors and a fellowship. For two years he was Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, London. He also held civil offices, such as the secretaryship of the Board of Health. He is chiefly known by his very successful plays, such as *Still Waters Run Deep* (1855); *The Fool's Revenge* (1859); *The Overland Route* (1860); *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* (1863); *'Twixt Axe and Crown* (1870); *Anne Boleyn* (1876), and numerous others. A few of these are collected in a volume, *Historical Dramas*. Other volumes are: *Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape* (1862); *Ballads and Songs of Brittany* (1865); *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*. He edited autobiographies of the painters Haydon and Leslie. He contributed much to periodicals, and became editor of *Punch* in 1874.

Of Taylor as an art critic the *Magazine of Art* says: "That Tom Taylor realized and did his duty with conscientiousness is certain. With those fellow-critics who were wont to meet him at the exhibitions and to pursue with him the dusty labors of the press day, his minuteness and steadiness were proverbial. . . . By his literary la-

bors, both as an editor and as an original writer, Tom Taylor took an active part in the improvement that has been made in the position of art in England during the last few years. . . . Tom Taylor . . . did much to discover and encourage talent in the young and the obscure. On the other hand, he was fearless to condemn what he thought deserved to be condemned. . . . We fearlessly assert that Tom Taylor, being a man of conscience and a man of training, was an ornament to his profession, and an ornament which it could ill afford to lose."

'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.

Elizabeth.—Methinks I see my England, like the eagle,

Pruning her unchained wing for freer flight,
Fuller in focus of the glorious sun
Than e'er she flew till now. Great deeds, great words,
That make great deeds still greater ! Poesy
Fired with new life ; her soldiers conquering,
Her sailors braving unknown seas, to plant
The germ of a new England in the West—
Acorn it may be, of a daughter oak,
Broader and stronger than the parent tree !
But I speak wildly, yet speak what I think,
As friend may speak to friend, and not be chidden.

Paget.—Ashes of age are gray upon my head.
Methought they had smothered my heart's fires as well ;
But something glows beneath them, hearing you.
May Heaven speed the good time, and guard you, madam,
To make our England great and glorious
In man's deeds, as your words. For what 'tis now
I lay most charge upon the Spanish match.
Pray Heaven your Highness lend no ear to those
That work on you to wed a foreign prince.

Eliz.—Elizabeth mates not—or she mates in England.
I have a vow for *that*.

Paget.— Heaven grant you keep it,
And me to bless your mating, when it come.
And now, farewell, sweet lady. I will take
Much comfort to our friends from this good news
Of your fair health and firm fix'd resolution.

[*He bows, kisses her hand, and exit.*]

Eliz.— Fare you well !
Ah, Courtenay, he dreams not that 'tis love's vow
I hold, not policy's ! Oh, my true lord,
How heavy drags the time, waiting for thee !
Three whole months, and no tidings ! I am sick
Of longing for his letter—but this audience
Of Master Renard. I see in his coming
Ill omen to my peace ; but I am armed,
I think, against him, and all enemies,
With love and loyalty for talisman.

Enter RENARD and three of his suite.

Ren. [*Kneeling.*].—Most gracious lady ! . . .
There's nothing stands between the crown and you
But a few sad hours of a sick Queen's life—
Which, let's pray, may be mercifully shortened !
It is that crown Philip would help you bear
With strength of policy and stay of love.

Eliz. [*With bitter irony.*].—Even such love as he has
showed my sister,
Turning from her untended bed of death
With this unnatural tender of his hand !

[*With withering contempt, rising to wrath.*]
Say, did you take me for a fool or beast ?
A monster without brains or without heart ?
To come to me—you, and your worthy master,
With offers so accursed, and gifts so vile !
Out of my sight, lest I forget my sex
And strike thee !

Ren.—Have a care, my passionate madam.
The Queen still lives, and a Queen's dying arm
Can strike, when others guide. Even now a warrant
Of treason hangs suspended o'er your head.

Eliz.—

Treason!

Ren.—Aye, treason. Courtenay is in England—
Has raised all Suffolk, in your name and his.
His treason is your treason; the first stroke
That Courtenay strikes finds echo in the fall
Of your head on the scaffold!

Eliz.—

So be it!

When Courtenay strikes that blow, let my head fall.
My life upon his loyalty!

Ren.—

You have staked

And lost! Without there! [*One of his suite advances.*

This to Lord Chandos!

[*Gives warrant.*

Enter SUSSEX, and advances.

Eliz.—My lord of Sussex!

[*Sussex kneels.*

Rise, my good lord! Your face of gloom but tells
What we have heard already—the Queen's dead.

Sussex.—The Queen ne'er dies, and so, Long live the
Queen!

Eliz.—You come in time; an hour, and you had met
us

Escorted to the Tower.

Sussex.—

The Tower?

Eliz.—

For treason—

In aiding and abetting Edward Courtenay,
Who, Master Renard late declared, has landed
And risen in arms in Suffolk.

Sussex.—

So 'twas bruited.

Eliz.—But 'tis not true?

Sussex.—No. 'Twas one Thomas Cleobury,
Who took my Lord of Devonshire's arms and title.
His levies are dispersed, and himself ta'en.

Eliz.—Ha! said I not? Courtenay was *not* in Eng-
land!

See a post straight dispatched to him at Padua.
We would he first had news of our accession.

Sussex.—My liege, no post can reach him now!

Eliz.—What mean you?

Sussex.—

He is dead.

Eliz.—

Dead! Nay, my lord,
Here's too much death: one death that crowns a queen,

And one that robs a woman's heart of more
Than crowns can give. Dead! When! Where? Tell me
all.

Sussex.—He died at Padua. His servants brought
The tidings to the Court just as I left.

Eliz.—Dead! Was there naught—no word for me—
no token?

Sussex.—Pardon, madam.

This ring and letter—

[*Holds them out.*

Eliz. [*Passionately grasping them.*].—And thou keep'st
them from me,

And let'st me prate and pule when I might hold
Something he has touched, and breathed upon,
And warmed with his last breath of dying love!

[*Looking at the letter.*

True friend! lost lord! sole love! 'tis thy dear hand;
And these blurred spots are tears methinks—or kisses.
Thus let me put my tears and kisses to them.

[*Kisses letter.*

Thus only are we fated to be joined.

[*Reads.*] *Dear love and lady,—when thou read'st these lines
The hand that scarce can trace them will be cold.*

My last breath went to pray all blessings on thee:

For thee my heart beat, till it beat no more.

They that severed hands have wedded souls:

We are one now and forever—aye, one now—

And ever—and no separation more!

[*Sinks into chair. Burst of trumpets.*

What's that?

Enter HARRINGTON.

Harr.—The Lords of the Council and the great ones
Of the City come to hail their gracious Queen, Eliza-
beth.

Eliz. [*Sadly.*].—What love is left to me now
But their love? What to live for but to make
Them happier than their Queen can ever be?

Trumpets. Enter Procession. Tableau.

Omnes. [*Kneeling.*].—Long live Elizabeth! Long live
the Queen!

Eliz. [*Rising with great emotion—lays her hand upon the crown.*]*—Great King of Kings! 'tis Thou hast willed it me.*

Guide me, that I may wear it, by Thy will.

[*Trumpets and cheering.*
—*Historical Dramas.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please ;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain :

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you ?

Yes : he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen ;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose ;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true :
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be ;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same ;

* Published in London *Punch*, which up to the assassination of Lincoln had viciously maligned and ridiculed him.

Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command ;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights ;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the 'mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the deeds which helped his youth to train ;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it : four long-suffering years !
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood ;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips.
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame :
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high ;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst. Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore ;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven ;
And **with the martyr's crown**, crownest a life
With much **to praise**, little to be forgiven.





TAYLOR, WILLIAM, an American evangelist, missionary, and miscellaneous writer, born in Rockbridge County, Va., on the 2d of May, 1821; died on the 18th of May, 1902 (81). He became a Methodist preacher in 1842; and in 1849 he was appointed missionary to California, where he organized the first Methodist Society in San Francisco. From 1856 to the outbreak of our civil war he travelled as an evangelist in Canada and the Eastern States. Thence he went to England, Ireland, Palestine, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Ceylon, Cape Colony, Kaffraria, Natal, and back to England; from which he visited the West Indies, Australia, and Ceylon, and crossed to India in 1872. Here he established many self-supporting missions and then went to Central America, and to Brazil, Peru, and Chili. In 1884, as missionary Bishop of Africa, he began the establishment of a chain of missions along the west coast and about twelve hundred miles up the Congo; whence he has revisited the United States several times in the interest of his African work. His published works include *Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco* (1856); *Address to Young America* (1857); *California Life Illustrated* (1858); *The Model Preacher* (1860); *Reconciliation* (1867); *Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life* (1867); *Election of Grace* (1868); *Christian Adventures in South Africa* (1868); *Four Years in India* (1875); *Our South American Cousins* (1878); *Letters to a Quaker Friend* (1880);

Self-supporting Missions in India (1882); *Pauline Methods of Missionary Work* (1889); *The Story of My Life* (1895).

THE HUMAN HEART.

The human heart may be compared to a jug, and why? Because we can only ascertain the character of its contents by what comes out of it. God is looking into your hearts now; but finite wisdom cannot penetrate the walls of that mysterious source of thought, and feeling, and action, which determines a man's character in the sight of God. But if we are allowed to judge of fountains by their streams, we have only to look at the foul streams of iniquity which continually flow through our streets to be assured of the character of their sources. See what profanity: what a desecration of God's holy day; what dreadful havoc is being made by that unrelenting slaughterer of human kind, the rum-seller; see what desolation is wrought in the city by the gambling fraternity; see the dreadful prostitution of female virtue; only behold the spirit of lasciviousness and covetousness, like the pall of death, spread over thirty thousand souls in this city! Our streets are thronged with God-hating, Christ-rejecting, pleasure-taking, sin-loving men and women. Remember, too, that these dreadful manifestations of the wickedness of the heart are but partial developments of its deep depravity, limited, First: By the restraints which are brought to bear on human conduct; social restraints, legal restraints, and religious restraints. Second: By the barriers of necessity, which circumscribe man's ability to execute the "devices of his heart." Look, for example, at that rum-seller. The house in which he lives, and from which are the issues of death, once belonged to a man of property and respectability. He lived there with his happy family; but the wily "gentleman of the bar" took advantage of the moral imbecility of his victim, just as the highwayman takes advantage of the physical imbecility of the man he murders and robs.—*From a Sermon delivered in San Francisco, April 27, 1851*



TAYLOR, WILLIAM MACKERGO, an eminent Scottish-American minister of the Presbyterian Church and religious writer, born at Kilmarnock, Scotland, October 23, 1829; died in New York, February 8, 1895. He was educated at the University of Glasgow and the Theological Seminary of Edinburgh, preached two years in an Ayrshire parish, and in 1855 removed to Liverpool and founded another congregation. He was called to the Broadway Tabernacle of New York City in 1872. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Yale and Amherst in 1872, and that of LL.D. by Princeton in 1883. He was editor of the *Christian at Work* from 1876 to 1880. He has published numerous volumes, among them, *Life Truths* (1862); *The Miracles: Helps to Faith, Not Hindrances* (1865); *David, King of Israel* (1875); *Songs in the Night* (1877); *Daniel the Beloved* (1878); *Moses the Lawgiver* (1879); *The Limitations of Life, and Other Sermons* (1880); *Contrary Winds* (1883); *Jesus at the Well* (1884); *John Knox* (1885); *Joseph the Prime-Minister* (1886); *The Parables of Our Saviour* (1886); *The Scottish Pulpit* (1887); *Ruth the Gleaner, Esther the Queen, The Miracles of Our Saviour Expounded* (1890); *The Boy Jesus, and Other Sermons* (1893).

Of his *John Knox*, the *Critic* says: "His brief and well-written and carefully digested book can-

not but be of service to the young, and to all others who have not the time for perusing a more extended work. He has made use of the latest researches into the life of Knox; and he has written with a sympathetic appreciation of the reformer's work and influence.

OPENING DOORS.

The full discharge of duty on the lower level opens the passage up into the higher. We see that illustrated in secular departments, if I may call them so, every day. If the school-boy wishes to gain a high and honorable position as a man, he must be content, so long as he is at school, to perform in the best possible manner its common duties.

The better he is as a scholar, the more surely will the door into eminence open for him as a man. But if he trifle away his time, if he neglects his work, if he despise what he calls the "drudgery" of education, and so leaves school without having learned those things which he was sent thither to acquire, then there will be nothing for him in after days but humiliation and failure. Doors enow may open to him, but he will never be ready to enter one of them, and will be to the last, unless he go back and make up for what he has lost, a useless hanger-on to the skirts of society. In the same way, if a servant would seek to be a master, the shortest way to that end is for him to accept his present lot and be in it the very best of servants.

He who is always scheming for a sudden elevation, as if he would vault at one leap into the chair of his ambition, never reaches it in that way; or if he do, he cannot keep in it.

But the wise plan is to be content for the time with the place we have, and show the highest excellence in filling that; for in the long run the door always opens before character. The "candidating minister" who is forever gadding about among vacant churches seeking a suitable sphere, until at length he becomes known as the "solicitor-general," never gets one to his mind. But

the man who is conspicuously diligent where he is, and is doing there his utmost for the honor of the Lord, will be sought for by others without any agency of his own, and will receive the recognition of the Master in a nobler opportunity.

Now it is not otherwise in every other department. The first thing we have to do, if we would pass from a lower to a higher post of usefulness, is to adapt ourselves thoroughly to our present sphere, and set ourselves diligently to perform its duties.

If we are conscious of its limitations, then let us not rebel against them, but accept them and make the best possible work with them. Then when we have turned our little strength to good account, we shall find the door opened to us by the Master's hand.

Fretting over our weakness will not make things better, but will prevent us from bringing anything out of the little strength we have. He who is constantly complaining that he has no more, makes little or no use of that which he has ; whereas the man who is reconciled for the moment to his position, and deliberately seeks to serve God in the best way there, is already in the sure and safe way to promotion. This is a most important consideration, for it brings all the hopes of the future and focuses them on the duties of the present, making the commendation of the Judge at last depend upon even so small a thing as the giving of a cup of cold water to a disciple in His name, or the visiting for His sake of one of His imprisoned brethren.

Here, then, is comfort as well as direction for the weak.

Present fidelity is the door through which we pass to future eminence. The disciple of the Lord is content with the sphere in which he is placed ; but he seeks to fill that thoroughly, in order that he may rise the sooner to something better. Nor does he seek in vain, for the Lord does not overlook the faithfulness of the feeble, but opens for them a door of opportunity which all the sticklers for ecclesiastical propriety, and all the votaries of intellectual culture, and all the influences of fashionable society, will not be able to shut.—*Contrary Winds.*



TEGNER, ESAIAS, a celebrated Swedish poet, born at Kyrkerud, in Wermland, November 13, 1782; died at Wexio in 1846. The fifth son of a pastor whose name was really Lucasson, but who took the name Tegnerus (after the fashion of those days) from the name of his native town, Tegnaby; the poet altered this name to Tegner. His grandparents on both sides were peasants. He entered the university at Lund in 1799, and was graduated in philosophy in 1802, at the age of twenty. He continued at the university, first as a tutor, then as a lecturer in Greek, and after 1812 as a professor until 1824, when he was made Bishop of Wexio, where he afterward lived until his death in 1846, at the age of sixty-four. From boyhood Tegner tried his hand at poetry, but without success until, in 1808, during the great war with Russia, when he wrote a war-song, which proved immediately popular. In 1811 another patriotic poem, entitled "Svea" (Sweden), won the great prize of the Swedish Academy and made him famous. In 1811, also, there was founded at Stockholm a club, known as "Götiska Forbundet" (the Gothic League), and composed of young literary men who acknowledged a strong national and racial impulse. Tegner was foremost in this group, which took up the investigation, among other things, of the early traditions of the Scandinavian

peoples. The club published a magazine called *Iduna*, in which the researches of its members were made known and much literary material published. Several of Tegner's most famous lyrics appeared in this journal; among these his *Song to the Sun* deserves especial mention. While still at Lund, he also wrote and published two longer poems of great merit, entitled *Axel* and *Nattvårdsbarnen* (The First Communion). The latter has been translated by Longfellow. In 1820 parts of his famous romantic poem, *Frithjof's Saga*, began to appear. This poem or collection of epic poems is a paraphrase upon the old saga of Frithjof, which is the common heritage of the Scandinavian peoples, and which was preserved in isolated Iceland in a form perhaps most closely resembling the original. In 1822 five additional cantos were published. Before the remaining cantos appeared in 1825, those which had already appeared had been translated into nearly every language of Europe, and the poet was famous throughout the world. No less than nineteen complete translations have been made into English, besides unnumbered translations of single poems selected from the cycle. More thorough antiquarian research has revealed numerous inaccuracies in Tegner's conception of the saga, but his version is so poetical that it retains its popularity everywhere, and will doubtless always be the version most read and admired. At the height of his fame Tegner was, in 1824, made Bishop of Wexio. He was not a clergyman, and, indeed, was not notable for religious educa-

tion or character. On the contrary, at the very period of his appointment he was in the midst of an unfortunate love-affair with a beautiful married lady residing in Lund, Euphrosyne Palm by name; the lady rejected his advances, which left him a misanthrope and caused him to expatiate in a number of poems on the heartlessness of women. Whether from this cause or from some other, Tegner became moody and melancholy, and in 1840 became insane. The disease yielded to treatment, however, and after a few months he was released and resumed his work. During his convalescence, he wrote a long poem, entitled, *Kronbruden* (The King's Bride), which was, however, not wholly completed. Before his sudden death by apoplexy in 1846, he also began an epic poem, entitled *Gerda*, which was left unfinished. His *Letters* have also been collected and published.

Tegner's style is varied. In his earlier work it was by no means elegant. Even in his first successful poems, it was not a polished instrument. The patriotic verses which he employed to win his first laurels are rather eloquent than classic. But his study of the ancient models, previous to his paraphrase of *Frithjof's Saga*, was valuable to him, not merely as supplying him a subject closely allied to patriotism, but also as supplying him hints for poetic expression. The critics also consider that in forming his style he was indebted to Oehlenschläger's masterpiece, *Helge*. In any case, from about the time when he began to interest himself in the ancient lore of Scandinavia, he ac-

quired a style which for sententious clearness and idiomatic picturesqueness is exceeded by no writer of Swedish. His position as a poet is a matter of some doubt. By many he is considered the greatest poet that has employed the Swedish language. Others prefer Bellman or Runeberg, the latter a Finn, who wrote in Swedish. In the matter of actual originality, Tegner would no doubt have to give way to either of the others, and, perhaps, posterity will judge poets literally as "makers," as the name implies. But at this time the superior fame of Tegner is still undeniable.

"He stands first among the living poets of Sweden," says Longfellow (1855); "a man of a grand and a gorgeous imagination, and poetic genius of a high order. His countrymen are proud of him, and rejoice in his fame. If you speak of their literature, Tegner will be the first name upon their lips. . . . One modern Skald has written his name in immortal runes; not on the bark of trees alone, in the unspeakable rural solitudes of pastoral song, but on the mountains of his native land and the cliffs that overhang the sea, and on the tombs of ancient heroes, whose histories are epic poems. . . . Indeed, the *Legend of Frithjof* is one of the most remarkable productions of the age."

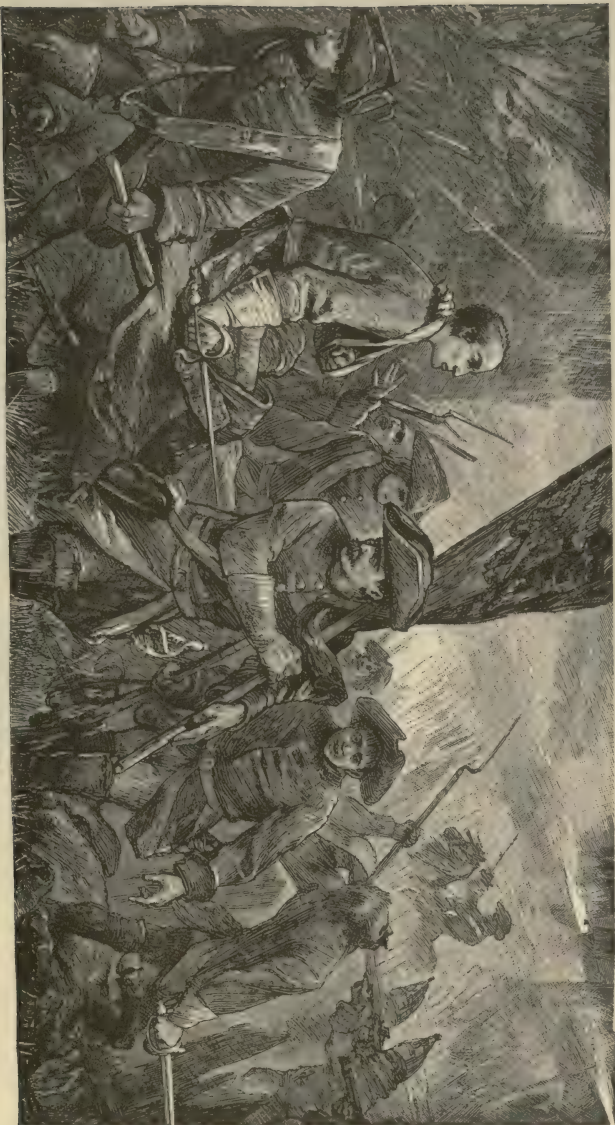
THE VETERAN OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

I love the old heroic times
Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory
And deem them fittest for the scenes
Of stern or tender story;
For he was blithe as Peace may be,
And boisterous as Victory.

Even now, on high there glide,
Up and down at eventide,
Mighty men like those of old,
With frocks of blue and belts of gold.
Oh, reverently I gaze upon
Those soldier spirits clad in light,
And hold as things most wonderful
Their coats of buff and swords of giant height.

One of his oldest veterans
I knew before my boyhood's prime.
He seemed like some gigantic pillar
Undermined by Time.
The scars along his forehead were
Like sculptures on a sepulchre ;
There flowed behind that old man's ears
The silver of a hundred years :
'Twas all the old man had.
The stranger gazing on his door,
Might sigh to think on one so poor ;
But Time had trained his soul, and he
Had shaken hands with Poverty ;
He was not sick nor sad.
With two possessions, all his pride,
Yet dearer than the world beside—
The sword that earned his soldier fame,
A Bible with King Charles's name—
He lived, beneath a forest's shade,
Within a hut himself had made,
And fancied like a tent.

And all that Swedish hero did,
Of valor praised or craven chid,
Or Cossack foeman bent :
That now the child who runs may read
(For Fame, the Eagle, flew with speed),
Were stored within that hero's mind.
Each in their own heroic kind,
Like monumental urns beneath
A burrow on the fields of death.
Oft as he told of toils gone through,
For Charles and his dragoons of blue,



CHARLES XII. AT THE BATTLE OF PUTAVA.

“ Oft as he told of toils gone through,
For Charles and his dragoons of blue.”

That soldier seemed to rise in height,
 Flashed from his eyes unwonted light,
 And all his gestures, all his words,
 Sprang out like flame from Swedish swords.
 Why say that, in the winter nights,
 He loved to tell his former fights ;
 And, grateful, only spoke to praise
 King Charles ; and never failed to raise,
 When mention of his name was made,
 His rimless hat and torn cockade ?

My infant height scarce reached his knees,
 And yet I loved his histories.
 His sunken cheek and wrinkled brow
 Have lived with me from then till now ;
 And, with his stories strange and true,
 Keep rising in my mind anew,
 Like snowdrop bells that wait to blow
 Beneath the winter's shielding snow.

—*From Axel ; translation of LATHAM.*

FRITHJOF AT CHESS.

Beneath a chess-board's checkered frame
 Frithjof and Björn pursued their game.
 Silver was each alternate plane,
 And each alternate plane of gold.
 Aged Hilding came. To throne of beech
 The chieftain led with courteous speech :
 "Sire, when the mead's bright horn shall wane,
 The field be won, thy tale unfold."

The sage began : "From Bele's high heirs
 I come with courteous words and prayers.
 Disastrous tidings rouse the brave ;
 On thee a nation's hope relies."
 "Check to thy king !" then Frithjof cried ;
 "Prompt means of rescue, Björn, provide ;
 His crown a yeoman's life may save,
 And who would heed the sacrifice ?"

"Naught 'gainst a King, my son, presume ;
 Strong the young eagle's beak and plume ;

Measured with King's, the weaker power
Were adamant, opposed to thine."

"My Castle, Björn, thou threat'st in vain,
My yeomen rout thy royal train,
'Twill cost thee much to win its tower,
Shielded secure in bastion-line."

"In Balder's fane, grief's loveliest prey,
Sweet Ing'borg weeps the livelong day ;
Say, can her tears unheeded fall,

Nor call her champion to her side ?"

"Thy fruitless quest, good Björn, forbear !
From earliest youth I held her dear ;
The noblest piece—the queen of all,
She must be saved, whate'er betide !"

"Is brief rejoinder yet deferred ?
And must thy foster-sire, unheard ?
Or quit this hall, or menial wait

Thy sport's predestinated close ?"

Then Frithjof moved, approached his guest,
The old man's hand he kindly pressed :

"I have replied," he said, elate,

"My soul's resolve my father knows.

"Haste ! tell the sons of royal Bele
I wear not a retainer's steel ;
For wounded honor bids divide

The sacred bond it once revered."

"Well, tread thy path," the answer came ;

"Thy wrath 'twere chance unmeet to blame.

May Odin all in mercy guide !"

This Hilding said, and disappeared.

—*From Frithjof's Saga ; translation of STRONG.*

A SABBATH MORNING IN SWEDEN.

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of
the village
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire
of the belfry,

Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the
Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles
aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue ; and May, with her cap
crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields ; and the wind
and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace ! with lips
rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers ; and merry on bal-
ancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the
highest.

Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned with a
leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate ; and within upon each
cross of iron
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands
of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the de-
parted
(There full a hundred years had it stood), was embel-
lished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and his
hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and chil-
dren's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil
of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time
and its changes,
While all around at his feet an eternity slumbered in
quiet.

Also the church within was adorned, for this was the
season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved
ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their
baptism.

Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleansed,
and the dust was
Blown from the walls and the ceiling, and from the oil-
painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden ; the Feast of the
Leafy Pavilions
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the
church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pul-
pit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before
Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the
dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wild-
flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted
by Hörberg,
Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curling tresses of
angels
Peeped like the sun from a cloud from out the shadowy
leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from
the ceiling,
And for lights were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already ; the thronging crowd was
assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the
organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
Like Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his
mantle,
So cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and with one
voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem im-
mortal
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-
land
Tuned to the choral of Luther ; the song on its mighty
pinions

Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon
Tabor.

Lo! there entered then into the church the reverend
teacher,
Father he hight and he was in the parish ; a Christianly
plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of sev-
enty winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding
angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative
grandeur
Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered grave-
stone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of
creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John
when in Patmos.
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then
the old man ;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his
tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were num-
bered.
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand,
the old man
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in innermost
chancel.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper; translation
of LONGFELLOW.*





TELLEZ, GABRIEL (*pseudonym*, Tirso de Molina), a noted Spanish dramatist, born at Madrid about 1570; died in the convent of Soria in 1648. He entered the Church prior to 1613 and became the head of the convent of Soria. Between 1616 and 1636 he published five volumes of plays under his pseudonym. Of these the best known outside of Spain is *The Seville Deceiver*, the earliest distinct exhibition of that Don Juan now so familiar to play-goers the world over. In his own land the best liked of Tellez's works is *Don Gil de las Calzas Verdes* (Don Gil in the Green Pantaloons). Among his other plays are *Vergonzoso en Palacio* (A Bashful Man at Court), *La Lealtad Contra la Envidia*, *Por el Sotano y el Torno*, and *Escarmientos Para Cuertos*. *Cigarrales de Toledo* (1624) is an account of a series of entertainments given by a wedding-party at a cigarral or small country-seat resorted to for recreation in summer. The work is modelled after the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, though Tellez makes his characters not only tell stories but recite poetry and enact plays, and he has provided a theatrical framework to connect the separate parts of the narrative. His style has been imitated by later writers. *Pleasure and Profit* (1635) is a work of graver tone.

THE BULL WILL NOT LISTEN TO COURTEOUS SPEAKING.

Two friends, Felip and Pastrana, are watching a bull-fight. Felip banters Pastrana over his confession that, though a skilled swordsman and frequent duelist, he would fear to fight a bull. Pastrana replies :

Wonder at my opinion as you may,
To fight with two men or with three men oft
Is valor rather than temerity,
Since courtesy or valor furnish means
Of safety more sure than the skilled art,
Taught by Caranza, of the dexterous thrust.
For one may say, if he be fiercely pressed :
“Sir, my experience shows me that your worship
Is an epitome of human valor ;
So I will never haunt this street again,
Nor speak with Donna Mencia any more ;
And if you will accept me as a friend,
My services attend you from this day.”
Words soft as these control the gentleman—
Money the robber. If your foe be brave,
He must to greater pride and courage yield.
In short, there's always hope, however fierce
His wrath and keen his passion for revenge,
To soothe the fury of the incensed *man*,
If he be one whom gold or breeding win.
But when a *bull* has rent your cloak to shreds,
And bellows at the shoulders of its owner
In hot pursuit, then try your time—advance,
And whisper in the yelling monster's ear :
“Sir Bull, a gentle breeding sets off valor ;
Put some restraint upon your boiling rage.
Indeed, that constant tossing of the head
Can only suit a madman or a fool ;”
And you will see the fruit of your advice !
Offer your friendship to him, turn your head,
You'll find the light at once shine through your back,
Through two clear holes, each half a yard in length.
—*The Pious Martha.*



TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM, an English statesman and diplomat, born in London, 1628; died at Moor Park, Surrey, January 27, 1699. He studied at Cambridge; travelled for six years on the Continent; then went to Ireland, where his father, Sir John Temple, was Master of the Rolls. In 1665 he was sent to Germany on a diplomatic mission, and upon his return was made a baronet, and appointed English Resident at Brussels. In 1668 he negotiated the "Triple Alliance" between England, Holland, and Sweden, against Louis XIV. of France; and was made English Ambassador to Holland. He subsequently performed important diplomatic services, and in 1679 was urged by Charles II. to accept the position of Secretary of State. But he preferred to live in elegant retirement at his seat of Moor Park, occupying his leisure in horticulture and composition, having Jonathan Swift for awhile as his private secretary. Temple's writings are of a miscellaneous character. The most important of them are *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*, and *Essays on the Origin and Nature of Government*. Among his essays are *On Ancient and Modern Learning*, *On Gardening*, *On Heroic Virtue*, *On Popular Discontents*, *On Health and Long Life*.

The *Memoirs of the Life and Works of Temple*, by Thomas P. Courtenay (1836), furnished occasion

for an elaborate essay by Macaulay, who characterized Temple as "a man of lively parts and quick observation; a man of the world among men of letters, a man of letters among men of the world."

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN RELIGION.

Whosoever designs the change of religion in a country or government by any other means than that of a general conversion of the people, or the greatest part of them, designs all the mischief to a nation that use to usher in or attend the two greatest distempers of a state—civil war or tyranny; which are violence, oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injustice; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders, and virtues among men. Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man, or any particular assembly of men, can be worth, since the great and general end of all religion—next to man's happiness hereafter—is their happiness here. . . .

Now the way to our future happiness has been perpetually disputed throughout the world, and must be left at last to the impressions made upon every man's belief and conscience, either by natural or supernatural means; which impression men may disguise or dissemble, but no man can resist. For belief is no more in a man's power than his stature or his feature; and he that tells me I must change my opinion for his, because 'tis the truer and the better—without other arguments that have to me the force of conviction—may as well tell me I must change my gray eyes for others like his that are black, because these are lovelier or more in esteem. . . .

A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, impertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute; and calls me fool or madman, with a little more circumstance, though perhaps I pass for one as well in my senses as he, as pertinent in talk, and as prudent in life. Yet these are the common civilities, in religious argu-

ments, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all between us, and the dispute comes to an end in these words at last, which it might as well have ended in at first—that he is in the right, and I am in the wrong.

The other end of religion—which is our happiness here—has been generally agreed upon by all mankind, as appears in the records of all their laws, as well as their religions, which come to be established by the concurrence of men's customs and opinions; though in the latter case that concurrence may have been produced by divine impressions or inspirations. For all agree in teaching and commanding, in planting and improving, not only those moral virtues which conduce to the felicity and tranquillity of every man's private life, but also those manners and dispositions that tend to the peace, order, and safety of all civil societies and governments among men. Nor could I ever understand how those who call themselves, and the world usually calls, "religious men," come to put so great weight upon those points of belief which men never have agreed in, and so little upon those of virtue and morality, in which they hardly ever disagreed. Nor why a state should venture the subversion of their peace and their order, which are certain goods, and so universally esteemed, for the propagation of uncertain or contested opinions.





TENNANT, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born at Anstruther, or Anster, Fifeshire, May 15, 1785; died near Dollar, Scotland, February 15, 1848. While employed as a clerk in a mercantile house he made himself well acquainted with ancient and modern literature, and mastered the Hebrew language without the aid of a teacher. In 1812 appeared his poem *Anster Fair*, and in the following year he received an appointment as parish school-master, with a salary of £40 a year. He was subsequently employed as a teacher of classical and Oriental languages in the Dollar Institution; and he was made Professor of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. Besides *Anster Fair* he wrote a tragedy founded on the story of Cardinal Beaton, *The Thane of Fife*, *Dinging Down of the Cathedral*, and *Hebrew Dramas* (1845).

Anster Fair is a mock-heroic in the measure and manner of *Berni*, which he was the first to employ in the English language, and which was subsequently popularized by Frere in the *Whistlecraft Poems*, and by Byron in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The nominal theme of *Anster Fair* is the marriage of Maggie Lander, a noted beauty of her day; but a great part of it consists of graphic sketches of the various visitors to the fair at Anster.

A SUMMER MORNING AT ANSTER.

The fair earth laughs through all her boundless range,
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam ;
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem ;
The heaths and upland muirs and fallows change
Their barren brow into a ruddy gleam ;
And on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their pretty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedrabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heaven's blue keystone flickering.
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn
And hail the genial light, and cheerily sing ;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first up-sloping ray was flung
On Anster steeple's swallow-harboring top,
Its bells and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop ;
For tollingly each bitter beadle swung,
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair, with tinkle-tankling din.

And from our steeple's pinnacle outspread
The town's long colors flare and flop on high,
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
Curls, to each breeze that whistles by ;
Whilst on the bowsprit, stern, and topmast head
Of brig and sloop that in the harbor lie,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

VISITORS TO ANSTER FAIR.

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
The horny-knuckled Highlandman ;

From where upon the rocks of Caithness strand
 Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
 And where Loch Fyne from her prolific sand
 Her herrings brings to feed each bordering clan,
 Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
 Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
 Or foray on the banks of Fortha's firth;
 Claymore and broadsword and Lochaber-axe
 Are left to rust above the smoky hearth;
 Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks;
 Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth;
 And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
 Great wallets, crammed with cheese and bannocks and
 cold tongue.

Nor stayed away the Islanders, that lie
 To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed;
 From Jura, Arran, Uist, and Skye,
 Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unhosed;
 And from that Isle whose Abbey structured high,
 Within its precincts holds dead kings enclosed,
 Where Saint Columba oft is seen to waddle,
 Crowned round with flaming fire, upon the spire a-strad-
 dle.

Next, from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr—
 Sweet Ayr! with crops of ruddy damsels blest,
 That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
 Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west!—
 And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock—where
 Are nightcaps made, the cheapest and the best—
 Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks,
 In lieu of saddles, placed upon their asses' backs.

ODE TO PEACE.

Daughter of God! that sit'st on high
 Amid the dances of the sky,
 And guidest with thy gentle sway
 The planets on their tuneful way;

Sweet Peace ! shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling-place,
Rejoice the wretched, weary race
Of discord-breathing men ?
Too long, O gladness-giving Queen !
Thy tarrying in heaven has been ;
Too long o'er this fair, blooming world
The flag of blood has been unfurled,
Polluting God's pure day ;
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
War onward drives his scythèd wheels,
And at his horses' bloody heels
Shriek Murder and Dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
Of widow wailing bitterly ;
To see the parent's silent tear
For children fallen beneath the spear ;
And I have felt so sore
The sense of human guilt and woe,
That I, in Virtue's passionèd glow,
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
The shape of man I bore !
Then, come from thy serene abode,
Thou gladness-giving child of God !
And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
And reconcile my soul to life ;
For much I long to see,
Ere I shall to the grave descend,
Thy hand its blessed branch extend,
And to the world's remotest end
Wave Love and Harmony !





TENNYSON, ALFRED (became Baron Tennyson of Aldworth in 1883), a celebrated English poet, born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, October 6, 1892. The family seems originally to have been Danish. The father of Alfred was the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., the rector of Somersby, a man of high accomplishments and strong character. The poet's home influences were remarkably well fitted for directing his mind toward literature, for though Somersby was a secluded hamlet that but rarely heard the "murmur of the world," not even the news of the Battle of Waterloo penetrating its isolation till long after the occurrence, yet the classic English authors were a household word in the family, and the father gave to his children's training the most watchful and helpful care. At seven Alfred was sent to the grammar school at Louth, where he was harshly treated. At eight he wrote his first verses, modelled on Thomson's *Seasons*. His elder brother Charles pronounced them excellent. Later his grandfather gave him a coin for writing an elegy on his grandmother, saying, as he scanned the verses: "Here is half-a-guinea for you, the first you have ever earned by poetry, and take my word for it, the last." This did not discourage him, however, and he

used most of his leisure time writing verse, producing, between the age of twelve and thirteen an epic, on the Walter Scott model, of some 6,000 lines (now lost), and at fourteen a blank-verse drama. In March, 1827, *Poems by Two Brothers* appeared, confessedly written by Charles and Alfred, though it is now known that the eldest brother Frederick also had a hand in the composition. On February 28, 1828, Alfred and Charles matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where Frederick had been for nearly a year. Here the brothers had the advantage of companionship with one of the most notable group of young men ever studying at a college. It included James Spedding, Richard Monckton Milnes, Richard Chenevix Trench, Arthur Henry Hallam, John M. Kemble, Charles Butler, and three future deans—Alford, Blakesley, and Merivale. On June 6, 1829, it was announced that Alfred had won the prize medal for his poem in blank verse, *Timbuctoo*. Next year appeared his first serious volume, *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. It was favorably, but not enthusiastically, received. The same year he, with Arthur Hallam and other Cambridge men, went to the Pyrenees to carry aid to the Spanish insurgent Torrijos. One of the party was caught and executed, but the others escaped into France. In February, 1831, Alfred left Cambridge on account of the illness of his father, who died in the following March. The Tennysons continued to live at the rectory, however, until 1837. At the end of 1832 appeared the volume known as *The Poems of 1833*. September

15, 1833, Hallam, Alfred's nearest friend, and betrothed to Emily, the poet's sister, died in Vienna. The severity of the blow to the poet was such that for a time he meditated suicide. *The Two Voices*, or as it was originally called, *Thoughts of a Suicide*, is a record of his mood during a part of this time. A ten-years' silence was broken in 1842 by the publication of two volumes. With these came the assurance of his fame, for the literary world echoed with praise of them. He was now living in London. He had always been in moderate circumstances, and during the interval between 1832 and 1842, resolutely refusing to employ himself at either profession or trade, he became deplorably poor—so poor, in fact, that Emily Sellwood, to whom he had been betrothed years before, was forbidden to write to him. In 1842 he was induced by a visionary enthusiast to invest the money from the sale of his bit of estate in Lincolnshire, a legacy just received, and the proceeds from the sale of his latest volumes, into a scheme for æsthetic wood-carving by machinery. He lost every penny. Under the disheartenment his health gave way, and he showed such signs of mental aberration that for many months during 1843 and 1844 his friends kept him in a water-cure establishment at Cheltenham. In 1845, while slowly recovering, Sir Robert Peel was induced by Richard Monckton Milnes to read *Ulysses*, and the result was a Government pension of \$1,000 per year. From this time on the poet's path was one of steadily growing fame, wealth, and honors. In 1847 appeared *The Princess*. In June, 1850, ap-

peared *In Memoriam*, an elegy on Hallam, and in the same month he was married to Miss Sellwood. In November he was appointed Poet Laureate, through Prince Albert's admiration for *In Memoriam*. After a trip to the Continent he lived for a time at Twickenham, then he bought an estate at Farringford, Isle of Wight, making that his home until about 1870, when he built the Aldworth House, in which he died, dividing his residence between Surrey and his island home. In 1869 he and two others founded the Metaphysical Society. He was offered a baronetcy by Gladstone in 1873, and again by Disraeli in 1874, which he declined. In 1883, however, he accepted the peerage offered him by the Queen, on the recommendation of Gladstone, and became Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt. He took his seat the next year, and voted, after some grumbling, in favor of the Franchise Extension Bill. His death was painless, after a brief illness. He was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer.

His principal other poems were published in the following order: *Maud* (1855); *The Idyls of the King* (1859-72); *Enoch Arden* (1864); *The Window* (1867); *Ballads, and Other Poems* (1880); *Tiresias, and Other Poems* (1885); *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After* (1886); *Demeter, and other Poems* (1889); *The Death of Ænone* (1892). He has also written the following dramas: *Queen Mary* (1875); *Harold* (1877); *The Cup* (acted 1881; published 1884); *The Falcon* (acted 1881; published 1884); *The Promise of May* (acted 1882; published 1886); *Becket* (1884); *The Foresters* (1892).

“In what does his pre-eminence consist?” says Edmund Gosse. “To what qualities of his mind and work does he owe it? No question is more difficult to answer, because the reply depends on the combination of a great number of wholly intangible forces. Still, an answer shall be attempted. In the first place, no pretence is made by the admirers of Lord Tennyson to claim for him eminence over all his contemporaries in intellect or knowledge. He is wise and full of intelligence, but in mere intellectual capacity or attainment it is probable that there are many who excel him. This, then, is not the direction on which his greatness asserts itself. He has not headed a single moral reform nor inaugurated a single revolution of opinion; he has never pointed the way to undiscovered regions of thought; he has never stood on tiptoe to describe new worlds that his fellows were not tall enough to discover ahead. In all these directions he has been prompt to follow, quick to apprehend, but never himself a pioneer. Where, then, has his greatness lain? It has lain in the various perfection of his writing. He has written, on the whole, with more constant unwearied and unwearying excellence than any of his contemporaries. He has understood that the first business of an author, and especially an author in verse, is not to preach, nor to teach, nor to prophesy, but to write. He has expended the treasures of his native talent on broadening and deepening his own hold upon the English language, until that has become an instrument upon which he is able to plan a greater variety of

melodies to perfection than any other man. There have been poets in his day who surpassed him in certain directions, who have commanded a deeper insight into human action, or a louder volume of lyrical sound. But Tennyson, in his immense patience, has been universal. He has cultivated all branches of the art of poetry. He has failed in none, he has succeeded superlatively in several. The consequence is that now at last he covers more ground, rises before us a huger and more complicated specimen of intellectual architecture than any of those whose spires may for awhile have seemed to sparkle above him."

FREDERICK TENNYSON, an English poet, elder brother of Alfred and Charles Tennyson Turner, born in 1806. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1830, and in 1854 put forth a volume of poems, *Days and Hours*. In 1890 he published a poem—*The Isles of Greece. Sappho and Alcæus*. He died February 26, 1898.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

I.

On either side the river lie
 Long folds of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs forever,
 By t' island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent sea imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd
Slide the heavy barges, trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth, silken-sail'd,
 Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement, seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
 Down to tower'd Camelot ;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, " 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near,
 Winding down to Camelot ;

There the river-eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot or an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding, two and two ;
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights ;
For often, thro' the silent nights,
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot ;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed :
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves ;
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy ;
The bridle-bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot :

And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue, unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad, clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode .
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods are waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,

And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
That leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willow hills and fields among
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer :
And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights of Camelot :
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, " She has a lovely face :
God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet ;
Above her shook the starry lights ;
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice
 Self-gathered in her prophet-mind ;
But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down through town and field
 To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
 The fulness of her face.

Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down.
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
 And, King-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth ;
 The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
 The falsehood of extremes.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush reeds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirlèd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur.
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spake King Arthur, drawing quicker breath :
“ Now see I by thine eyes that this is done ;
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? ”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor yet shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, whirling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.”

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
“ My end draws nigh : 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,

And would have spoken, but he found not words.
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But as he walk'd King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die!"
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills. . . .

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were 'ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream. By these
Three Queens with crowns of gold; and from them
rose

A cry that shivered to the tingling stars;
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There these three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves, and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls,
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parched with dust.
Or clotted into points, and hanging loose,

Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips,
So like a shatter'd column lay the King.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere ;
“ Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light hath led
The Holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world.
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
“ The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself ; what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail nor rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail

Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan,
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure, cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

—*English Idyls.*

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK !

Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean:
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world ;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
 So sad, so strange the days that are no more,

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild as all regret ;
 O death in life ! the days that are no more.
—*The Princess.*

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story ;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin, how clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying ;
 Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river ;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow ; set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
—*The Princess.*

PRELUDE TO IN MEMORIAM.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life in man and brute ;
Thou madest death ; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock Thee, when we do not fear ;
But help Thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help Thy vain world to bear Thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seemed my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man ;
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.

I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.

THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

LIV.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything.
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every Winter change to Spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night ;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

'The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature tends such evil dreams ?

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life ;

That I considering everywhere
Her secret moaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

—*In Memoriam.*

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time ;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes.
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

--In Memoriam.

GARDEN SONG.

XXII.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night hath the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay ;
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away. . . .

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dancers are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, running over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate !
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late ;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

—*Maud.*

ENOCH ARDEN'S DYING MESSAGE.

As the woman heard
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;

But awed and promise-bounden she forebore,
Saying only : " See your bairns before you go !
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied :

" Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again ; mark me and understand
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him, too :
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father ; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe, in bliss. Wherefore, when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it will comfort her ;
It will moreover be a token to her
That I am he. . . ."

The third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered, motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea
That all the houses of the harbor rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, " A sail ! a sail !
I am saved !" and so fell back and spoke no more.

—*Enoch Arden.*

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Demeter, and Other Poems.*

ULYSSES.

It little profits that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea ; I am become a name ;
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all ;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use ?
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains : but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with
me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite

The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

COME DOWN, O MAID.

“Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height :
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills ?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide, a sunbeam, by the blasted pine,
To sit, a star, upon the sparkling spire ;
And come, for love is of the valley, come,
For love is of the valley ; come thou down
And find him ; by the happy threshold he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That, huddling, slant in furrow-cloven falls,
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :
But follow : let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley ; let the wild,
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That, like a broken purpose, waste in air :
So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales
Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee ; the children call, and I,
Thy shepherd, pipe, and sweet is every sound.

Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
 Myriads of violets hurrying thro' the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees."

VITHENTS.

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
 The vapors weep their burden to the ground ;
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan.

Me only cruel immortality
 Consumes : I wither slowly in thine arms,
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,
 A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
 The ever silent spaces of the East,
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas ! for this gray shadow, once a man—
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
 To his great heart none other than a God.
 I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality,"
 Then didst thou grant mine asking, with a smile,
 Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
 But thy strong hours indignant work'd their wills,
 And beat me down and marred and wasted me,
 And, tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
 To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me ? Let me go : take back thy gift :
 Why should a man desire in any way
 To vary from the kindly race of men,
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
 Where all should pause, as is most meet for all ?

A soft air fans the cloud apart : there comes
 A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
 Once more the old, mysterious glimmer steals

From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo, ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
"The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me, ay me, with what another heart,
In days far off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline, forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd,
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion, like a mist, rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground:

Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave :
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn ;
I, earth in earth, forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

THE BLACKBIRD.

How sweet the harmonies of afternoon ?
The Blackbird sings along the sunny leas
His ancient song of leaves and summer boon ;
Rich breath of hay-fields streams through whispering
trees ;
And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
And listen fondly :—while the Blackbird sings.

How soft the lovelight of the West reposes
On this green valley's cheery solitude,
On the trim cottage with its screen of roses,
On the gray belfry with its ivy head,
And murmuring mill-race, and the wheel that flings
Its bubbling freshness :—while the Blackbird sings.

The very dial on the village church
Seems as 'twere dreaming in a dozy rest ;
The scribbled benches underneath the porch
Bask in the kindly welcome of the West :
But the broad casements of the old Three Kings
Blaze like a furnace :—while the Blackbird sings.

And there beneath the immemorial elm
Three rosy revellers round a table sit,
And through gray clouds give laws unto the realm,
Curse good and great, but worship their own wit !
And roar of fights, and fairs, and junketings,
Corn, colts, and curs :—the while the Blackbird sings.

Before her home, in her accustomed seat,
The tidy grandam spins beneath the shade
Of the honeysuckle—at her feet
The dreaming pug and purring tabby laid ;
To her low chair a little maiden clings,
And spells in silence :—while the Blackbird sings.

The woods, the lawn, the peakèd summer-house,
With its peach-covered walls and rookery loud,
The trim, quaint garden-alleys, screened with boughs ;
The lion-headed gates, so grand and proud ;
The mossy fountain with its murmurings,
Lie in warm sunshine :—while the Blackbird sings.

The ring of silver voices, and the sheen
Of festal garments—and my lady streams
With her gay court across the garden green.
Some laugh and dance, some whisper their love-
dreams,
And one calls for a little page ; he strings
His lute beside her :—while the Blackbird sings.

A little while, and lo ! the charm is heard ;
A youth, whose life has been all summer, steals
Forth from the noisy guests around the board,
Creeps by her softly ; at her footstool kneels,
And, when she pauses, murmurs tender things
Into her fond ear :—while the Blackbird sings.

The smoke-wreaths from the chimneys curl up higher,
And dizzy things at eve begin to float
Upon the light ; the breeze begins to tire.
Half-way to sunset, with a drowsy note,
The ancient clock from out the valley swings ;
The grandam nods :—and still the Blackbird sings.

The shouts and laughter from the farmstead peal
Where the great stack is piling in the sun ;
Through narrow gates o'erladen wagons reel,
And barking curs into the tumult run ;
While the inconstant wind bears off, and brings
The merry tempest :—and the Blackbird sings.

On the high wold the last look of the sun
Burns, like a beacon, over dale and stream ;
The shouts have ceased, the laughter and the fun ;
The grandam sleeps—and peaceful be her dreams !
Only a hammer on an anvil rings ;
The day is dying :— but the Blackbird sings.

Now the good Vicar passes from his gate,
Serene, with long, white hair ; and in his eye
Burns the clear spirit that has conquered Fate,
And felt the wings of Immortality ;
His heart has thronged with great imaginings
And tender mercies : — while the Blackbird sings.

Down by the brook he bends his steps, and through
A lowly wicket ; and at last he stands
Aweful beside the bed of one who grew
From boyhood with him ; who with lifted hands
And eyes, seems listening to far welcomings
And sweeter music than the Blackbird sings.

Two golden stars, like tokens of the blest,
Strike on his dim orbs from the setting sun ;
His sinking hands seem pointing to the West ;
He smiles as though he said, " Thy will be done ! "
His eyes, they see not those illuminings ;
His ears, they hear not what the Blackbird sings.

—FREDERICK TENNYSON





TERENCE (PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER), a Roman dramatist, born at Carthage about 193 B.C.; died probably about 158 B.C. He was the slave of a Roman Senator, Terentius Lucanus, whose name he assumed, adding to it that of Afer, "the African." His master caused him to receive the best education of his time, and manumitted him at an early age. Of his comedies only six have come down to us: The *Andria*, *Hecyra*, *Heautontimoroumenos*, *Eunuchus*, *Phormio*, and *Adelphi*. He is said to have written many others, but it is not certain that any of them were published—that is, produced upon the stage. The *Heautontimoroumenos* ("The Self-Tormentor") is based upon a comedy of Menander, bearing the same title. We are told by St. Augustine that, at the first representation of the play, when in the first scene Chremes uttered the words "*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto*—I am a man: what man concerns must me concern," the whole audience rose, and made the theatre resound with their applause. From Rome Terence went to Athens in his thirty-fifth year. It is not certain how long he remained there, but we are told that he set sail on his return, taking with him more than a hundred plays which he had written. The vessel was lost, and with it all these dramas. One account states that Terence himself was lost with the vessel; according to another account he escaped, and

died in Arcadia, from grief occasioned by the loss of his manuscripts. It is certain that he never reached Rome.

The works of Terence and Plautus are all that remain to us of Roman dramatic poetry. Terence has always been held in the highest esteem for the purity and elegance of his diction. During the Middle Ages and down to the seventeenth century he was more generally read than any other Latin author. No man could lay claim to classical scholarship unless he was well up in his Terence. The first known printed edition of his works—of which it is supposed that only a single copy exists—was printed in 1469, only twenty years after the art of printing was made available. Subsequent editions—not mere reprints of former ones, but editions prepared and annotated by the foremost scholars of their times—are almost innumerable. Among these editors are Melanchthon and Erasmus. In his Preface Melanchthon says: “Terence, without doubt, surpasses all others in purity of language. I exhort all teachers to advise the young to study that author with great attention.” Erasmus says: “From no other writer can the Roman tongue be learned with greater purity; nor is there any writer more delightful to the reader or more suitable for the young.”

The *Heauton-timoroumenos* turns mainly upon the penance inflicted upon himself by Menedemus, who has driven his only son from home in consequence of some supposed misconduct. We present, in the translation of Mr. Frederick W. Ricord, the opening scene of this comedy.

CHREMES AND MENEDEMUS.—ACT I., SCENE I.

Chre.—Acquaintance, sir, between us, though of recent date,

Beginning when you bought some land near mine of late ;
And though, as ground for friendship, there be nothing more,

Yet either your stout heart, or that you live next door—
Which is, in my esteem, to friendship close allied—
Constrains me boldly and familiarly to chide

Your toiling thus in what, it seems to me, your age
As well as your great wealth, must bid you not engage.
Now, by both gods and men, wherefore yourself so hate ?
Or what's your wish, with sixty years upon your pate—
And more, as I believe ; possessor, too, of lands
Whose worth exceeds what any neighbor here commands ;

With troops of slaves, midst whom you live alone,
And for them trudge and haul, and 'neath their burdens groan,

Whene'er I go abroad at morn, or homeward bound,
However late I come, I see you on your ground,
With plough or rake in hand, hard delving in the soil,
Without a moment's rest, intent upon your toil ;
And ne'er can I believe such work real pleasure yields.
But you will say : if, in the culture of your fields,
Your slaves can at their tasks be willingly retained
As long as you engage, so much the more you've gained.

Men.—Pray, Chremes, have you then so little work to do

That you can care for things nowise concerning you ?

Chre.—I am a man ; what man concerns must me concern.

'Tis mine to warn you now, or mine from you to learn.
If right, I'll copy you ; if wrong, I must defer.

Men.—It suits me thus to live ; please do what you prefer.

Chre.—E'er pleased it man to rack himself ?

Men.— Yes, me, dear sir.

Chre.—If you had grief, I'd hold. 'Tis crime !

Is not that so,
I pray? What merits punishment so great?

Men.—

Oh! Oh!

Chre.—Pray, do not weep! Make known your secret; speak, sir, speak!

Withhold it not; be not afraid. Believe I seek
Your goodby cheerful words; by counsel; aught I have.

Men.—My story would you know?

Chre.— For reason which I gave.

Men.—It shall be told.

Chre.— But lay this heavy mattock by,
And weary not yourself.

Men.— Not so.

Chre.— Nay, tell me why.

Men.—Return it, please. I would not through a moment's flight

Repose.

Chre.—I'll not, I say.

Men.—

Ah, sir, you do not right.

Chre.—Oh, what a weight it is!

Men.—

For me too light a one.

Chre.—Well, then, proceed.

Men.— My friend, a young and only son
I have— Ah, said I *have*? 'Twere truer, *had*, to say,
For that I *have*, there's doubt.

Chre.—

Why so?

Men.—

Attend, I pray:

A dame from Corinth, old and poor, hard by us dwells,
Whose daughter this my son adored, till through her
spells

He took her as a wife, and kept unknown to me.
This having learned—inhumanly, as now I see,
And not in love so fit in ailments of the mind—
I used that force, with parents common, though unkind,
And daily scolded him: "What! do you hope to thrive
While living thus, and, with a father still alive,
Pay worship to a jade, when you should love a wife?
You err, if this be so, nor know me, by my life!
Now learn that 'tis my will to own you as a son
So long as you do right; if wrong howe'er be done,
Mine then 'twill be to find what's right from me to you.
Your conduct, sir, is bred from having naught to do.

When at your age my time was not in idling spent ;
But with an empty purse to Asia far I went,
On gaining wealth and fame by feats of arms intent."—
Thus, Chremes, thus I railed, till, conquered by appeals
So oft and rudely made, the youth no more conceals
Conviction that my age and love enabled me,
Far better than himself, his future good to see.
To Asia and the wars he went to serve his Prince.

Chre.—What's that ?

Men.— That secretly he went, now three months
since.

Chre.—And you are both to blame ; and yet in him I
find

The marks of worth and sense of honor well refined.

Men.—Oh, when from friends the story of his flight
was heard,

I homeward went at once, my soul profoundly stirred.
Uncertain what to do, and sick from wounded love,
I lay me down. My slaves approach, my clothes remove ;
I see them run ; some hastily the board to spread,
While others viands bring ; and each, by ardor sped,
His utmost does to strengthen me, half-dead.

And seeing this, I ask, Why should so many be
Constrained to serve one man, so many wait on me ?
Servants to make my clothes ? Such cost for one alone—
That one myself—why should I make ? But he, my son,
Has need thereof as much as I—nay, more than I ;
For these well fit his age, and he has tastes to gratify.
Ah, him from home have I unjustly forced to fly.

Myself I'd worthy deem on all earth's woes to feed
Could I thus live while he, my son, remains in need,
In banishment from home, by fault of mine alone.

Meantime to him, for this great wrong that I have done,
By toil and starving e'en I shall somewhat atone.—

And thus resolved, I stripped my floors and walls
Of all that could be sold ; my servants from my halls
I sent ; retaining only those to whom the field,
In recompense for work, a due return would yield.

Aye, all I sold. Upon the home where he was reared
I wrote, "This house for sale," and fifteen talents
cleared.

Then hither came, where now I plant and sow.

In hope that for the pains I daily undergo,
My son will in degree find easement for his woe.
In fact, I claim henceforth no right to any joy
Until 'tis granted me together with my boy.

Chre.—Your heart is kind toward your son, it seems
to me ;

And doubtless none could be more kind to you than he,
If rightly led. Yet him you must but ill conceive,
While he knows you but ill ; and 'tis no way to live.
You never showed to him your love by word or deed ;
To you, as parent, never dared he trust or plead.
Had this been otherwise, of grief you'd known no need.

Men.—'Tis so, I must confess ; my sin is very great.

Chre.—Aye, neighbor ; but I hope the day will come
not late

When his return in safety home you'll gladly greet.

Men.—The gods so grant !

Chre.— They will. Now if

To you 'tis meet, upon this festal day, come home with
me, I pray.

Men.—It cannot be.

Chre.— Why not ? For once I'm sure you may
From torments take a rest. Your son bids you refrain.

Men.—Unseemly would it be in me who gave him so
much pain,

To fly from it myself.

Chre.— Is this your feeling still ?

Men.—It is.

Chre.— Farewell.

Men.— Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Chre.— With tears mine eyes now fill.

I pity him indeed ; but time goes on apace,
And I must bid my neighbor Phania do me grace
To feast with me to-day. I'll go and bid him come.
[*Knocks at the door.*]

There was no need, I find ; long since he left his home,
And waits at mine, they say. My guests now think me
late ;

I'll therefore hasten home. But who thus moves the
gate ?

Has some one left my house ? I'll step aside and wait.



TERHUNE, MARY VIRGINIA (*pseudonym* Marion Harland), an American novelist and domestic economist, born in Amelia County, Va., in 1830. Her father was Samuel P. Hawes. In 1856 she was married to Edward P. Terhune, who was for a time American Chaplain at Rome. Her novels are wholesome, popular reading—such as *Alone, a Tale of Southern Life* (1853); *The Hidden Path, Moss Side, Miriam, Nemesis, Husks, Husbands and Homes, Sunny Bank, Helen Gardner's Wedding, The Christmas Holly, Ruby's Husband*, etc. *A Gal-lant Fight* (1888) is vigorous in its portrayals. In 1877 she published *Common Sense in the Household*, and in 1888 established the *Home-Maker* magazine. She also published *With the Best Intentions; A Midsummer Episode* (1890), and *The Story of Mary Washington* (1892).

“The best evidence of the substantial value of Mrs. Terhune’s works is that they continue to be in demand long after the excitement of the first publication is over,” says John S. Hart. “Those published eighteen years ago sell now almost as freely as the new ones. . . . Most of them have been republished in England, two were translated into French, and two at least received the honor of a Leipsic edition.”

A MANLY HERO.

After donning velvet jacket and slippers, he sat down, and lighting his cigar, leaned back to watch the fire and dream of Salome and their real home.

Not until the weed was half consumed, did he observe an envelope on the table at his elbow. It was sealed and addressed to him, in a "back hand" he did not recognize. Without a thought of Mrs. Phelps's warning, so far afield had his musings wandered, he opened it and drew out a letter written on thick business paper, and several pages in length. From within it, a half-sheet, folded once, slipped to the floor. This he picked up and unfolded. Upon it was pasted a smaller sheet of note-paper that had been torn and then fitted together. There were three lines of pencil-writing, but so blurred by crosses and joins that the cursory glance he cast upon it did not decipher a single word. Laying it aside, he turned to the letter for explanation. . . .

"In the Library. Nine o'clock P.M.

"MY OWN LOVE—You say in your letter (burned as soon as I had committed the contents to memory) that I must never call you that again. There is a higher law than that of man's appointment, binding our hearts together, stronger even than that of your sweet, wise lips. Until you are actually married to the man whom you confess you do not love, you will, according to that divine law, be my own Marion——"

With a violent start, the young man shook the sheet from his fingers, as he would a serpent.

This was what he had promised not to read, or so much as to touch! The veins stood out high and dark on his forehead; he drew in the air hissing. Had a basilisk uncoiled from his bosom and thrust a forked tongue in his face, the shock would not have been greater. This was "the letter written to Marion!" He had thrown away six of the best years of his life upon the woman whom another man called his "own love;" the man to whom she had confessed that she did not love her betrothed husband! Who was he?

"If they are genuine, respect for the dead, and mercy to the living require that they should be suppressed and

destroyed," Mrs. Phelps had said of "papers written *a little while* before Marion's death." His word was pledged. But what name would he see if he reversed the sheet before destroying it? With a bound of the heart that would have assured him, had proof been needed, what his bonnie living girl-love was to him, he put away all tender memories of the dead, false betrothed. He had worshipped and mourned the thinnest of shadows. He might owe respect—abstractly—to the dead, but no reverence to a wild dream from which he had awakened. Who was the "living" to whom he was entreated to show mercy? Where was the man who had first robbed him, then let him play the sad-visaged dupe and fool, while the hey-day of youth slipped forever beyond his reach?

To learn that—to remember the name with execration—to despise with the full force of a wronged and honest soul—perhaps to brand him as a cur and black-guard, should he ever cross his path—would not break his word. Was it not his right—the poor rag of compensation he might claim for the incalculable, the damnable, evil the traitor had wrought? He would confess to Salome's mother to-morrow—but this one thing he *would* do!

He stooped for the letter.

"Peace! let him rest! God knoweth best!
And the flowing tide comes in!
And the flowing tide comes in!"

It was only his beloved step-mother on her nightly round of nursery and Gerald's chamber, singing to her guileless self in passing her step-son's door to prove her serenity of spirit; but Rex staggered back into his seat, put his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands.

He smelled the balsam-boughs slanting to the water; the trailing arbutus Salome wore in her belt; heard the waves lapping the prow and sides of the bounding boat. God's glorious heaven was over them, and the sun was rising, after a long, long night, in his heart. The fresh, tender young voice told the tale of love and loss and patient submission. . . .

Aye! and could not he—affluent in heaven's best blessings, loving and beloved by the noble, true daughter of the Christian heroine who expected her "son" to stand fast by his plighted word—the almost husband of a pure, high-souled woman—afford to spare the miserable wretch whose own mind and memory must be a continual hell? . . .

He pitied—he almost forgave him, as he took up the sheets from the floor, the scrap of paper from the table, and averting his eyes lest the signature might leap out at him from the twisting flame, laid them under the fore-stick, and did not look that way again until nothing was left of them but tinder and ashes.—*A Gallant Fight.*

AN OLD VIRGINIA GHOST-STORY.

Madam did a singular thing (for her), yet it was the most sensible step she could have taken. She took us into her confidence.

"It was within six months after I came to Selma to live that I had the first intimation that all was not right with the house," she said. "Colonel Trueheart was not at home, and I had gone to bed rather early one night, leaving the fire burning as brightly as it does now. I was not drowsy, but the firelight was too strong to be comfortable to my eyes, and I shut them, lying quietly at ease among the pillows, my thoughts busy and far away. There was no sound except the crackling of the blaze, but suddenly I felt the pressure of two hands on the bed-clothes covering my feet. They rested there for a moment, were lifted and laid upon my ankles, moving regularly upward until I felt them lie more heavily on my chest. I was sure that a robber had found his way into the house and wanted to convince himself that I was really asleep before beginning to plunder. My one hope of life was to remain perfectly still, to breathe easily, and keep my eyes shut. This I did, the sense of hearing made more acute by intense excitement, but my reason singularly steady. When the hands reached my chest, something looked close into my face. There was no breath or audible movement, but I felt the gaze. Then

the pressure was removed, the Presence was gone. I lay still until I counted deliberately fifty, to assure myself that I was in full possession of my senses, and sat up. The fire showed every object distinctly. I was alone in the chamber. I arose, looked under the bed, and in the wardrobe, but found nobody. The windows and shutters were bolted fast, the door was locked. Yet, so strong was my persuasion that the visitation was not a trick of the imagination, that I sat up for the rest of the night, keeping the fire and candle burning.

“When Colonel Trueheart returned, I told him what had happened. He laughed heartily, and ‘hoped the like might occur when he was at home.’ Three months later I felt the same pressure in the same order of movement. It was on a warm night in spring, and through the lighter coverings I fancied I could discern that the hands were small, the fingers slight, like those of a child or a little woman. I tried to call the Colonel, but could not speak until the Presence had stooped, as before, to look in my face, and departed. Colonel Trueheart awoke at my voice, was greatly amazed at what I told him, and insisted upon making just such a tour of the house as you have just instituted, Captain Macon. This over, he tried to convince me that I had been dreaming, or that the sensation was caused by some obstruction of circulation. I did not argue the point; but when, some weeks afterward, I had a similar experience, I asked him seriously if he had ever heard that anyone else was disturbed in this way. He hesitated, tried to put me off, and finally owned that his first wife had declared to him privately her belief that the house was haunted: that she complained of hearing unaccountable noises at night; that Things passed and touched her in the halls after dark; and once, in the daytime, when she was sitting alone in her room, Something had plucked her by the elbow with such force as almost to pull her from her chair. She was delicate and nervous, and he had attached no importance to her fancies.

“‘If sickly women and superstitious negroes are to be believed, half the country-houses in Virginia are haunted,’ he said.

"He cautioned me to say nothing on the subject, else 'there would be no such thing as keeping a servant on the premises, and the house would not sell for the worth of the bricks should it ever come into the market.'

"Two years went by without further disturbance. Then it came in a different form. One night, as I was locking the back-door, holding a candle in my left hand, I heard a slight sound, like a sigh or long breath, and looking up, saw a woman moving past and away from me, just as Betsey has described. She was dressed in a misty, yellow-gray or grayish-yellow gown, as Betsey saw her, but with a white handkerchief or cap on her head. I had time to notice that she was small of stature, and that she glided along noiselessly. At the closed Venetian blinds she vanished. Colonel Trueheart entered the front door the next instant, and I made known to him what I had witnessed. He ridiculed the theory that it was supernatural, evidently suspecting some malicious or mischievous prank on the part of one of the servants. After a second thorough search of the house, he loaded his pistols and put them under his pillow, 'to be ready,' he said, 'for the next scare.' He always slept with them under his head afterward.

"Again, for months, nothing unusual occurred. Then the pressure of the hands became frequent. From that night up to the night preceding Colonel Trueheart's death scarcely a fortnight elapsed without my feeling them. Always beginning at my feet—always ending at my chest; always that long-felt gaze into my face; then it was gone. Sometimes I strained my eyes in the darkness to catch some outline or shadow; again and again I opened them abruptly in the firelight or moonlight, to surprise whatever it might be into revealing itself. I never beheld the face or shape or any visible token of living thing. Once I succeeded in arousing the Colonel at the first touch upon my feet. He struck a light immediately, but although the regular movement continued up to the fixed gaze, the room was apparently free of everybody but ourselves. We had a long consultation then. I was hurt and angry that he remained

sceptical as to the reality of the visitations. When all my assertions failed to convince him that I was not the victim of a nervous hallucination, I said :

“‘I shall never allude to this subject again, whatever I may see or hear.’

“‘I hope you will keep your word,’ he replied.

“Neither of us ever mentioned the matter again to one another. Sometimes, when my pallor or heavy eyes told that I had not slept well, he would look at me anxiously, as if longing to question me ; but I was proud and so was he, and neither would lead the way.

“On the night before he died he had retired in his usual health, and I sat up late, writing. My desk stood at one side of the fireplace, my back being toward that window. About twelve o'clock I was startled by a rustling behind me, and turned quickly, but saw nothing. Something swept right by me, with a sound like the waving of silk drapery, and passed toward the bed. I followed it, looked under the valance, behind the curtains, all through the room, but found nobody. I said aloud, to reassure myself, ‘It must have been the wind,’ and returned to my desk. In perhaps fifteen minutes I heard the same sound going by me as before toward the bed. In just half an hour more by my watch, which I had laid on the desk, It came again. Carlo, then hardly more than a puppy, howled and ran behind my chair. I felt then that I could bear it no longer ; I moved toward the bed to awaken my husband. He was sleeping so soundly that, although I passed the candle close before his eyes, he did not stir. I thought I would wait to see or hear something more before arousing him. Nothing came. Carlo went back to his place on the rug, and I sat up all night, listening and watching.

“Colonel Trueheart arose next morning, to all appearance perfectly well. At nine o'clock he had an apoplectic stroke. At twelve, he died. His will, executed two years before, directed that I should continue to live here and take care of the place for his children. I have done so at less cost of feeling and health than I anticipated. But once in five years have I had any reason to believe that the uneasy spirit—if spirit it was—still walked the premises. One night, in the second

year of my widowhood, as I was coming downstairs, soon after supper, with a light in my hand, I heard the sweeping of a gown, the tap of high heels behind me. On the lower landing I stopped, wheeled short around, held up my light, and looked back. The steps had been close on my track, but the staircase was empty and now silent.

"I had flattered myself that there would never be a return of ghostly sights or sounds after four years of exemption. Least of all did I dream that anyone not connected with the family would be visited by such apparitions, should they come."

This was the story. If Madam guessed at anything else, if she had any theory as to the cause of the visitation, she never intimated it. Captain Macon privately instituted inquiries, at a later period, respecting the past history of the house, but without striking any trail that promised to unravel the mystery. It had been built by a Trueheart, and the estate had descended in the direct line to the Colonel. We pledged our word voluntarily to Madam never to speak of what we had seen while the truth could affect the value of the property, or cast imputation upon the character of those who had owned it. We kept silent until Madam had been fifteen years in her grave. Then Captain Macon rode over one day to show me a paragraph in a Richmond newspaper. I have it safe upstairs in my reliquary, but I can repeat it, word for word :

"The march of improvement westward has condemned to demolition, among other fine old mansions, Selma, the ancestral home of the Truehearts. It passed out of the family at the demise of Mrs. Augusta Harrison Trueheart, relict of the late Colonel Elbert Trueheart. In order to effect an equitable division of the estate, the residence and contiguous plantation were sold. The extensive grounds have been cut up into building lots, and the mansion—a noble one in its day, although sadly neglected of late years—standing directly in the line of the extension of ——— Street, has been bought by the city to be pulled down and carted away. In grading the sidewalk of the proposed thoroughfare, it was necessary to dig down six feet below the present

level, laying bare the foundations of the building. At the depth of four feet from the surface, directly under the windows, and distant scarcely three feet from the drawing-room, the workmen disinterred the skeleton of a woman of diminutive stature, which had evidently lain there for years. There were no signs of a coffin or coffin-plate. A high tortoise-shell comb, richly wrought, was found by the head. The oldest inhabitant of our city has no recollection of any interment near this spot, nor would decent burial have been made so close to the surface. The whole affair is wrapped in mystery."

Another prolonged pause. Then "Harry" raised both hands to push up her hair from her forehead, as if the weight oppressed the teeming brain.

"How the storm roars," she said. "Heaven have mercy upon the homeless souls wandering between sky and earth to-night. Papa told me that the secret is a secret still, the tragedy unexplained. Have you suspicions of your own?"

"I know nothing beyond what you have heard. But—women who die natural deaths and have Christian burial do not wear expensive combs, such as belong to party-dresses, when they are shrouded for the grave. Nor are they thrust into the ground uncoffined."—

From Judith.





TERTULLIAN (QUINTUS SEPTIMIUS FLORENS TERTULLIANUS), a celebrated ecclesiastical writer of the early Latin Church, born at Carthage about A.D. 150; died about 230. He was the earliest and, after Augustine, the greatest of the ancient Church writers of the West. He is recognized as the creator of Christian Latin literature. Before his time the only Christian books in the Latin language were the Bible, the *Octavius* of Minucius Felix, and the so-called Muratorian fragment, books recognized as canonical. Cyprian polished the language that Tertullian had made and turned his words and thoughts into current coin. St. Augustine built upon the foundations laid by Cyprian and Tertullian, and these three may be deemed the fathers of the Latin Church. He received a good education in Greek and Latin, and became familiar with the old historians, from Herodotus to Tacitus. He earnestly studied the Greek philosophers, Plato in particular, and he had full command of the writings of the Stoics. He became one of the most able jurists at Rome or Carthage. While at Rome he became converted to Christianity. Having fortified the Catholic Church against Gnosticism, he was none the less anxious to protect it from becoming a political organization. Unable to reconcile incompatibles he left the Church and became the most powerful representative of Montanism in the West.

His chief works are his *Apologeti-Montanist*, a defence of Christianity called forth by the persecution under Septimius Severus; *Ad Martyres*, *De Baptismo*, *De Pœnitentia*, *De Spectaculis*, *De Patientia*, *De Præscriptione Adversus Marcionem*, *De Virginibus Velandis*, and *Adversus Praxean*.

"Tertullian was a man of great originality and genius," says Professor Adolf Harnack, "characterized by the deepest pathos, the liveliest fancy, and the most penetrating keenness, and was endowed with ability to appropriate and make use of all the methods of observation and speculation and with the readiest wit. What he was he was with his whole being. Once a Christian, he was determined to be so with all his soul and to shake himself free from all half measures and compromises with the world. What he did was done for the Gospel, as he understood it, with all the faculties of his soul. His activity as a Christian falls between 190 and 220, a period of great moment in the history of the Catholic Church. During this time the struggle with Gnosticism was brought to a victorious close, the New Testament was fully and firmly established within the churches, the ecclesiastical priesthood was developed, and the apostolic rules which thenceforward governed the Church were called into existence."

IDOLATRY CONSIDERED IN ITS MORE LIMITED SENSE.

But let the universal names of crimes withdraw to the specialities of their own works; let idolatry remain in that which it is itself. Sufficient to itself is a name so inimical to God, a substance of crime so copious, which reaches forth so many branches, diffuses so many

veins, that from this [name], for the greatest part, is drawn the material for all the modes in which the expansiveness of idolatry has to be foreguarded against by us, since in manifold wise it subverts the servants of God; and this not only when unperceived, but also when cloaked over. Most men simply regard idolatry as to be interpreted in these senses alone, viz. : if one burn incense, or immolate [a victim], or give a sacrificial banquet, or be bound to some sacred functions or priesthoods; just as if one were to regard adultery as to be accounted in kisses, and in embraces, and in actual fleshly contact; or murder as to be reckoned only in the shedding forth of blood, and in the actual taking away of life. But how far wider an extent the Lord assigns to those crimes we are sure: when He defines adultery [to consist] even in concupiscence, "if one shall have cast an eye lustfully on [a woman]" and stirred his soul with immodest commotion; when He judges murder [to consist] even in a word of curse or of reproach, and in every impulse of anger, and in the neglect of charity toward a brother: just as John teaches that he who hates his brother is a murderer. Else, both the devil's ingenuity in malice, and God the Lord's in the Discipline by which he fortifies us against the devil's depths, would have but limited scope, if we were judged only in such faults as even the heathen nations have decreed punishable. How will our "righteousness abound above that of the Scribes and Pharisees," as the Lord has prescribed, unless we shall have seen through the abundance of that adversary quality, that is, of unrighteousness? But if the head of our unrighteousness is idolatry, the first point is, that we be fore-fortified against the abundance of idolatry, while we recognize it not only in its palpable manifestations.



TESSELSCHÆDE, the universally accepted name of the younger daughter of Røemer Visscher, a Dutch merchant-prince of the sixteenth century who delighted in playing the part of a munificent patron of the arts, and who, as the writer of some witty and coarse epigrams, gained from his friends and admirers the title of the Dutch Martial. Visscher had three daughters. The charms of Anna, wife of Dominicus Booth van Wesel, are celebrated in the poems of Heinsius, who had conceived a lively attachment for her. Triutjen married Nikolaas van Buyl, a rich brewer, and sheriff of Amsterdam. The lovely Tesselschæde owed her barbarous name to a whim of her father; who, in the year of her birth, having experienced severe losses from storms and inundations at the Texel, in a fit of ill-humor, to perpetuate the memory of the circumstance, arbitrarily called her "Texel's Wreck"—Tesselschæde. He little imagined that such a cognomen was to descend to posterity, reminding us at once of his bad taste and of his daughter's fame. She was born at Amsterdam, March 25, 1594; and died in that city, June 20, 1649. She was endowed with all the graces of mind and person which can combine to render a woman charming. Her father, having done his best to disgrace her by her name, did his utmost, it seems, to redeem his error by the careful edu-

cation given her. "What say you," says Sir John Bowring, "to the following list of accomplishments in which a Dutch young lady excelled in the beginning of the seventeenth century? Singing, playing, dancing, drawing, embroidery, modelling, writing on glass with a diamond, painting, poetry, and an intimate knowledge of the French and Italian languages! Add to this, that she was equally amiable and clever, and entirely free from anything like pedantry." Tesselschæde became the life and soul of the meetings of literary people, not only at her own home, but at Hooft's picturesque little castle at Muiden. She was married, November 1, 1623, to a sailor, a middle-aged widower, Alart Krombalgh, of Alkmaar. He seems to have played the modest part of *le mari de ma femme*, as we hear nothing of him, except that he lived happily with his wife at Alkmaar, where he died in 1634, leaving her with one daughter with whom to mourn his loss. Having lost her elder daughter and her husband almost at one blow, she left the old house at Alkmaar, and dwelt for eight years at Belvidere with the young Tesselschæde, a child in every way worthy of so beautiful and distinguished a mother. In 1642 she returned to Amsterdam; where, her daughter having died, she quickly followed her to the grave. The reader is referred, under HUYGENS, to one of the many touching poems which were written upon the death of this excellent woman; who was known to her contemporaries as "our fair morality," "the mirror of all intelligent minds," "the queen of all-surpassing wits," "the glory of our

country." It is more as the friend of writers, perhaps, than as a writer herself, that Tesselschæde is accorded the high position she holds in Dutch literary history. She was the intimate friend of the four greatest and most original poets of Holland — Vondel, Hooft, Bredero, Huygens — and, as Edmund Gosse has said, "It cannot be pretended that her verses are worthy to be seen by the side of theirs." Nevertheless, she had original lyric genius; and some of her poems are worthy of any one of the greatest poets of her age. Among her works was a translation of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, which was never printed, and the manuscript of which has been lost. In 1630 she was awarded the prize for a poem written upon the occasion of the merging of the Chamber of the White Lavender and Coster's Academy. In 1639 she translated into Dutch the *Adonis* of Marini; but this work, like her Tasso, has been lost. She may be said to have written poetry all her life. The following translations are from originals, as found in *Het Amsterdamsch Minnebeeckje* and *Verscheidene Gedichten*.

THE COMPLAINT OF PHYLLIS.

My sheep, who hunger satisfied
 With fragrant thyme, now turn aside
 To these rose-petals, from my crown;
 They brought their scent to sacrifice,
 And ravished heart and soul with spice,
 Whene'er to dance I was led down.

'Tis better that the blossoms feed
 My lambkins which I, dying, lead,
 Than that, undone, dishonorèd,

Between my groans and sighs of woe,
 Bathed in my hot tears' burning flow,
 They, faultless, wither on my head.

Ah ! chew them small with little nips,
 Innocent flock ! but when your lips
 Are weary, and you fall on sleep,
 Muse on the death of my delight,
 That bids me toss in sad despite
 My rosy garland to my sheep.

For you were near when faith and troth
 Philander swore, who breaks them both,
 And lewdly courts another lass !
 For you were near, when his sweet words
 Bound my weak heart, and heaven records
 How tender and how false he was !

Yet health, and not revenge be found !
 Give balsam for my aching wound,
 Give balsam from the heavenly store !
 But if revenge you will decree,
 O gods, chastise, but let it be
 The prick of conscience, and no more.

My sorrow, sure, will make him burn,
 My passion to his passion turn,
 His passion turn again to me ;
 And so, once more, as one hath been,
 No happier pair on earth be seen
 Than Phyllis and Philander be.

—*Translated by* EDMUND GOSSE.

THE WILD SONGSTER.

Prize thou the nightingale,
 Who soothes thee with his tale,
 And wakes the woods around ;
 A singing feather he—a winged and wandering sound ;

 Whose tender carolling
 Sets all ears listening

Unto that living lyre,
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire ;

Whose shrill, capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone—
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare !
Can aught with thee compare ?
Thou art all song—thy breast
Thrills for one month o' the year—is tranquil all the
rest.

Thee wondrous we may call—
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so loud a sound, and pour so loud a note.
—SIR JOHN BOWRING'S *translation*.

THE TAME SONGSTER.

But wild-wood songster, cease !
Draw breath and hold thy peace !
Thy notes make no sweet noise
That can compete for tone with Rosamunda's voice,

Who hath so dear an art
Of whispering to the heart
In measured, plaintive sobs,
That, bound in friendship's net, like a snared bird it
throbs.

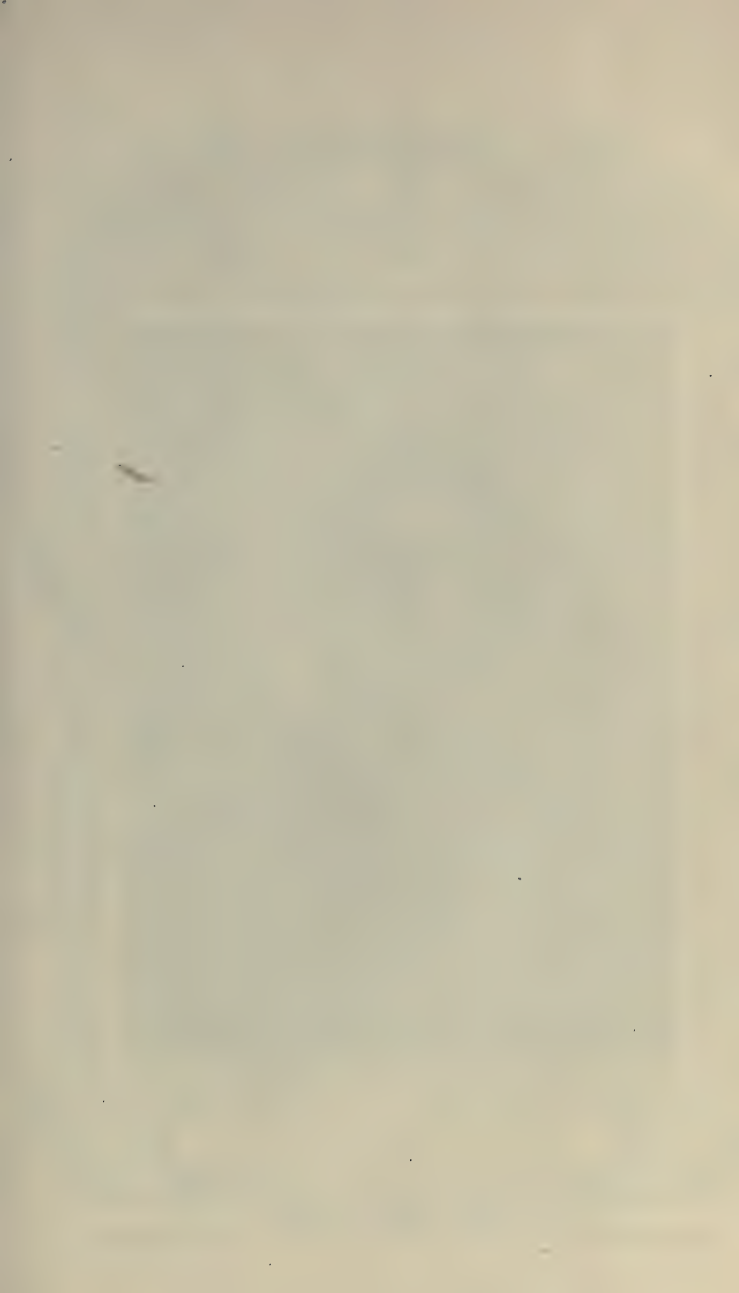
Whose cunning voice instils
Deep wisdom, while it fills
The minds of those who hear,
And makes the soul leap up into the listening ear.

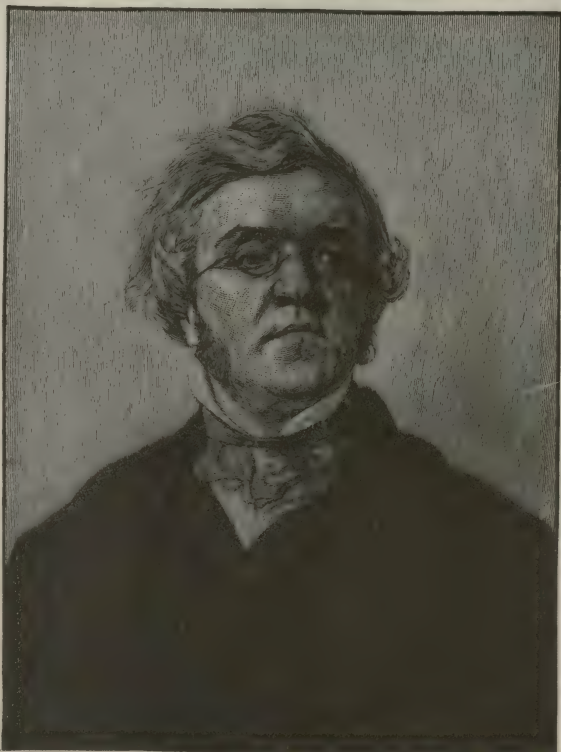
In moanings low she dies,
And then with tender sighs,
In amorous, soft conceits
A world of various tongues she nimbly counterfeits.

No weariness we know,
Though from her throat may flow
Much song ; new pleasures high
Still charm the insatiate ear with each fresh harmony.

Here rarer rapture lives
That fitful music gives ;
No feathered song so gay
As this, that summer gives nor winter takes away.
—Gosse's *translation*.







W. M. THACKERAY.



THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, a celebrated English novelist, critic, and satirist, born in Calcutta, July 18, 1811; died in London, December 24, 1863. His great-grandfather, Rev. Thomas Thackeray, was master of Harrow School; his grandfather, William Makepeace Thackeray, and his father, Richmond Thackeray, entered the civil service of the East India Company. Richmond Thackeray died in 1816, at the age of thirty, leaving a considerable fortune, a young widow, and a son of five years. In 1817 Mrs. Thackeray took her son to England, and not long afterward married Major Carmichael Smyth, who became a true father to his step-son. The boy was placed in the Charterhouse School at London, whence, at about eighteen, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, however, he did not remain long enough to take his degree. He had resolved to be a painter, and went to Rome and Paris for the purpose of studying art; but beyond natural deftness in throwing off hasty outline sketches, he never acquired any tolerable artistic skill. But even this afterward served him in good stead, when he became a contributor to *Punch*. He never attempted anything except figure-pieces, and these he never drew with accuracy. Thackeray came into possession of his fortune upon coming of age, and in five years it was all gone.

The greater part of it, as well as that of his step-father, was thrown away in setting up a daily newspaper, the *Constitutional*, which lived only a year. He had now to earn his daily bread, and the pen was his only resource. He became a somewhat frequent contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, and in 1841 to *Punch*, which had just been established. He wrote anonymously or under assumed signatures, such as "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," "George Fitz-Boodle," "Charles James Fitzroy Yellowplush." For ten years and more he wrote tales, burlesques, satires, descriptive sketches, critical essays and verses, some of which were clever hits at the follies and foibles of the time; but none of them had more than ephemeral value, and few of them gave promise that the author would ever take a permanent place as a writer of fiction, unless *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* may be reckoned an exception. A dark shadow had fallen upon his domestic life. His young wife, after giving birth to two daughters, was stricken with a mental malady, from which she never recovered. His daughters, who grew up to be the joy of his life, were placed with his mother at Paris, and he was living a lonely life in London lodgings. It was under these circumstances that *Vanity Fair*, the first of his five great novels, was begun early in 1847. It was published in monthly parts, running through a year and a half; and long before its completion, in the summer of 1848, Thackeray's place as a novelist had come to be an assured one. He soon afterward began his *Pendennis*, also published

serially, and running through the years 1849 and 1850. In 1851 Thackeray appeared as a lecturer, with his *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*, which were delivered throughout Great Britain and subsequently in America. In 1852 appeared his novel *Henry Esmond*, the only one of his important works which was not published serially. He himself regarded this as his best work. In 1854 he broke off his long connection with *Punch*. "There appears in next *Punch*," he writes, "an article so wicked—by poor —, I think—that upon my word I don't think I ought to pull any longer in the same boat with such a savage little Robespierre; and so I have sent in my resignation." In 1853-55 appeared *The Newcomes*, the best of all his novels. The next year he made a second tour in the United States, where he delivered his lectures on *The Four Georges*, which were afterward delivered and then published in Great Britain. In 1857 he presented himself as a candidate for Parliament for the city of Oxford, but was defeated by a majority of sixty-seven in a total vote of 2,103. This was his only attempt to enter upon a political life. In 1857-59 appeared his novel *The Virginians*, which perhaps did not lessen, although it certainly did not increase, his reputation. In 1860 he became editor of the new *Cornhill Magazine*, which he conducted for two years. For each number he furnished one of the *Roundabout Papers*, touching upon a great variety of topics. In this magazine also appeared his novels, *Lovel the Widower*, and *The Adventures of Philip on His Way Through the*

World, a kind of continuation of the *Shabby-Gentle Story*, of which a few chapters had been written as early as 1840. After his retirement from the editorship of the *Cornhill*, Thackeray commenced in it the novel *Denis Duval*, of which only four numbers had been written at the time of his sudden death, at the age of fifty-two, when he was meditating a *History of England* commencing with the reign of Queen Anne. The other works of Thackeray consist mainly of his contributions to *Fraser's* and the *Cornhill*, several volumes of foreign sketches, small Christmas books, and a volume of clever *Ballads*. Among these works are *The Book of Snobs*, *The Yellowplush Papers*, *The Fitz-Boodle Papers*, *The Paris Sketch Book*, *The Irish Sketch Book*, *A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, *Cox's Diary*, *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, *A Legend of the Rhine*, *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*, *Our Street*, *Dr. Birch and His Young Friends*, *The Rose and the Ring*. It was Thackeray's express wish that no formal biography of him should be written. Several such, however, have been put forth, the least unsatisfactory of which is that by Anthony Trollope in the "English Men of Letters" series. In 1887 was published a *Collection of the Letters of Thackeray*, written between 1847 and 1855, to his close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield. These present our best picture of the noble and lovable character of the man.

In the January number of *Fraser's Magazine*, 1844, were begun the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon*. The central figure of this story is as great a scoun-

drel as the mind of a novelist ever conceived, but Thackeray handles him in a way that makes him and his class ridiculous to the mind of the reader. The following is excellent as a tirade in favor of gambling, coming from Redmond de Balibari, as he came to be called during his adventures abroad, but it will hardly persuade anyone to be a gambler:

THE GAMBLER'S ART.

We always played on parole with anybody—any person, that is, of honor and noble lineage. We never pressed for our winnings, or declined to receive promissory notes in lieu of gold. But woe to the man who did not pay when the note became due ! Redmond de Balibari was sure to wait upon him with his bill, and I promise you there were very few bad debts. On the contrary, gentlemen were grateful to us for our forbearance, and our character for honor stood unimpeached. In latter times, a vulgar national prejudice has chosen to cast a slur upon the character of men of honor engaged in the profession of play ; but I speak of the good old days of Europe, before the cowardice of the French aristocracy (in the shameful revolution, which served them right) brought discredit upon our order. They cry fie now upon men engaged in play ; but I should like to know how much more honorable *their* modes of livelihood are than ours. The broker of the Exchange, who bulls and bears, and buys and sells, and dabbles with lying loans, and trades upon state-secrets—what is he but a gamester ? The merchant who deals in teas and tallow, is he any better ? His bales of dirty indigo are his dice, his cards come up every year instead of every ten minutes, and the sea is his green-table. You call the profession of the law an honorable one, where a man will lie for any bidder—lie down poverty for the sake of a fee from wealth ; lie down right because wrong is in his brief. You call a doctor an honorable man—a swindling quack who does

not believe in the nostrums which he prescribes, and takes your guinea for whispering in your ear that it is a fine morning. And yet, forsooth, a gallant man, who sits him down before the baize and challenges all comers, his money against theirs, his fortune against theirs, is proscribed by your modern moral world ! It is a conspiracy of the middle-class against gentlemen. It is only the shopkeeper-cant which is to go down nowadays. I say that play was an institution of chivalry. It has been wrecked, along with other privileges of men of birth. When Seingalt engaged a man for six-and-thirty hours without leaving the table, do you think he showed no courage ? How have we had the best blood, and the brightest eyes, too, of Europe throbbing round the table, as I and my uncle have held the cards and the bank against some terrible player, who was matching some thousands out of his millions against our all, which was there on the baize ! When we engaged that daring Alexis Kossloffsky, and won seven thousand louis on a single coup, had we lost we should have been beggars the next day ; when *he* lost, he was only a village and a few hundred serfs in pawn the worse. When at Töplitz the Duke of Courland brought fourteen lackeys, each with four bags of florins, and challenged our bank to play against the sealed bags, what did we ask ? " Sir," said we, " we have but eight thousand florins in bank, or two hundred thousand at three months. If your highness's bags do not contain more than eighty thousand we will meet you." And we did ; and after eleven hours' play, in which our bank was at one time reduced to two hundred and three ducats, we won seventeen thousand florins of him. Is *this* not something like boldness ? Does this profession not require skill, and perseverance, and bravery ? Four crowned heads looked on at the game, and an imperial princess, when I turned up the ace of hearts and made Paroli, burst into tears. No man on the European Continent held a higher position than Redmond Barry then ; and when the Duke of Courland lost, he was pleased to say that we had won nobly. And so we had, and spent nobly what we won.

This is very grand, and is put as an eloquent man would put it who really wished to defend gambling. The rascal, of course, comes to a miserable end, but the tone of the narrative is continued throughout. He is brought to live at last with his old mother in the Fleet prison, on a wretched annuity of £50 per annum, which she has saved out of the general wreck, and there he dies of delirium tremens.

“For an assumed tone of continued irony,” says Anthony Trollope, “maintained through the long memoir of a life, never becoming tedious, never unnatural, astounding us rather by its naturalness, I know nothing equal to *Barry Lyndon*.”

When the critics—the talking critics as well as the writing critics—began to discuss *Vanity Fair*, there had already grown up a feeling as to Thackeray as an author—that he was one who had taken up the business of castigating the vices of the world. Scott had dealt with the heroics, whether displayed in his *Flora MacIvor* or *Meg Merri- lies*, in his *Ivanhoe* or *Ochiltree*. Miss Edgeworth had been moral; Miss Austen conventional; Bulwer had been poetical and sentimental; Marryatt and Lever had been funny and pugnacious, always with a dash of gallantry, displaying funny naval and funny military life; and Dickens had already become great in painting the virtues of the lower orders. But by all these some kind of virtue had been sung, though it might be only the virtue of riding a horse or fighting a duel. Even Eugene Aram and Jack Sheppard, with whom Thackeray found so much fault, were intended to

be fine fellows, though they broke into houses and committed murders. The primary object of all those writers was to create an interest by exciting sympathy. To enhance our sympathy personages were introduced who were very vile indeed—as Bucklaw, in the guise of a lover, to heighten our feelings for Ravenswood and Lucy; as Wild, as a thief-taker, to make us more anxious for the saving of Jack; as Ralph Nickleby, “to pile up the pity for his niece Kate.” Thackeray’s method was quite the contrary. There can be no doubt that the heroic had appeared contemptible to him as being untrue. The girl who had deceived her papa and mamma seemed more probable to him than she who perished under the willow-tree from sheer love. Why sing songs that are false? Why tell of Lucy Ashton and Kate Nickleby, when pretty girls, let them be ever so beautiful, can be silly and sly? Why pour philosophy out of the mouth of a fashionable young gentleman like Pelham, seeing that young gentlemen of that sort rarely, or we may say never, talk after that fashion? Why make a house-breaker a gallant, charming young fellow? the truth being that house-breakers as a rule are as objectionable in their manners as they are in their morals! Thackeray’s mind had in truth worked in this way, and he had become a satirist. The popular idea had been that heroines should not only be beautiful, but should be endowed also with a quasi-celestial grace—grace of dignity, propriety, and reticence. A heroine should hardly want to be married, the arrangement being almost too mundane—and should she

be brought to consent to undergo such bond, because of its acknowledged utility, it should be at some period so distant as hardly to present itself to the mind as a reality. Eating and drinking should be altogether indifferent to her, and her clothes should be picturesque rather than smart, and that from accident rather than design. Thackeray's *Amelia* does not at all come up to the description here given. She is proud of having a lover, constantly declaring to herself and to others that he is "the greatest and the best of men"—whereas the young gentleman is, in truth, a very little man. She is not at all indifferent as to her finery, nor, as we see incidentally, to enjoying her suppers at Vauxhall. She is anxious to be married—and as soon as possible. A hero, too, should be dignified and of a noble presence; a man who, though he may be as poor as Nicholas Nickleby, should nevertheless be beautiful on all occasions, and never deficient in readiness, address, or self-assertion. *Vanity Fair* is especially declared by the author to be "a novel without a hero," and therefore we have hardly a right to complain of deficiency of heroic conduct in any of the male characters.

MISS REBECCA SHARP.

Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion, a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a

good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for miles about Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity, and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For the mother being dead, her father finding himself not likely to recover after his third attack of delirium tremens, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection; and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articled pupil; her duties being to talk French, and her privileges to live scot-free, and with a few guineas a year to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up, they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp, being shot dead by a glance from her eyes, which were fired all the way across Chiswick Church from the school pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed apple-woman was charged to deliver.

Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy : but the idea even of such an eagle in the Chiswick dove-cot caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp but that she was bound to her under a forfeit ; and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door ; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good-humor, and into the granting of one meal more. She sat commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions—often ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she had never been a girl, she said ; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Oh, why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage ?

The fact is, the old lady believed Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world ; so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of an *ingénue*, and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll—which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school-hours.

How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening-party ; and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll. Becky used to go through dialogues with it ; it formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerard Street, and the artists' quarter ; and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask if Miss Pinkerton was at home. Once

Rebecca had the honor to pass a few days at Chiswick, after which she brought back Jemima, and erected another doll as Miss Jemmy; for though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at parting, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed Miss Jemmy quite as pitilessly as her sister.—*Vanity Fair*.

Sir Pitt Crawley is a baronet, a man of large property, and in Parliament, to whom Becky Sharp goes as a governess at the end of a delightful visit with her friend Amelia Sedley, on leaving Miss Pinkerton's school. The Sedley carriage takes her to Sir Pitt's door.

SIR PITT CRAWLEY.

When the bell was rung a head appeared between the interstices of the dining-room shutters, and the door was opened by a man in drab breeches and gaiters, with a dirty old coat, a foul old neck-cloth lashed round his bristly neck, a shining bald head, a leering red face, a pair of twinkling gray eyes, and a mouth perpetually on the grin.

"This Sir Pitt Crayley's?" says John, from the box.

"E'es," says the man at the door, with a nod.

"Hand down these 'ere trunks there," said John.

"Hand 'em down yourself," said the porter.

But John on the box declines to do this, as he cannot leave his horses.

The bald-headed man, taking his hands out of his breeches' pocket, advanced on this summons, and throwing Miss Sharp's trunk over his shoulder, carried it into the house. Then Becky is shown into the house, and a dismantled dining-room is described, into which she is led by the dirty man with the trunk.

Two kitchen-chairs, and a round table, and an attenuated old poker and tongs, were, however, gathered round the fire-place, as was a sauce-pan over a feeble, sputtering fire. There was a bit of cheese and bread

and a tin candlestick on the table, and a little black porter in a pint pot.

"Had your dinner, I suppose?" This was said by him of the bald head. "It is not too warm for you? Like a drop of beer?"

"Where is Sir Pitt Crawley?" said Miss Sharp, majestically.

"He, he! I'm Sir Pitt Crawley. Rek'lect you owe me a pint for bringing down your luggage. He, he! ask Tinker if I ain't."

The lady addressed as Mrs. Tinker at this moment made her appearance, with a pipe and a paper of tobacco, for which she had been despatched a minute before Miss Sharp's arrival; and she handed the articles over to Sir Pitt, who had taken his seat by the fire.

"Where's the farden?" said he. "I gave you three half-pence; where's the change, old Tinker?"

"There," replied Mrs. Tinker, flinging down the coin. "It's only baronets as cares about farthings."

There is a double story running through the book, the parts of which are but lightly woven together, of which the former tells us of the life and adventures of that singular young woman, Becky Sharp, and the other the troubles and ultimate success of the noble hero Captain Dobbin. It came to pass that, in spite of critics, Becky Sharp became the first attraction in *Vanity Fair*. When we speak now of *Vanity Fair*, it is always to Becky that our thoughts recur. She has made a position for herself in the world of fiction, and is one of our established personages.

She goes to Sir Pitt Crawley as governess for his second family, and is taken down to Queen's Crawley, in the country. There her cleverness prevails, even with the baronet. She keeps his accounts, and writes his letters, and helps him to

save money ; she reads with the elder sister books they ought not to have read ; she flatters the sanctimonious son. In point of fact, she becomes all in all at Queen's Crawley, so that Sir Pitt himself falls in love with her—for there is reason to think that Sir Pitt may soon become again a widower. But there also comes down to the baronet's house, on an occasion of general entertaining, Captain Rawdon Crawley. Of course Becky sets her cap at him, and of course succeeds. She always succeeds. Though she is only the governess, he insists upon dancing with her, to the neglect of all the young ladies of the neighborhood. They continue to walk together by moonlight—or starlight—the great, heavy, stupid, half-tipsy dragoon, and the intriguing, covetous, altogether unprincipled, young woman.

Lady Crawley dies down in the country, while Becky is staying with Rawdon's sister, who will not part with her. Sir Pitt at once rushes up to town, before the funeral, looking for consolation where only he can find it. Becky brings him down word from his sister's room that the old lady is too ill to see him.

SIR PITT'S PROPOSAL.

"So much the better," Sir Pitt answered ; "I want to see you, Miss Sharp. I want you back at Queen's Crawley, miss," the baronet said. His eyes had such a strange look, and were fixed upon her so steadfastly that Rebecca Sharp began almost to tremble. Then she half promises, talks about the dear children, and angles with the old man. "I tell you I want you," he says ; "I'm going back to the vunerel. Will you come back?—yes or no?"

"I daren't. I don't think—it wouldn't be right—to be alone—with you, sir," Becky said, seemingly in great agitation.

"I say again, I want you. I can't get on without you. I didn't see what it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong. It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled again. You must come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come?"

"Come—as what, sir?" Rebecca gasped out.

"Come as Lady Crawley, if you like. There, will that satisfy you? Come back and be my wife. You're fit for it. Birth be hanged. You're as good a lady as ever I see. You've got more brains in your little vinger than any baronet's wife in the country. Will you come? Yes or no?" Rebecca is startled, but the old man goes on. "I'll make you happy; zee if I don't. You shall do what you like, spend what you like, and have it all your own way. I'll make you a settlement. I'll do everything regular. Look here," and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

But Rebecca, though she had been angling, angling for favor and love and power, had not expected this. For once in her life she loses her presence of mind, and exclaims: "Oh, Sir Pitt; oh, sir; I—I'm married already!" She has married Rawdon Crawley, Sir Pitt's younger son, Miss Crawley's favorite among those of her family who are looking for the maiden aunt's money. But she keeps her secret for the present, and writes a charming letter to the Captain: "Dearest, something tells me that we shall conquer. You shall leave that odious regiment. Quit gaming, racing, and be a good boy, and we shall all live in Park Lane, and *ma tante* shall leave us all her money." *Ma tante's* money has been in her mind all through, but yet she loves him.

"Suppose the old lady doesn't come to," Rawdon said to his little wife as they sat together in the snug little Brompton lodgings. She had been trying the new piano all the morning. The new gloves fitted her to a nicety. The new shawl became her wonderfully. The new rings glittered on her little hands, and the new watch ticked at her waist.

"*I'll* make your fortune," she said ; and Delilah patted Samson's cheek.

"You can do nothing," he said, kissing the little hand. "By Jove, you can ! and we'll drive down to the Star and Garter and dine, by Jove !"

They were neither of them quite heartless at that moment, nor did Rawdon ever become quite bad. Then follow the adventures of Becky as a married woman, through all of which there is a glimmer of love for her stupid husband, while it is the real purpose of her heart to get money how she may—by her charms, by her wit, by her lies, by her readiness. She makes love to everyone. She gets hold of that well-remembered old reprobate, the Marquis of Steyne, who possesses the two valuable gifts of being very dissolute and very rich, and from him she obtains money and jewels to her heart's desire. Then her husband finds her out—poor Rawdon ! who, with all his faults and thick-headed stupidity, has become absolutely entranced by the wiles of his little wife. He is carried off to a sponging-house, in order that he may be out of the way, and, on escaping unexpectedly from thralldom, finds the lord in his wife's drawing-room. Whereupon he thrashes the old lord, nearly killing him ; takes away the plunder which he finds on his wife's person, and hurries away to seek assistance as to further re-

venge—for he is determined to shoot the marquis, or to be shot. He goes to one Captain Macmurdo, who is to act as his second, and there he pours out his heart. “You don’t know how fond I was of that one,” Rawdon said, half-inarticulately. “Damme, I followed her like a footman! I gave up everything I had to her. I’m a beggar because I would marry her. By Jove, sir, I’ve pawned my own watch to get her anything she fancied. And she—she’s been making a purse for herself all the time, and grudged me a hundred pounds to get me out of quod!” His friend alleges that the wife may be innocent, after all. “It may be so,” Rawdon exclaimed, sadly; “but this don’t look very innocent!” And he showed the captain the thousand-pound note which he had found in Becky’s pocket-book.

The story of Amelia and her two lovers, George Osborne and Captain Dobbin, is less interesting simply because goodness and eulogy are less exciting than wickedness and censure. Amelia is a true, honest-hearted girl, who loves her love because he is grand—to her eyes—and loving him, loves him with all her heart. She is feminine all over, and British—loving, true, thoroughly unselfish, and yet with a taste for having things comfortable, quite convinced that her lover, her husband, her children are the people in all the world to whom consideration is due. Such a one is sure to be the dupe of a Becky Sharp, should a Becky Sharp come in her way—as is the case with so many sweet Amelias whom we have known. But in a matter of love she is sound enough and sen-

sible enough—and she is as true as steel. There is no trait in Amelia which a man would be ashamed to find in his own daughter.

She marries her George Osborne, who, to tell the truth of him, is but a poor kind of fellow, though he is a brave soldier. He thinks much of his own person, and is selfish. Thackeray puts in a touch or two here and there by which he is made to be odious. He would rather give a present to himself than to the girl who loves him. Nevertheless, when her father is ruined he marries her, and he fights bravely at Waterloo, and is killed. “No more firing was heard at Brussels. The pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and the city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.” Then come fifteen years of widowhood—fifteen years during which Becky is carrying on her manœuvres—fifteen years during which Amelia cannot bring herself to accept the devotion of the old captain, who becomes at last a colonel. But at the end she is won. This is what he has asked for every day and hour for eighteen years. This is what he has pined after. Here it is—the summit, the end, the last “page of the third volume.”

The reader as he closes the book has on his mind a strong conviction, the strongest possible conviction, that among men George is as weak and Dobbin as noble as any that he has met in literature; and that among women Amelia is as true and Becky as vile as any he has encountered.

Though *Henry Esmond* deals with the times of Queen Anne, and "copies the language" of the time, the story is not supposed to have been written till the reign of George II. Esmond in his narrative speaks of Fielding and Hogarth, who did their best work under George II. The idea is that Henry Esmond, the hero, went out to Virginia after the events told, and there wrote the memoir in the form of an autobiography. The estate of Castlewood, in Virginia, had been given to the Esmond family by Charles II.; and this Esmond, our hero, finding that expatriation would best suit both his domestic happiness and his political difficulties—as the reader of the book will understand might be the case—settles himself in the colony, and there writes the history of his early life. He retains the manners, and with the manners the language, of his youth. He lives among his own people, a country gentleman with a broad domain, mixing but little with the world beyond, and remains an English gentleman of the time of Queen Anne. The story is continued in *The Virginians*, the name given to a record of two lads who were grandsons of Harry Esmond, whose names are Warrington. Harry Esmond, who tells the story, is of course the hero. There are two heroines who equally command our sympathy—Lady Castlewood, the wife of Harry's kinsman, and her daughter Beatrix. Thackeray himself declared the man to be a prig, and he was not altogether wrong. Beatrix, with whom throughout the whole book he is in love, knew him well. "Shall I be frank with you, Harry," she says, when

she is engaged to another suitor, "and say that if you had not been down on your knees and so humble, you might have fared better with me? A woman of my spirit, cousin, is to be won by gallantry, and not by sighs and rueful faces." The character of Lady Castlewood has required more delicacy in its manipulation than perhaps any other which Thackeray has drawn. There is a mixture in it of self-negation and of jealousy, of gratefulness of heart and of the weary thoughtfulness of age, of occasional sprightliness with deep melancholy, of injustice with a thorough appreciation of the good around her, of personal weakness—as shown always in her intercourse with her children—and of personal strength, as displayed when she vindicates the position of her kinsman. But of the three characters, Beatrix is the one that has most strongly exercised the writer's powers, and will most interest the reader. As far as outward person is concerned, she is very lovely—so charming that every man that comes near to her submits himself to her attractions and caprices. It is but rarely that a novelist can succeed in impressing his reader with a sense of female loveliness. The attempt is made so frequently—comes so much as a matter of course in every novel that is written, and fails so much as a matter of course—that the reader does not feel the failure.

THE FOTHERINGAY OFF THE STAGE.

As Pen followed his companion up the creaking old stairs his knees trembled under him. He could hardly see when he entered, following the Captain, and stood in the room—in her room. He saw something black

before him, and waving as if making a courtesy ; and heard, but quite indistinctly, Costigan making a speech over him, in which the Captain, with his habitual magniloquence, expressed to "me child" his wish to make her known to "his dear and admirable young friend, Mr. Arthur Pindinnis, a young gentleman of property in the neighborhood, a person of refoined moind and amiable manners, a sincere lover of poethry ; and a man possest of a feeling and affectionate heart."

"It is very fine weather," Miss Fotheringay said, in an Irish accent, and with a deep, rich, melancholy voice.

"Very," said Mr. Pendennis.

"And very warm," continued this Empress and Queen of Sheba.

In this romantic way the conversation began ; and he found himself seated on a chair and having leisure to look at the young lady. She looked still handsomer off the stage than before the lamps. All her attitudes were naturally grand and majestic. If she went up and stood before the mantel-piece, her robe draped itself classically round her ; her chin supported itself on her hand ; the other lines of her form arranged themselves in full harmonious undulation. She looked like a muse in contemplation. If she sat down on a cane-bottomed chair, her arm rounded itself over the back of the seat ; her hand seemed as if it ought to have a sceptre put into it ; the folds of her dress fell naturally around her in order ; all her movements were graceful and imperial.

The conversation thus begun rolled on. She asked Costigan whether he had had a pleasant evening at the George, and he recounted the supper and the tumblers of punch. Then the father asked her how she had been employed during the morning.

"Bows came," said she, "at ten, and we studied Ophaylia. It's for the twenty-fourth, when I hope, sir, we shall have the honor of seeing ye."

"Indeed you will," Mr. Pendennis cried ; wondering she should say "Ophaylia," and speak with an Irish inflection of voice naturally, who had not the least Hibernian accent on the stage.

"I've secured 'um for your benefit, dear," said the

Captain, tapping his waistcoat-pocket, wherein lay Pen's sovereigns, and winking at Pen with one eye, at which the boy blushed.

"Mr. — the gentleman's very obleeing," said Mrs. Haller.

"My name is Pendennis," said Pen, blushing. "I—I—hope you'll—you'll remember it." His heart thumped so as he made this audacious declaration, that he almost choked in uttering it.

"Pendennis," she answered slowly, and looking him full in the eyes, with a glance so straight, so clear, so bright, so killing, with a voice so sweet, so round, so low, that the word transfixed him with pleasure.

"I never knew the name was so pretty before," Pen said.

"'Tis a very pretty name," Ophelia said. "Pentweazle's not a pretty name. Remember, papa, when we were on the Norwich circuit, young Pentweazle, who used to play second old man, and married Miss Raney, the Columbine? They're both engaged in London now, at the Queen's, and get five pounds a week. Pentweazle wasn't his real name. 'Twas Jedkin gave it him, I don't know why. His name was Harrington; that is, his real name was Potts; fawther a clergyman very respectable. Harrington was in London, and got into debt. Ye remember, he came out in Falkland, to Mrs. Bunce's Julia."

"And a pretty Julia she was," the Captain interposed; "a woman of fifty, and a mother of ten children. 'Tis you who ought to have been Julia, or my name's not Jack Costigan."

"I didn't take the leading business then," Miss Fotheringay said, modestly. "I wasn't fit for 't till Bows taught me."

"True for you, my dear," said the Captain; and bending to Pendennis, he added, "Rejuiced in circumstances, sir, I was for some time a fencing-master in Dublin; (there's only three men in the empire could touch me with the foil once, but Jack Costigan's getting old and stiff now, sir) and my daughter had an engagement at the thayater there; and 'twas there that my friend, Mr. Bows, gave her lessons, and made her what ye see. What have ye done since Bows went, Emily?"

"Sure, I've made a pie," Emily said, with perfect simplicity. She pronounced it *poy*.

"If ye'll try it at four o'clock, sir, say the word," said Costigan gallantly. "That girl, sir, makes the best veal and ham pie in England; and I think I can promise ye a glass of punch of the right flavor."

Pen had promised to be home at dinner at six o'clock; but the rascal thought he could accommodate pleasure and duty in this point, and was only too eager to accept this invitation. He looked on with wonder and delight whilst Ophelia busied herself about the room, and prepared for dinner. She arranged the glasses, and laid and smoothed the little cloth, all which duties she performed with a quiet grace and good-humor which enchanted her guest more and more. The "*poy*" arrived from the baker's at the proper hour; and at four o'clock Pen found himself at dinner—actually at dinner with the handsomest woman in creation—with his first and only love, whom he had adored ever since when? ever since yesterday, ever since forever. He ate a crust of her making; he poured her out a glass of beer; he saw her drink a glass of punch—just one wineglassful out of the tumbler which she mixed for her papa. She was perfectly good-natured, and offered to mix one for Pendennis, too. It was prodigiously strong; Pen had never in his life drunk so much spirits-and-water. Was it the punch or the punch-maker who intoxicated him?

Pen tried to engage her in conversation about poetry and about her profession. He asked her what she thought of Ophelia's madness, and whether she was in love with Hamlet or not. "In love with such a little ojus wretch as that stunted manager of a Bingley!" She bristled with indignation at the thought. Pen explained that it was not her of whom he spoke, but of the Ophelia of the play. "Oh, indeed, if no offence was meant, none was taken; but as for Bingley, indeed, she did not value him—not that glass of punch!"

Pen next tried her on Kotzebue. "Kotzebue? Who was he?" "The author of the play in which she had been performing so admirably." "She did not know that—the man's name at the beginning of the book was

Thompson," she said. Pen laughed at her adorable simplicity. He told her of the melancholy fate of the author of the play, and how Sand had killed him. It was the first time in her life that Miss Costigan had ever heard of Mr. Kotzebue's existence ; but she looked as if she was very much interested, and her sympathy sufficed for honest Pen.

In the midst of this conversation the hour and a quarter which poor Pen could afford to allow himself passed away only too quickly ; and he had taken leave ; he was gone, and away on his rapid road homeward on the back of Rebecca. She was called upon to show her mettle in the three journeys which she made that day. . . .

"What was that he was talking about, the madness of Hamlet, and the theory of the great German critic on the subject?" Emily asked of her father.

"'Deed then, I don't know, Milly dear," answered the Captain. "We'll ask Bows when he comes."

"Anyhow, he's a nice, fair-spoken, pretty young man," the lady said. "How many tickets did he take of you?"

"Faith, then, he took six, and gev me two guineas, Milly," the Captain said. "I suppose them young chaps is not too flush of coin."

"He's full of book-learning," Miss Fotheringay continued. "Kotzebue! He, he, what a droll name, indeed, now ; and the poor fellow killed by sand, too! Did ye ever hear such a thing? I'll ask Bows about it, papa dear."

"A queer death, sure enough," ejaculated the Captain, and changed the painful theme. "'Tis an elegant mare the young gentleman rides," Costigan went on to say, "and a grand breakfast intirely, that young Mister Foker gave us."

"He's good for two private boxes, and at least twenty tickets, I should say," cried the daughter.

"I'll go bail of that," answered the papa. And so the conversation continued for a while, until the tumbler of punch was finished ; and their hour of departure soon came, too ; for at half-past six Miss Fotheringay was to appear at the theatre again, whither her father

always accompanied her ; and stood, as we have seen, in the side-scene watching her, and drinking spirits-and-water in the green-room with the company there. . . .

"How beautiful she is," thought Pen, cantering homeward. "How simple and how tender ! How charming it is to see a woman of her genius busying herself with the humble offices of domestic life, cooking dishes to make her old father comfortable, and brewing him drink ! How rude it was of me to begin to talk about professional matters, and how well she turned the conversation ! By-the-way, she talked about professional matters herself ; but then with what fun and humor she told the story of her comrade, Pentweazle, as he was called ! There is no humor like Irish humor. Her father is rather tedious, but thoroughly amiable ; and how fine of him giving lessons in fencing, after he quitted the army, where he was the pet of the Duke of Kent ! Fencing ! I should like to continue my fencing, or I shall forget what Angelo taught me. Uncle Arthur always liked me to fence ; he says it is the exercise of a gentleman. Hang it ! I'll take some lessons of Captain Costigan. Go along, Rebecca—up the hill, old lady ! Pendennis, Pendennis—how she spoke the word ! Emily, Emily ! how good, how noble, how beautiful, how perfect she is !"

Now the reader, who has had the benefit of hearing the entire conversation which Pen had with Miss Fotheringay, can judge for himself about the powers of her mind, and may perhaps be disposed to think that she has not said anything astonishingly humorous or intellectual in the course of the *above* interview.—*Pendennis*.

THOMAS NEWCOME ANSWERS.

So, weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly ; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac ; at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed and he was a youth again : a youth all love and hope—a stricken old

man with a beard as white as snow covering his noble, care-worn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady. Anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it. . . .

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fall. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by his bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and the Gray Friars were in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited. Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command; spoke Hindustanee, as if to his men. Then he spoke French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "*Toujours, toujours!*" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him. The nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there with my wife and Bayham. At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad; he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterward Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again,

dear lady," she said to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and said just now he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot. The old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then he would sigh and be still. Once more I heard him say, hurriedly, "Take care of him while I am in India," and then with a heart-rending voice he called out "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar, sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "*Adsum!*" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when the names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.—*The Newcomes.*

LADY BEATRIX'S DEATH.

Harry's aunt, Madame de Bernstein, after a week or two, began to tire of Castlewood and the inhabitants of that mansion, and the neighbors who came to visit them. This clever woman tired of most things and people sooner or later. So she took to nodding and sleeping over the chaplain's stories, and to doze at her whist and over her dinner, and to be very snappish and sarcastic in her conversation with her Esmond nephews and nieces, hitting out blows at my lord and his brother the jockey, and my ladies, widowed and unmarried, who winced under her scornful remarks, and bore them as they best might. The cook, whom she had so praised on first coming, now gave her no satisfaction; the wine was corked; the house was damp, dreary, and full of draughts; the doors would not shut, and the chimneys smoked. She began to think that the Tunbridge waters were very necessary for her, and ordered the doctor,

who came to her from the neighboring town of Hexton, to order those waters for her benefit.

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'Tis needless to relate the progress and termination of her malady, or watch that expiring flame of life as it gasps and flickers. Her senses would remain with her for a while (and then she was never satisfied unless Theo was by her bedside), or again her mind would wander, and the poor, decrepit creature, lying upon her bed, would imagine herself young again, and speak incoherently of the scenes and incidents of her early days. Then she would address me as Henry again, and call upon me to revenge some insult or slight, of which (whatever my suspicions might be) the only record lay in her insane memory. "They have always been so," she would murmur: "they never loved man or woman but they forsook them. *Je me vengerai, O oui, je me vengerai!* I know them all: I know them all: and I will go to my Lord Stair with the list. Don't tell me! His religion can't be the right one. I will go back to my mother's, though she does not love me. She never did. Why don't you, mother? Is it because I am too wicked? *Ah! pitié, pitié. O mon père!* I will make my confession"—and here the unhappy, paralyzed lady made as if she would move in her bed.

Let us draw the curtain round it. I think with awe still of those rapid words, uttered in the shadow of the canopy, as my pallid wife sits by, her prayer-book on her knee; as the attendants move to and fro noiselessly; as the clock ticks without, and strikes the fleeting hours; as the sun falls upon the Kneller picture of Beatrix in her beauty, with the blushing cheeks, the smiling lips, and the waving auburn tresses, and the eyes which seem to look toward the dim figure moaning in the bed.—*From The Virginians.*

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure ;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crooked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from
friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed,
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see ;
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the
chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old
times ;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best :
For the finest of cochees that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back and twisted old feet ;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old
arms !
I looked and I longed and I wished in despair ;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place ;
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face :

A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince ;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room ;
She looks as she then did—all beauty and bloom ;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair—
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

—*Ballads.*





THANET, OCTAVE, is the pen-name of Miss Alice French, an American romance writer ; born at Andover, Mass., in 1850, and educated there. Her descent goes back to Sir William French, who came to the Massachusetts colonies in the seventeenth century ; and on her mother's side to Nathaniel Morton, who married Governor Bradford's sister. She has spent much time in the South, especially in Arkansas. Economic and social topics have especially interested her and prompted the writing of articles in the magazines. Among her works are *Knitters in the Sun* (1887) ; *Expiation* (1890) ; *We All*, and *Best Letters of Lady Mary Montague* (1891).

"In Octave Thanet's *Knitters in the Sun*," says the *Critic*, "we have a collection of fine short stories—deep, frequent, and beautiful. We have read and admired them already in the magazines, but they are worthy of a permanent place in any library. Perhaps the best of them is *The Bishop's Vagabond*, so full of exhilarating humor and sympathetic perception, with a touch of tenderness ; but all of them are far above the average short story in originality, wit, and insight into human nature."

TWO LOST AND FOUND.

They rode along, Ruffner furtively watching Bud, until finally the elder man spoke, with the directness of primitive natures and strong excitement :

"Whut's come ter ye, Bud Quinn? Ye seem all broke up 'beout this yere losin' yo' little trick [child]; yit ye did'nt useter set no gre't store by 'er—least, looked like——"

"I know," answered Bud, lifting his heavy eyes, too numb himself with weariness and misery to be surprised, "I know; an' 't ar curi's ter me too. I didn't set no store by 'er w'en I had 'er. I taken a gredge agin 'er kase she hadn't no good sense, an' you all throwed it up to me fur a jedgment. An' knawin' how I hadn't done a thing to hurt Zed, it looked cl'ar agin right an' natur fur the Lord ter pester me that a-way; so someways I taken the notion 'twar the devil, and that he got inter Ma' Bowlin', an' I mos' cudn't b'ar the sight er that pore little critter. But the day she got lost kase er tryin' ter meet up with me, I 'lowed mabbe *he* tolled 'er off, an' I sorter felt bad fur 'er; an' w'en I seen them little tracks er her'n, some ways all them mean feelin's I got they jes broke off short insider me like a string mought snap. They done so. An' I wanted that chile bader'n I ever wanted anything."

"Law me!" said Ruffner, quite puzzled. "But say, Bud, ef ye want 'er so bad's all thet, ye warn't wanten mad the Lord by lyin', kase He are yo' on'y show now. Bud Quinn, *did* ye hurt my boy?" He had pushed his face close to Bud's, and his mild eyes were glowing like live coals.

"Naw, Mr. Ruffner," answered Bud, quietly, "I never tetched a ha'r er 'is head!"

Ruffner kept his eager and almost fierce scrutiny a moment; then he drew a long, gasping sigh, crying, "Blame my skin ef I don' b'lieve ye! I've 'lowed, fur a right smart, we all used ye mighty rough."

"Tain't no differ," said Bud, dully. Nothing mattered now, the poor fellow thought; Ma' Bowlin' was dead, and Sukey hated him.

Ruffner whistled slowly and dolefully; that was his way of expressing sympathy; but the whistle died on his lips, for Bud smote his shoulder, then pointed toward the trees.

"Look a-thar!" whispered Bud, with a ghastly face

and dilating eyeballs : " Oh, Lord A'mighty ! thar's her an' *him* ! "

Ruffner saw a boat leisurely propelled by a long pole approaching from the river-side ; a black-haired young man in the bow with the pole, a fair-haired little girl in the stern. The little girl jumped up, and at the same instant a shower of water from light, flying heels blinded the young man.

" Paw ! paw ! " screamed the little girl ; " Maw tole Ma' Bowlin'—meet up—paw ! "

He had her in his arms now ; he was patting her shoulder, and stroking her hair with a trembling hand. Her face looked like an angel's to him in its cloud of shining hair ; her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, but there was something else which in the intense emotion of the moment Bud dimly perceived—the familiar, dazed look was gone. How the blur came over that innocent soul, why it went, are alike mysteries. The struggle for life wherein, amid anguish and darkness, the poor baby intellect somehow went astray, and the struggle for life wherein it groped its way back to light, both are the secrets of the swamp, their witnesses ; but however obscurely, none the less surely, the dormant soul had awaked and claimed its rights, and Ma' Bowlin' had ceased to be the baby, forever.

Meanwhile, if possible, the other actors in the scene were equally agitated. The old man choked, and the young man exclaimed, huskily, " Paw ! ye ain't dead, then ? "

" Waal, I don't guess I be," said Ruffner, struggling after his old dry tone, though his voice shook ; " did ye 'low I war ? "

" I read it in a Walnut Ridge paper only a month ayfter I went ; ' The late Mr. William Ruffner er Clover Bend '—an' a right smart about ye——"

" Thet thar war yo uncle Raker, boy. He war on a visit like, an' died ; an' that ar' blamed galoot in Walnut Ridge got 'im sorter mixed up with me, ye un'er-stan' ; but yo maw, she are gone, boy, shore, died up an' buried."

" I kin b'ar hit," said Zed Ruffner ; " but I *was* right riled up 'beout *you*, paw. ' Lef' all his property to his

widder,' says the paper ; thet ar riled me too. Says I, ye wun't see me very soon to Clover Bend—I was allers sorter ashy, ye know. Fur a fact, ye wouldn't 'a seen me now ef 't hadn't a-ben fur this yere little trick. I war on a trade boat near Newport, an' some fellers I know taken me off fur a night ter thar camp. They are stavers. Hit's way off in the swamp, twelve miles frum here ; an' I was up befo' sun up, aimin' ter start back fur the river, w'en I heard the funniest sound, suthin' like a kid, 'Maw! maw!' Natchelly I listened, an' byme-by I follered ayfter it, an' whut shud I come on but a gre't big log, and this here little critter sittin' on 't hol'in' on by her two hands to a sorter limb grow-in' on the log, an' shore's ye live, with her gownd slung reoun' her neck in a bundle. Lord knows how fur thet ar log had come, or whut travellin' it made, but thar warn't a spec or a spot on thet ar gownd. 'S all I cud do ter git 'er ter lemme pack it up in a bundle, kase she wudn't put 't on nohow ; said the bateau was wet. So we warmed 'er an' fed 'er, and I taken 'er 'long seekin' fur her kin ; an'—wa'al, that's w'y I'm yere !” . . .

Just as the big clock in the store struck the last stroke of six, Sukey Quinn, who had been cowering on the platform steps, lifted her head and put her hand to her ear. Then everybody heard it, the long peal of a horn. It had been arranged that whoever found the lost child should give the signal by blowing his horn, once if the searchers came too late, three times if the child should be alive. Would the horn blow again ?

“It are Bud's horn!” sobbed Sukey. “He'd never blow fur onst ! Hark ! Thar 't goes agin ! Three times ! An' me wudn't hev no truck with 'im ; but he set store by Ma' Bowlin' all the time.”

Horn after horn caught up the signal joyfully, and in an incredibly short time every soul within hearing distance, not to mention a herd of cattle and a large number of swine, had run to the store, and when at last two horses' heads appeared above the hill, and the crowd could see a little pink sun-bonnet against Bud Quinn's brown jean, an immense clamor rolled out.—*Ma' Bowlin', in Knitters in the Sun.*



THAXTER, CELIA (LAIGHTON), an American poet, born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1835; died at the Isle of Shoals, August 26, 1894. When she was five years of age her father removed to one of the Isles of Shoals, nine miles from the nearest coast, to be keeper of the light-house. Her poems are full of the shimmer and dash of the sea—many of them exquisite marine paintings as well as glowing utterances of the heart. Her collected poems were published in 1871 and 1876; *Driftweed* (1878); *Poems for Children* (1884); *The Cruise of the Mystery, and Other Poems* (1886); *Idyls and Pastorals* (1887). *Among the Isles of Shoals* (1873) is a series of charming prose sketches. "Her poem *Land-Locked*" [by which she was introduced to the world of letters], says Annie Fields, "must assure everyone of the pure poetic gift which was in her. In form, in movement, and in thought it is as beautiful as her latest work. . . . The lines of her thoughts were more clearly defined, her verse more strongly marked in its form . . . than was the case with almost any one of her contemporaries. . . . The written descriptions of natural objects give her history a place among the pages which possess a perennial existence. While White's *Selborne*, and Thoreau's *Walden* endure, so long will *Among the Isles of Shoals* hold its place with all lovers of nature."

NOVEMBER MORNING.

With clamor the wild southwester
Through the wide heaven is roaring,
Ploughing the ocean, and over
The earth its fury pouring.

Lo, how the vast gray spaces
Wrestle and roll and thunder,
Billow piled upon billow,
Closing and tearing asunder,

As if the deep raged with anger
Of hosts of the fabulous kraken !
And the firm house shudders and trembles,
Beaten, buffeted, shaken.

Battles the gull with the tempest,
Struggling and wavering and faltering,
Soaring and striving and sinking,
Turning, its high course altering.

Down through the cloudy heaven
Notes from the wild geese are falling ;
Cries like harsh bell-tones are ringing,
Echoing, clanging, and calling.

Plunges the schooner landward,
Swiftly the long seas crossing,
Close-reefed, seeking the harbor,
Half lost in the spray she is tossing.

A rift in the roof of vapor :
And stormy sunshine is streaming
To color the gray, wild water
Like chrysoprase, green and gleaming.

Cold and tempestuous ocean,
Ragged rock, brine-swept and lonely,
Grasp of the long, bitter winter—
These things to gladden me only !

.

Love, dost thou wait for me in some rich land
Where the gold orange hangs in odorous calm ;
Where the clear waters kiss the flowery strand,
Bordered with shining sand and groves of palm ?

And while this bitter morning breaks for me,
Draws to its close thy warm, delicious day ;
Lights, colors, perfumes, music, joy for thee,
For me the cold, wild sea, the cloudy gray !

Rises the red moon in thy tranquil sky,
Plashes the fountain with its silver talk,
And as the evening wind begins to sigh,
Thy sweet girl's shape steals down the garden walk.

And through the scented dusk a white robe gleams,
Lingering beneath the starry jasmine sprays,
Till where thy clustered roses breathe in dreams,
A sudden gush of song thy light step stays.

That was the nightingale ! O Love of mine,
Hear'st thou thy voice in that pathetic song,
Throbbing in passionate cadences divine,
Sinking to silence with its rapture strong ?

I stretch my arms to thee through all the cold,
Through all the dark, across the weary space
Between us, and thy slender form I fold,
And gaze into the wonder of thy face.

Pure brow the moonbeam touches, tender eyes
Splendid with feeling, delicate smiling mouth,
And heavy silken hair that darkly lies
Soft as the twilight clouds in thy sweet South.

O beautiful my Love ! In vain I seek
To hold the heavenly dream that fades from me.
I needs must wake with salt spray on my cheek,
Flung from the fury of this northern sea.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
And up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet, mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life

Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife ;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow ;

Think you I find no bitterness at all ?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack ?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back ?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me ? Nay !
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine ;
Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year ;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness—me
The powers of light befriend.

THE WATCH OF BOON ISLAND.

They crossed the lonely and lamenting sea ;
Its moaning seemed but singing. " Wilt thou dare,"
He asked her, " brave the loneliness with me ? "
" What loneliness," she said, " if thou art there ? "

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall light-house, like a ghostly sign ;

They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild ;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the light-house sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
" Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light."

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
" Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they
cried ;
" Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love—wife, mother, sister, bride."

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm
Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray ;
No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I no chill! could find them? There is one
Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,
With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,
And turns the happy heart of youth to stone ;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest
At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee
All joys, who rules the earth, and, without rest,
Roams the vast, shuddering spaces of the sea ;

Death found them ; turned his face and passed her by,
But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair ?
Still, like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,
Dragging her slow weight up the winding-stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard ;
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam,
Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
A radiant star of hope, you could not dream
What misery there sat cherishing that spark.

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,
For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
For pity ready, search in vain the night,
And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
"Now what, think you, can ail Boon Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed ;
They found her watching, silent, by her dead,
A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,
But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy
She turned, and backward gazed across the bay—
Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

A MUSSEL-SHELL.

Why art thou colored like the evening sky
Sorrowing for sunset? Lovely dost thou lie,
Bared by the washing of the eager brine,
At the snow's motionless and wind-carved line.

Cold stretch the snows, cold throng the waves, the wind
Stings sharp—an icy fire, a touch unkind—
And sighs as if with passion of regret,
The while I mark thy tints of violet.

O beauty strange! O shape of perfect grace!
Whereon the lovely waves of color trace
The history of the years that passed thee by,
And touched thee with the pathos of the sky.

The sea shall crush thee ; yea, the ponderous wave
Up the loose beach shall grind, and scoop thy grave,
Thou thought of God. What more than thou and I,
Both transient as the sad wind's passing sigh.





THEOCRITUS, a famous Greek idyllic poet, born at Syracuse, near the middle of the third century B.C. The details of his personal history are very meagre, and he seems sometimes to be confounded with another writer of the same name. About 270 B.C. he was drawn to Alexandria, in Egypt, where he rose into favor with King Ptolemy Philadelphus, the founder of the famous Alexandrian Library, whom he has extolled in one of his best poems. Subsequently he returned to his native island, where he is supposed to have passed the remainder of his life. Theocritus was the creator of what is styled "idyllic" poetry; but none of his imitators, from Virgil downward, have equalled their master, whom Elizabeth Barrett Browning characterizes as him "with glittering locks dropt sideway, as beneath the rocks he watched the visionary flocks;" and whose free version of the idyl of *The Cyclops* perhaps best represents the courtly poet who sang mainly of rustic scenes. The extant works of Theocritus consist of thirty idyls and twenty-two epigrams. The best translations into English are those of Creech (1681); Fawkes (1767); Polwhele (1786); Chapman (1836); Calverly (1869). Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in her "*Paraphrase on Theocritus's Idyl XI.*," has best caught the tone of Theocritus.

IDYL VIII.—MENALCAS AND DAPHNIS.

Menalcas met, while pasturing his sheep,
 The cow-herd Daphnis on the higher steep :
 Both yellow-tressed, and in their life's fresh spring ;
 Both skilled to play the pipe, and both to sing.
 Menalcas, with demeanor frank and free,
 Spoke first : " Good Daphnis, will you sing with me ?
 I can outsing you whenso'er I try,
 Just as I please." Then Daphnis made reply :
 " Shepherd and piper, that may never be,
 Happen what will, as you on proof will see."
 " Ah, will you see it, and a wager make ? "
 " I will to see this and to pledge a stake."
 " And what the wager worthy fame like ours ? "
 " A calf my pledge, a full-grown lamb be yours."
 " At night my cross-grained sire and mother use
 To count the sheep ; that pledge I must refuse."
 " What shall it be, then ? what the victor's prize ? "
 " I'll pledge a nine-toned pipe that even lies
 In the joined reeds, with whitest wax inlaid,
 The musical sweet pipe I lately made,
 This will I pledge, and not my father's things."
 " I, too, have got a pipe that nine-toned sings,
 Compact with white wax, even-jointed, new,
 Made by myself. A split reed sudden flew,
 And gashed this finger ; it is painful still.
 But who shall judge which has the better skill ? "
 " Suppose we call that goatherd hither ? see !
 A young white dog at his kids barks lustily."
 He came when called ; and, hearing their request,
 Was willing to decide which sang the best.
 Clearly their rival notes responsive rung,
 Each in his turn ; but first Menalcas sung.

Menalcas.

Ye mountains, vales, and rivers ! race divine !
 If aught Menalcas ever sang was sweet,
 Feed ye these lambs, and feed no less his kine,
 When Daphnis drives them to this dear retreat.

Daphnis.

Fountains and herbs, growth of this budding year,
If Daphnis sings like any nightingale,
Fatten this herd ; and if Menalcas here
Conduct his flock, let not their pasture fail.

Menalcas.

Pastures and springs, and milk-full udders swelling,
And fatness for the lambs is everywhere
At her approach ; but if the girl excelling
Depart, both herbs and shepherd wither there.

Daphnis.

The sheep and goats bear twins, the bees uplay
Full honey-stores ; the spreading oaks are higher,
Where Milto walks ; but if she goes away,
The cow-herd and his cows themselves are drier.

Menalcas.

Uxorious ram, and flat-nosed kids, away
For water to that wilderness of wood ;
There, ram without a horn, to Milto say
Proteus—a god too—fed the sea-calf brood.

Daphnis.

Not Pelops' realm be mine, nor piles of gold,
Nor speed fleet as the wind ; but at this rock
To sing, and clasp my darling, and behold
The sea's blue reach, and many a pasturing flock.

Menalcas.

To forest beast the net, to bud the noose,
Winter to trees, and draught to springs, is bad ;
To man the sting of beauty. Mighty Zeus !
Not only I—thou, too, art woman-mad.

Their sweet notes thus in turns they did prolong ;
Menalcas then took up the closing song.

Menalcas.

Spare, wolf, my sheep, nor injure me,
Because I may tend, though small I be.
Sleepest, Lamprinus? Up! no dog should sleep
That with the shepherd-boy attends his sheep.
Be not to crop the tender herbage slow;
Feed on, my sheep; the grass again will grow;
Fill ye your udders, that your lambs will have
Their share of milk—I some for cheese may save.

Then Daphnis next his tones preluding rung,
Gave to his music voice, and sweetly sung:

Daphnis.

As yesterday I drove my heifers by,
A girl, me spying from a cavern nigh,
Exclaimed, "How handsome!" I my way pursued
With downcast eyes, nor made her answer rude.
Sweet is the breath of cows and calves, and sweet
To bask by running streams in summer heat.
Acorns the oak, and apples on the bough
Adorn the apple-tree; her calf the cow;
His drove of kine, depasturing the field,
His proper honor to the cow-herd yield.

The admiring goatherd then his judgment spake:
"Sweet is thy mouth, and sweetest tones awake
From thy lips, Daphnis. I would rather hear
Than suck the honeycomb, I swear.
Take thou the pipe, for thine the winning song.
If thou wilt teach me, here my goats among,
Some song, I will that hornless goat bestow
That ever fills the pails to overflow."
Glad Daphnis clapped his hands, and on the lawn
He leaped, as round her mother leaps the fawn.
But sad Menalcas fed a smouldering gloom,
As grieves a girl betrothed to unknown groom;
And first in song was Daphnis from that time,
And wived a naiad in his blooming prime.

—*Translation of J. M. CHAPMAN.*

IDYL XI.—THE CYCLOPS.

And so an easier life our Cyclops drew—
The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth
Loved Galatea—while the manhood grew
Adown his cheeks, and darkened round his mouth,
No jot he cared for apples, olives, roses ;
Love made him mad ; the whole world was neglected ;
The very sheep went backward from their closes,
From out the fair green pastures self-directed.
And, singing Galatea thus, he wore
The sunrise down along the weedy shore,
And pined alone and felt the cruel wound
Beneath his heart, which Cypris' arrow bore,
With a deep pang ; but so the cure was found ;
And sitting on a lofty rock, he cast
His eyes upon the sea, and sang at last :

“O whitest Galatea ! can it be
That thou shouldst spurn me off, who love thee
so ?
More white than curds, my girl, thou art to see,
More meek than lambs, more full of leaping glee
Than kids, and brighter than the early glow
On grapes that swell to ripen—sour like thee !
Thou comest to me with the fragrant sleep
And with the fragrant sleep thou goest from me ;
Thou fliest, fliest, as a frightened sheep
Flies the gray wolf !—yet Love did overcome me
So long. I loved thee, maiden, first of all
When down the hills (my mother fast beside thee)
I saw thee stay to pluck the summer-fall
Of hyacinth-bells, and went myself to guide thee ;
And since my eyes have seen thee, they can leave
thee
No more from that day's light ! But thou, by Zeus !
Thou will not care for *that*, to let it grieve thee !

“I know thee, fair one, why thou springest loose
From my arm round thee. Why ? I tell thee, dear,

One shaggy eyebrow draws its smudging road
 Straight through my ample front, from ear to ear
 One eye rolls underneath, and yawning, broad,
 Flat nostrils, feel the bulging lips too near.
 Yet ho, ho! I—whatever I appear—
 Do feed a thousand cows, and drink the milk that's
 best;

I lack no cheese, while summer keeps the sun;
 And after, in the cold, it's ready pressed.
 And then I know to sing—as there is none
 Of all the Cyclops can—a song of thee,
 Sweet apple of my soul, on Love's fair tree,
 And of myself who love thee, till the west
 Forgets the light, and all but I have rest.

“I feed for thee, besides, eleven fair does,
 And all in fawn; and four tame whelps of bears:
 Come to me, sweet! thou shalt have all of these
 In change for love! I will not halve the shares.
 Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms extended
 To the dry shore; and in my cave's recess
 Thou shalt be gladder for the moonlight ended;
 For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,
 Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves enfold
 Most luscious grapes; and here is water cold,
 That wooded Ætna pours down through the trees
 From the white snows—which gods were scarce too
 bold
 To drink in turn with nectar. Who with these
 Would choose the salt wave of the lukewarm seas?

“Nay, look on me! If I am hairy and rough,
 I have an oak's heart in me; there's a fire
 In these gray ashes which burns hot enough;
 And when I burn for *thee* I grudge the pyre
 No fuel: not my soul, nor this one eye—
 Most precious thing I have, because thereby
 I see thee, fairest! Out, alas! I wish
 My mother had borne me finny, like a fish,
 That I might plunge down in the ocean near thee
 And kiss thy glittering hand between the weeds,

THEOCRITUS

If still thy face were turned; and I would bear
thee
Each lily white, and poppy fair that bleeds
Its red heart down its leaves! one gift for hours
Of summer—one for winter; since to cheer thee
I could not bring at once all kinds of flowers.
Even now, girl, now, I fain would learn to swim,
If stranger in a ship sailed nigh, I wis,
That I may know how sweet a thing it is
To live down with you in the Deep and Dim.
Come up, O Galatea, from the ocean,
And having come, forget again to go!
As I, who sing out here my heart's emotion,
Could sit forever. Come up from below!
Come, keep my flocks beside me, milk my kine;
Come, press my cheese; destrain my whey and
curd!

“Ah, mother! she alone—that mother of mine—
Did wrong me sore! I blame her!—Not a word
Of kindly intercession did she address
Thine ear with for my sake; and ne’ertheless
She saw me wasting, wasting, day by day!
Both head and feet were aching, I will say,
All sick for grief, as I myself was sick!
O Cyclops, Cyclops, whither hast thou sent
Thy soul on fluttering wings? If thou wert bent
On turning bowls, or pulling green and thick
The sprouts to give thy lambkins, thou wouldst make
thee
A wiser Cyclops than for what we take thee.
Milk dry the present! Why pursue too quick
That future which is fugitive aright?
Thy Galatea thou shalt haply find,
Or else a maiden fairer and more kind;
For many girls do call me through the night,
And as they call, do laugh out silverly:
I too, am something in the world, I see!”

While thus the Cyclops love, and lambs did fold,
Ease came with song he could not buy with gold.

—*Translation of* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A few detached passages of description or reflection are here given in the quite literal prose translation of Crawford Tait Ramage :

A SUMMER SCENE.

And from aloft, overhead were waving to and fro poplars and elms ; and near by a sacred stream kept murmuring as it flowed from a cavern of the Nymphs, and the bright cicadas on the shady branches kept laboriously chirping ; while in the distance, amidst the thick thorn-bushes, the thrush was warbling. Tufted larks and goldfinches were singing ; the turtle-dove was cooing ; tawny bees were humming round about the fountains. Everything was redolent of golden summer, and redolent of fruit-time. Pears were at our feet and by our sides ; apples were rolling for us in abundance ; and the boughs hung plentifully weighed down to the ground with damsons.

THE JOYS OF PEACE.

And oh, that they might till rich fields, and that unnumbered sheep and fat might bleat cheerfully through the plains, and that oxen coming in peace to the stalls should urge on the traveller by twilight. And oh, that the fallow lands might be broken up for sowing, when the cicada, sitting on his tree, watches the shepherd in the open day, and chirps on the topmost twig ; that spiders may draw their fine webs over warlike arms, and not even the name of the battle-cry be heard. . . . In truth, the day will come when the sharp-toothed wolf, having seen the kid in his lair, shall not wish to harm it.

A LONGED-FOR PRESENCE.

As much as spring is more delightful than winter ; as much as the apple than the sloe, as much as the sheep is more woolly than the lambkin, as much as a virgin is better than a thrice-wed dame, as much as a fawn is nimbler than a calf, as much as a nightingale surpasses in song all feathered kind—so much does thy longed-for presence cheer my mind ; to thee I hasten as the traveller to the shady beech when the fierce sun blazes.



THEOGNIS, a famous Greek elegiac poet, born at Megara about 570 B.C. ; died in Sicily about 500 B.C. He acted a busy part in the political affairs of his native state, and was finally driven into exile. His poems were originally composed as elegies or songs for convivial entertainments. But they abound in apothegms and moral maxims, and came to be a kind of hand-book for instruction. The extracts here given are in the translation of Hookham Frere.

“ Theognis,” says Frank Byron Jevons, in his *A History of Greek Literature*, “ has a pair of perpetual epithets which serve to mark quietly the ever-present oligarchical feeling in his mind toward the mob. Whenever he speaks of ‘ the good,’ it is understood that he does not mean chiefly men who are distinguished for exemplary lives and morality of conduct, but those who were of the same political views as himself. So when he speaks of ‘ the base,’ ‘ the craven,’ he not only means to connote all that is bad, but also to denote the people. . . . The political verses of Theognis, although they would incidentally serve the purpose of educating the rising generation in the right creed, were probably not meant solely for that purpose, but were mainly intended as a relief to, and as the expression of, his own feelings, and we can imagine that, delivered over the wine after dinner, to the accom-

paniment of the flute, and amid the applause of a sympathizing audience, they may have passed for poetry. . . . Invaluable as this collection of elegies is for the light which it throws on the manners, thought, politics, and morality of the time, it has little value from the point of view of art. There is from beginning to end scarcely a single beauty of thought, expression, or imagery to be found in it."

TRAINING IN MORALS AND MANNERS.

To rear a child is easy, but to teach
 Morals and manners is beyond our reach ;
 To make the foolish wise, the wicked good,
 That science yet was never understood.
 The sons of Esculapius, if their art
 Could remedy a perverse and wicked heart,
 Might earn prodigious wages. But in fact,
 The mind is not compounded and compact
 Of precept and example ; human art,
 In human nature has no share or part.
 Hatred of vice, the fear of shame and sin,
 Are things of native growth, not grafted in ;
 Else wise and worthy parents might correct
 In children's hearts each error and defect ;
 Whereas we see them disappointed still.
 No scheme nor artifice of human skill
 Can rectify the passions or the will.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

For human nature Hope remains alone
 Of all the deities ; the rest are flown.
 Faith is departed, Truth and Honor dead ,
 And all the Graces, too, my friend, are fled.
 The scanty specimens of living worth
 Dwindled to nothing, and extinct on earth.
 Yet while I live and view the light of heaven
 (Since Hope remains, and never hath been driven

From the distracted world), the single scope
Of my devotion is to worship Hope.
Where hecatombs are slain, and altars burn,
With all the deities adored in turn,
Let Hope be present. And with Hope, my friend,
Let every sacrifice commence and end.

SOME DETACHED THOUGHTS.

The generous and the brave in common fame
From time to time encounter praise or blame ;
The vulgar pass unheeded. None escape
Scandal or insult in some form or shape.
Most fortunate are those—alive or dead—
Of whom the least is thought, the least is said.

The largest company you could enroll
A single vessel could embark the whole !
So few there are—the noble, manly minds,
Faithful and firm ; the men that honor binds ;
Impregnable to danger and to pain,
And low seduction in the shape of gain.

Learning and wealth the wise and wealthy find
Inadequate to satisfy the mind ;
A craving eagerness remains behind.
Something is left for which we cannot rest,
And the last something always seems the best :
Something unknown, or something unpossess.

I envy not these sumptuous obsequies,
The stately car, the purple canopies :
Much better pleased am I, remaining here,
With cheaper equipage, and better cheer.
A couch of thorns, or an embroidered bed,
Are matters of indifference to the dead.



THEOPHRASTUS, an eminent Greek philosopher, born at Eresus, in Lesbos, about 372 B.C.; died 288 or 287 B.C. His original name was Tyrtamus. He studied at Athens, first under Plato and afterward under Aristotle. He became a great favorite with the latter, who by the terms of his will directed that Theophrastus should succeed him as President of the Lyceum. He was an able successor to the head of the Peripatetic school, and, with a design to explain the system of Aristotle and supplement his works, he wrote several books on philosophy and natural history. His principal works which have come down to us are two botanical works, *Researches About Plants*, in nine books, and *Principles of Vegetable Life*, in six books, which show him to have been a thorough and acute inquirer; *Moral Characters*, thirty short sketches of character, such as *The Flatterer*, *The Grumbler*, *The Boastful Man*, *The Man of Petty Ambition*. These characters are much admired for the subtlety of thought, Attic wit, and elegance of style displayed in their composition. They have been translated into French and English and served as models for La Bruyère and some of the English writers of the seventeenth century, as Hall (*Characterismes and Vertues and Vices*), Overbury (*Properties of Sundry Persons*), Earle (*Microcosmographie*).

THE UNSEASONABLE MAN.

Unseasonableness consists in a chance meeting disagreeable to those who meet. The unseasonable man is one who will go up to a busy person and open his heart to him. He will serenade his mistress when she has a fever. He will address himself to a man who has been cast in a surety suit and request him to become his security. He will come to give evidence when the trial is over. When he is asked to a wedding he will inveigh against womankind. He will propose a walk to those who have just come off a long journey. He has a knack also of bringing a higher bidder to him who has already found his market. He loves to rise and go through a long story to those who have heard it and know it by heart; he is zealous, too, in charging himself with offices which one would rather not have done, but is ashamed to decline. When people are sacrificing and incurring expense he will come to demand his interest; or, assisting at an arbitration, he will persist in embroiling the parties when they both wish to be reconciled. And when he is minded to dance he will seize upon another person who is not yet drunk.—*The Characters*; translation by R. C. JEBB.

THE SURLY MAN.

Surliness is discourtesy in words. The surly man is one who, when asked where So-and-so is, will say, "Don't bother me;" or when spoken to will not reply. If he has anything for sale, instead of informing the buyers at what price he is prepared to sell it, he will ask them what he is to get for it. He cannot forgive a person who has besmirched him by accident, or pushed him, or trodden upon his foot. Then if a friend asks him for a subscription he will say that he cannot give one; but will come with it by and by and remark that he is losing this money also. He will not endure to wait long for anyone; nor will he consent to sing, recite, or dance. He is apt also not to pray to the gods.—*The Characters*; translation by R. C. JEBB.



THEURIET, ANDRÉ, a French novelist and poet, born at Marly-le-Roi, October 8, 1833. Descended of a family of Lorraine, he was educated at the College of Bar-le-Duc, studied law, and received his licentiate at Paris in 1857. About this time he entered the office of the Minister of Finance; but turning to literature, he published in the same year (1857), in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a poem entitled *In Memoriam*. To the same review, and to the *Revue de Paris*, he contributed numerous little poems, which met with the most happy success, and which were issued in 1867 under the collective title *Chemin des Bois*. This collection established his reputation as a poet, and was crowned by the Academy in 1868. Ten years later Theuriet received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. His later poetical works include *Les Paysans de l'Argonne* (1871); *Le Bleu et le Noir* (1873), a poem of real life; *Les Nids* (1879), in folio, illustrated by Giacomelli; *Le Livre de la Payse* (1882); *Nos Oiseaux* (1885), illustrated; *La Ronde des Saisons et des Mois* (1891). His novels are numerous; the first being *Nouvelles Intimes*, published in 1870. Among these may be included his *Sous Bois*, being the "impressions of a forester;" and his "autobiographical impressions and remembrances," entitled *Le Journal de Tristan* (1883). *La Chanoinesse* was published in 1893.

He has also given to the stage a few plays taken from his novels ; and as an art-critic he is known by his *Jules Bastien-Lepage, l'Homme et l'Artiste*.

Under the heading "A French Lover of Nature," a writer in the *Catholic World* says of Theuriet: "He is chiefly known by his novels, which, though very far from meriting a sweeping condemnation, are not free from grave faults, the more to be regretted as these tales are full of delicious sketches of rural life and scenery; he is a poet, too, and some of his verses are of idyllic beauty, breathing the freshness and perfume of the heathery *lande*, the lonely shore, or the solemn woods. Woodland scenery, indeed, has the greatest charm of all for him—a charm which is most keenly felt in one or two books of his devoted to country subjects. He has a calendar, too, of his own, and the end of February is 'the time when the hazel catkins are turning yellow.' Not a wayside flower is there that he does not know, and he lingers over their beauties, describing them with the truth and feeling peculiarly his own. What, for instance, can be more exact than his comparison of the scent of honeysuckle to vanilla and of meadow-sweet to bitter almonds? He has given us a regular portrait-gallery of birds, and some of his descriptions of their different flights recall, in their accuracy, that perfect line of Lowell's, 'the thin-winged swallow *skating on the air*.'"

It ought to be explained that in the following extract, the word "king" is used in allusion to the French *roitelet*.

THE WREN.

This tiny bird is a lover of tall trees, the pines in which the wind makes such grand music, especially the great fir-trees of the Vosges ; there he loves to sway and rock, with the waving sea of forest below ; there he builds his little marvel of a nest, a hollow ball of daintily woven moss and 'spiders' webs, lined with the warmest and softest down—the very perfection of down, culled from poplar catkins, the ripe heads of thistles, and the cottony seeds of the willow herb. The only entrance to this cosey nest is by a tiny hole in one side ; and here the female lays her eggs, from seven to eleven at a time, no bigger than peas. Only kings and poor people have these large families ! The wren has both royal and plebeian blood in his small body : his size, his industrious ways, and his cheery temper stamp him as one of the people ; but for all that he wears a crown, and reigns, after a fashion of his own, in the woods. It is a mysterious, intangible sort of sovereignty, something like Queen Mab's and Oberon's, but not the less real. You may see how it is in winter, when all the singing-birds are gone : there is the wren darting backward and forward, glancing like a will-o'-the-wisp through the masses of the sleeping trees, the only thing of life and motion there. Above the under-wood, white with snow, he every now and then lifts his pretty, yellow-crested head ; lightly and deftly he passes through the thickest brushwood, and the bird-catcher's net has no terrors for him as he slips through its closest meshes. The cold of the winter seems only to quicken his warm blood, and he stands ten degrees of it bravely. When the streams are frozen into silence, and not even a field-mouse is astir, the wood-cutter, as he blows on his fingers to get a firmer grip of the axe, hears a merry cry and sees a dainty creature with red-gold crest flash past : it is the familiar spirit of the woods, the wren, flouting snow and wind. The brave little bird's shrill note makes the old wood-cutter less lonely, and he sets to work again with fresh courage.—*Nos Oiseaux.*



THIERRY, JACQUES NICOLAS AUGUSTIN, an eminent French historian, born at Blois, May 10, 1795; died in Paris, May 22, 1856. He went to Paris, where he became an associate of Saint-Simon, and at nineteen put forth an essay on the Reorganization of European Society, embodying the theory of one confederate government, for the whole of Europe, each people, however, preserving its distinct national existence. He soon devoted himself strictly to historical study, and in 1825 published his *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*, which placed him in the first rank of modern historians, as distinguished from mere chroniclers on the one hand and from historical theorists on the other. While engaged upon this work his eyesight was impaired, and in 1827 he became totally blind, although, as in the similar case of Milton, there was no outward indication of the loss of vision. A few years later he became paralyzed in all his limbs, being unable to walk or even hold a pen. He nevertheless continued his minute historical researches, by the help of the eyes and hands of others, notably those of his young wife, Julie de Qurangel, whom he married in 1831, and who was herself the author of several esteemed works. Thierry's other works are *Letters on the History of France* (1827); *Ten Years of Historical Studies* (1834); *Narrative of the*

Times of the Merovingians (1840); *Essay on the Formation and Progress of the Third Estate* (1853). All these have been translated into English; the *History of the Conquest of England* best by William Hazlitt.

His brother, AMÉDÉE SIMON DOMINIQUE THIERRY, born at Blois, August 2, 1797; died in Paris, March 26, 1873, entered the civil service, and in 1830 became Prefect of the Department of Haute-Saône. He was made a member of the Council of State in 1838, and in 1860, under the Empire, was created a Senator. He wrote several valuable historical works, among which are *History of the Gauls* (1828); *History of Attila* (1840); *Pictures of the Roman Empire, from the Foundation of Rome to the End of the Imperial Government in the West* (1840); *St. Jerome* (1867); *St. John Chrysostom and the Empress Eudoxia* (1872).

THE PARTITION OF ENGLAND AMONG THE NORMAN CONQUERORS.

A close inquiry was made into the names of all the English partisans of Harold who had either died in battle, or survived the defeat, or who by involuntary delays had been prevented from joining the royal standard. All the property of these three classes of men was confiscated. The children of the first class were declared forever disinherited. The second class were in like manner wholly dispossessed of their estates and property of every kind; and, says one of the Normans, were only too grateful to be allowed to retain their lives. Lastly, those who had not taken up arms were also despoiled of all they possessed, for having had the intention of taking up arms; but by special grace they were allowed to entertain the hope that after many long years of obedience and devotion to the foreign power,

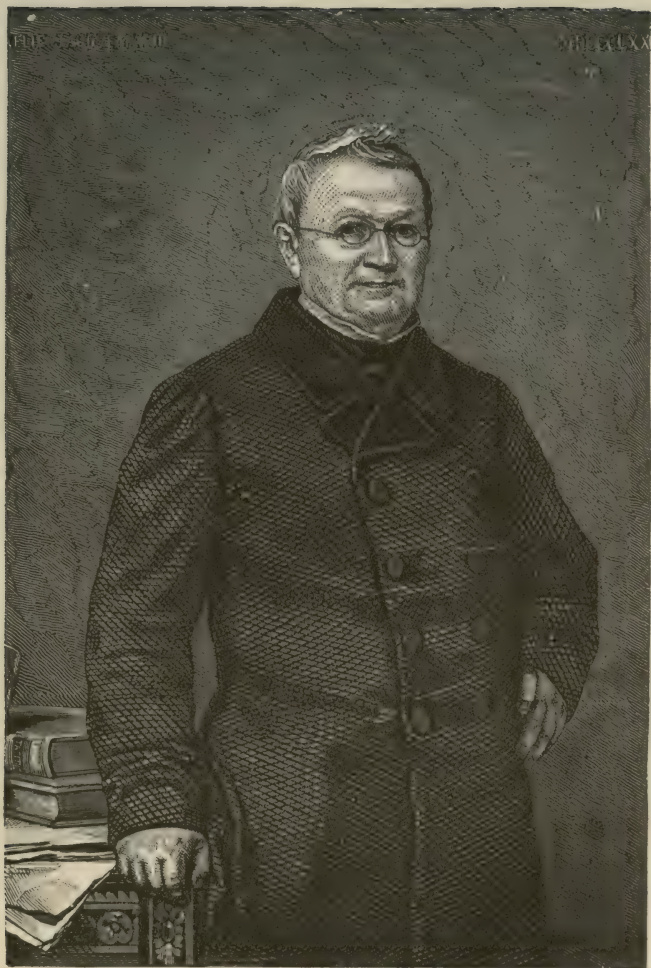
not they, indeed, but their children, might perhaps obtain from their masters some portion of their paternal heritage.

The immense product of this universal spoliation became the reward of those adventurers who had enrolled under the banner of the Duke of Normandy. The chief—now the King of England—retained, in the first place, for his own share all the treasure of the ancient kings, the church plate, and all that was most precious in the shops of the merchants. William sent a portion of these riches to Pope Alexander II., with Harold's standard in exchange for that which had triumphed at Hastings, and all the foreign churches in which psalms had been chanted and tapers burned for the success of the invasion received in recompense crosses, sacred vessels, and cloth-of-gold.

After the king and clergy had taken their share, that of the soldiers was awarded according to their rank and the conditions of their engagement. Those who at the camp of Dive had done homage for lands then to be conquered received those of the dispossessed English. The barons and knights had vast domains, castles, villages, and even whole cities. The simple vassals had smaller portions. Some received their pay in money; others had stipulated that they should have a Saxon wife, and William—says the Norman chronicler—gave them in marriage noble dames, great heiresses whose husbands had fallen in the battle. Only one among the knights who had accompanied the Conqueror, claimed neither land, gold, nor wife, and would accept none of the spoils of the conquered. His name was Guilbert Fitz-Richard; he said that he had accompanied the king his lord to England because such was his duty; but that stolen goods had no attraction for him, and that he would return to Normandy and enjoy his own heritage—a moderate but legitimate heritage—and, content with his own lot, would rob no one.—*The Conquest of England by the Normans.*



THIERS, LOUIS ADOLPHE, a distinguished French statesman and historian, born at Marseilles, April 15, 1797; died in St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, September 3, 1877. He studied law at Aix, where he practised from 1818 to 1821, when he went to Paris, and soon entered upon political journalism. To narrate his public career would be to write the political history of France for more than half a century. We touch only upon some of its salient points. In 1832 he was made Minister of the Interior; in 1834 he became head of the Ministry, a position which he resigned in 1840, and was succeeded by Guizot. He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1836. He acquiesced in the establishment of the Republic after the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848. At the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon at the close of 1852, Thiers was arrested and banished from France. He was soon permitted to return to Paris, but kept aloof from politics until 1863, when he was elected to the Assembly, and took his place as an opponent of the foreign policy of Napoleon III. He was bitter in his denunciations of the ambitious projects of Prussia, and what he designated as the supineness of the French Government. He, however, opposed the declaration of war in 1870, on the ground that France was wholly unprepared to enter upon the contest.



F.A. JOERDEMS. sculp. D. ALSDEN. del.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

After the overthrow of Napoleon III., Thiers was placed at the head of affairs, under the title of "Chief of the Executive Power." He persuaded the Provisional Government to secure peace by yielding to the hard terms imposed by Germany. The insurrection of the communes having been put down, Thiers was in 1871 made President of the French Republic. He held his position only two years, when he was superseded by Marshal MacMahon; though up to the time of his death he was regarded as the head of the "Conservative Republican" party. Thiers wrote much upon the various literary and political topics; but his permanent place in literature rests upon his two great historical works, the *History of the French Revolution* (10 vols., 1822-27), and the *History of the Consulate and of the Empire* (20 vols., 1845-63). Our extracts are in the translation of D. Forbes Campbell.

BONAPARTE CROSSING THE ST. BERNARD.

At the middle of May, 1800, the First Consul was still at Martigny, proposing not to cross the St. Bernard till with his own eyes he had seen the last portion of the *matériel* despatched. The tidings which Berthier had sent him of the obstacle of Fort Bard, which he deemed insurmountable, gave him at first a kind of shock; but he soon recovered himself, and obstinately refused to entertain the idea of a retrograde movement. Nothing in the world would have induced him to submit to such an extremity. He thought that if one of the highest mountains of the globe had not stopped him, a secondary rock would not be capable of baffling his courage or his genius. "They will take the fort," said he, "by a bold stroke; if it is not to be taken, it must be turned. Besides, provided the infantry and the cavalry can pass

with a few four-pounders, they will proceed to the Ivrea, at the entrance of the plain, and wait there until the heavy artillery can follow them. If this heavy artillery cannot clear the obstacle that has presented itself, and if to replace it they must take that of the enemy, the French infantry is numerous and brave enough to fall upon the Austrian artillery, and to carry off their guns."

Again he resorted to the study of his maps ; he questioned a great number of Italian officers, and, learning from them that other roads led from Aosta to the surrounding valleys, he wrote letter after letter to Berthier, forbidding him to interrupt the movement of the army, and indicated with astonishing precision the reconnoissances that ought to be made around the Fort of Bard. Satisfied that no serious danger could arise except from the arrival of a hostile corps to close the débouche of Ivrea, he enjoined Berthier to send Lannes on by the path of Albaredo, and to make him take up a strong position there, covered from the Austrian artillery and cavalry. "Provided he can keep the door of the valley," added the First Consul, "no matter what may occur, at worst we can but lose a little time. We have a sufficient quantity of provisions to wait ; and we shall gain our point at last, either by turning or by overcoming the obstacle which stops us at the moment."

Having given instructions to Berthier, Bonaparte addressed his last orders to General Moncey, who was to debouch from the St. Gothard ; to General Chabran, who, crossing the Little St. Bernard, would come right upon the Fort of Bard, and he at length determined upon crossing the mountain himself. Before he set out, he received intelligence from the Var that on the 14th of May Baron de Melas was still at Nice. As it was now the 20th, it was not to be supposed that the Austrian general had hurried in the space of six days from Nice to Ivrea. He set out, therefore, to cross the Col before daylight on the 20th. He was accompanied by Duroc, his aide-de-camp, and Bourrienne, his secretary.

Artists have delineated him crossing the Alpine heights mounted on a fiery steed. The plain truth is, that he ascended the St. Bernard in that gray surtout



BONAPARTE CROSSING THE ST. BERNARD.

Drawing by F. Lix.

which he generally wore upon a mule, led by a guide belonging to the country, evincing in the difficult passes the abstraction of a mind occupied elsewhere. He conversed with the officers scattered on the road, and at intervals questioned the guide who attended him, making him relate the particulars of his life—his pleasures, his pains—like an idle traveller who has nothing better to do. This guide, who was quite young, gave him a simple recital of the details of his obscure existence, and especially the vexation he felt, because, for the want of a little money, he could not marry one of the girls of the valley.

The First Consul—sometimes listening, sometimes questioning the passengers with whom the mountain was covered—arrived at the Hospice, where the worthy monks gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule than he wrote a note which he handed to his guide, desiring him to be sure and deliver it to the quarter-master of the army, who had been left on the other side of the St. Bernard. In the evening the young man, on returning to St. Pierre, learned with surprise what powerful traveller it was whom he had guided in the morning; and that General Bonaparte had ordered that a house and a piece of ground should be given to him, and that he should be supplied, in short, with the means requisite for marrying, and for realizing all the dreams of his modest ambition. This mountaineer died not long since, in his own country, the owner of the land given to him by the ruler of the world.

The First Consul halted for a short time with the monks, thanked them for their attention to his army, and made them a magnificent present for the relief of the poor and the travellers. He descended rapidly, suffering himself, according to the custom of the country, to glide down upon the snow; and arrived the same evening at Étroubles. Next day, after paying some attention to the park of artillery and to the provisions, he started for Aosta and Bard.—*The Consulate and the Empire.*



THIRLWALL, CONNOP, an English ecclesiastic and historian, born at Stepney, London, January 11, 1797 ; died at Bath, England, July 27, 1875. He was educated at Cambridge, taking his Master's degree in 1821, and was made a Fellow of his college. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1825, but soon gave up the profession of law for that of theology, and in 1828 was inducted into a rectorship in Yorkshire. In 1840 he was made Bishop of St. David's, in Wales, holding the bishopric until his resignation in 1874. In 1828, in conjunction with C. J. Hare, to whom he afterward dictated his *History of Greece*, he translated the first two books of Niebuhr's *History of Rome*. Thirlwall's *History of Greece* was originally written for "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia" (1835) ; but was afterward greatly enlarged, and published separately (8 vols., 1845-52). The *Literary and Theological Remains* of Thirlwall, edited by Perowne, were published in 1876. "As scholar, critic, and ecclesiastical statesman," says Richard Garnett, "Thirlwall is almost above praise. He was not a great original thinker ; he lacked the creative faculty and the creative impulse. . . . His character, with its mixture of greatness and gentleness, was thus read by Carlyle : ' A right solid, honest-hearted man, full of knowledge and sense, and, in spite of his positive temper, almost timid.' "

THE ATHENIAN SOPHISTS AND RHETORICIANS.

At Athens, where the value of eloquence, as a weapon or a shield, was felt every day more and more, the youths who flocked around the Sophists were in general much less anxious about the truths which they had to deliver than desirous of acquiring the art which would enable them to shine in the Assembly, to prevail in courts of justice, and to argue on any subject and on any side, so as to perplex their adversary and to impose on their hearers.

It was not by an accidental coincidence that the masters who taught the art also held doctrines which tended to universal scepticism. It is probable indeed that each Sophist had some favorite topics on which he discoursed more readily than upon others; but still it seems that they were all ambitious of the reputation of being able to discuss any subject that might be proposed to them; though it is only of Gorgias we hear that he publicly undertook to speak on any thesis, and answer any question. All subjects might equally serve for dialectic or rhetorical exercises. So, according to the avowed doctrine of Protagoras and Gorgias, no truth could claim any higher value than that of a plausible opinion. The newest and boldest propositions afforded most room for the display of acuteness and ingenuity.

It may easily be imagined how many popular prejudices, which had long been held sacred, must have been violently shaken by these disputations; how many objects which had hitherto been viewed with awe must have lost their venerable aspect among men whose minds had been chiefly formed by a poetical literature, and who had been used to connect not only their religious belief, but their social duties, with the rites of superstitious worship and the traditions of a fantastical mythology. The masters who had helped to excite this fluctuation and conflict of opinion neither wished nor were able to lay it. They had nothing more valuable or solid to substitute for the vulgar errors which they had dislodged.—*History of Greece.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND HIS CONQUESTS.

It is not to be supposed that in any of his undertakings Alexander was animated by speculative curiosity or by abstract philanthropy. If he sought to discover as well as to conquer, it was because the limits of the known world were too narrow for his ambition. His main object undoubtedly was to found a solid and flourishing empire; but the means which he adopted for this end were such as the highest wisdom and benevolence might have suggested to him in his situation, without any selfish motive. And as his merit is not the less because so many of his works were swept away by the inroads of savage and fanatic hordes, so it must be remembered that his untimely death left all that he had begun unfinished, and most that he meditated unknown; that he could hardly be said to have completed the subjugation of the lands comprised within the limits of the Persian Empire. Still, it cannot be denied that the immediate operation of his conquests was highly beneficial to the conquered people. . . .

Let anyone contemplate the contrast between the state of Asia under Alexander and the time when Egypt was either in revolt against Persia, or visited by her irritated conquerors with the punishment of repeated insurrection; when almost every part of the great mountain-range which traverses the length of Asia from the Mediterranean to the borders of India was inhabited by fierce, independent tribes; when the Persian kings themselves were forced to pay tribute before they were allowed to pass from one of their capitals to the other. Let anyone endeavor to enter into the feelings with which a Phœnician merchant must have viewed the change which took place on the face of the earth when the Egyptian Alexandria had begun to receive and to pour out an inexhaustible tide of wealth; when Babylon had become a great port; when a passage was opened both by sea and land between the Euphrates and the Indus; when the forests on the shores of the Caspian had begun to resound with the axe and the hammer. It will then appear that this part of the benefits which flowed from Alexander's conquest cannot be easily exaggerated.—*History of Greece.*



THOLUCK, FRIEDRICH AUGUST GOTTREU, a German theologian, born at Breslau, Prussia, March 30, 1799; died at Halle, Prussia, March 30, 1877. He studied at the University of Breslau, and afterward at Berlin, where he devoted himself especially to the Oriental languages and to those of modern Europe, and in the number of languages which he mastered he almost rivalled Cardinal Mezzofanti. At twenty-three he was made Professor of Oriental Literature at Berlin; and in 1826 was called to the chair of Theology at Halle, a position which he held until his death. He came to be recognized as the representative man of the "Evangelistic" as distinguished from the "Rationalistic" school of German theologians of his day. His writings are numerous, and many of them have been translated into English. They include commentaries upon several books of the Old and New Testaments; treatises in opposition to the various phases of rationalism, and several volumes relating to Oriental literature. He was pastor of the students as well as professor of theology, and he is better known by his sermons than by his exegetical and polemic writings. In 1863 was published, in five volumes, a selection from his sermons entitled *Discourses on the Principal Points of the Christian Faith and Life*.

THE RELATIONS OF CHRISTIANS TO THE LAW.

Our fathers found a great part of their guilt to consist in the fact that the discipline of the law did not control with sufficient power the internal Christian character. If now we take notice that Christians of modern days are speaking constantly and exclusively of "freedom," of "spirit," of "the children of God," but very seldom of "the discipline of the law," of "self-denial," as the true idea of the words "servant of God," we shall regard it as a profitable exercise to examine the question, "What is the true idea of the outward disciplinary influence of law upon the inward Christian character?" A comprehensive explanation of the subject we find in the expression of our Lord (Mark ii. 27, 28): "And he said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath-day."

There is something enigmatical in these words ; and yet their meaning may be easily discovered. That the Saviour permitted his disciples to pluck the ears of corn on the Sabbath, and thus to break the law of a rigid observance of the day, has been a stumbling-block to theologians. By this act the Lord shows what is the binding force of an eternal, and especially of a ceremonial, law. "Man," he says, "was not made for the Sabbath ;" that is, the end of man's existence is not attained by the observance of the ceremonial law ; the end of his existence is life in God ; instead of man being made for the Sabbath, the Sabbath was made for him. That is, such external ordinances as the Sabbath are instituted for the purpose of educating man. . . .

The Son of Man and of God is Lord over the law, because he has the Spirit without measure. The same Spirit, however, will be given to his followers through faith. And therefore this language teaches us that where the Spirit of God controls, the outward discipline of the law ceases. But it teaches us, with the same certainty, that where the Spirit of God does not yet control, there the outward discipline of the law must remain.—*The Christian Faith and Life.*



THOMAS, EDITH MATILDA, an American poet, born at Chatham, Ohio, August 12, 1854. She was educated at the Normal Institute, Geneva, Ohio. She composed verses in her childhood, and grew up familiar with the best English classics, especially Spenser, Milton, and Keats. In 1881 she met Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, who appreciated her work and introduced her to the *Century Magazine*, in which much of her writing has since appeared. She published in book-form *A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems* (1885); *The Round Year* (prose, 1886); *Lyrics and Sonnets* (1887); *The Inverted Torch* (1890).

“Miss Thomas’s poems,” says the *Atlantic*, “are of a kind which do not disclose all their beauty upon a first acquaintance. They are not riddles which need to be read again in order to be understood, but they flower to the understanding as one watches them. The delicate fragrance is there—that one perceives at the outset; but there is a subtlety of beauty which is not rudely to be torn from them, leaf by leaf. Indeed, there is a noticeable absence of what may be called quotable lines, or striking epithets. One remembers the whole poem, not some fragmentary felicity in it. We suspect the author learned this secret where she learned most of her wisdom—from nature.”

NOVEMBER SIGHTS, AND SOUNDS.

It is wonderful how the grass contrives to double the seasons. It has two spring-times, and grows bravely up to the very threshold of winter, both on the vernal and autumnal side. In some places, it may have communicated its courageous spirit to the neighboring plants. This November blue-violet, does it not sweetly and acceptably apologize for the absence of blue overhead? Here and there the dandelion still contributes its penny-worth of sunshine. These signs of nature's vernal feeling in the dead of the year affect us with such surprise as we have at seeing the summer-time constellations rising before the dawn of a winter day. But the pushing thriftiness of the grass cannot mask the prevailing soberness of the season. In pastures, and about the fence corners, weeds of rank flowerage during the autumn now stand with hoary or black tops, like a row of snuffed-out candles once used for an illumination. Here is the milk-weed, with its pods set so as to represent a bevy of birds; but the wind is plucking off their silken white plumage, and sending it wastefully adrift through the field. Here a shabby thistle is putting out a last purple pretence of decayed royalty. "Poverty grass," with its straight, wispy bents, bleached white, and standing in even parallels, looks like the thread of the warp in the loom. But there is not so much as a spider to put in a gossamer filling. I sometimes hear a faint, thin note in the grass, much like the rattling of small seeds in a dry husk: this, I fancy, may be the lay of the last cricket. Once in a long interval, my foot starts up a decrepit grasshopper, frost-bitten and rheumatic—possibly the old, immortal Tithonus of the fable. Here a puff-ball, grown to prodigious size, and torn or burst open at the top, is sifting its fine, snuff-colored dust into the wind. It suggests *diablerie*; indeed, the brown elves must use it as a censer in their unhallowed midnight incantations. Weird and eldritch suggestions are plenty on every side. If you walk in the woods, you are startled by mysterious small sounds—panic noises, which you cannot readily trace to an origin.

That old rustic practical joker, who in his day has frightened so many a solitary traveller, was never more alive and maliciously inventive than now. He it is, undoubtedly, who sends the partridge detonating through the dry leaves directly in our path ; who sets the woodpecker to despatching telegraphic messages, with a hollow tap, tap, on some sonorous trunk close by ; who makes the trees groan humanly among their upper branches, and the dry leaves on the scrub-oak discourse gibberish. Sometimes where the fallen leaves are glued together with mildew, one detaches itself from the sodden company, and turns deliberately over, with a beckoning motion. Then I see the brown, charm-weaving hand of some ancient earth-sibyl. On a hard-bound December evening, the low, faint shudder running through the crisp leaves and grasses brings to mind a certain awesome scripture : "Thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as of one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust."—*The Round Year*.

SNOW.

The first flakes of the year—how doubtful, wavering, tentative, as though there were as yet no beaten path for them to follow in their journey from the clouds to earth, or as though they were unwilling to desert the goodly society of their kindred in the sky. The blades of tender autumnal grass looked very cold, lifted through the scant coverlet spread by a first snow ; one shivers seeing them, and wishes that their retirement might be hastened. The wanderings of the dead leaves are brought to an end by the snow, to which they impart a stain from the coloring-matter not yet leached from their tissues. By this circumstance the age of the seasons might be gauged, approximately ; at least, the snows of the later winter suffer no such discoloration from contact with the leaf-strewn ground.

When the snow is damp and clinging, as it not unfrequently is at the beginning and end of the winter, a wonderful white spring-time comes upon the earth. Be-

hold, the orchards bloom again almost in the similitude of May ; the dry stalks in the garden undergo the miracle that befell the bishop's staff in the legend, and deck themselves with beauty. Last summer's nests are again tenanted, brooded by doves of peace descended from heaven. Every cobweb which the wind has spared, under the eaves or in the porch, displays a fluttering increment of snow. What a deal of wool-gathering there has been ! The rough bark of the trees, the roofs and clap-boards of the houses, are hung with soft shreds and tatters ! the "finger of heaven" has put on a white cot. If we walk abroad in this new creation, it shall seem that we have been suddenly let into some magnified frost-picture ; nor can we be quite sure that we ourselves are not of the same frail, ethereal texture as the exquisite work around us, and, like it, destined to glide into naught under the arrows of the sun. . . .

On a stormy evening, when the air is thick with flying snow, I have received charming suggestions from the village lights. Walls, roofs, bounding-lines generally, are lost in the snowy obscurity ; but the hospitable windows remain—curtained, mellow-tinted panes, or curtainless pictures of fireside comfort, framed, apparently, by mist and cloud. At a little distance it were easy to imagine that these windows belonged to the ground-floor of heaven, rather than to any houses made with hands.

Though the trumpets of the sky may have been blown in its van, the snow, when it arrives on earth, abhors and annihilates all loud noise. How muffled and remote are the sounds in a village during a great snow-fall—all mutes and subvocals. Stamping of feet in the porch across the way is reported distantly sonorous, as though the noise had been made in a subterranean chamber. Across the high, smooth fields comes the faint pealing of a bell, mysteriously sweet. The bell hangs in the church of a neighboring village ; I have often heard it before, but not with the same impression as now. So might have sounded the chimes in the buried church of the legend on a Christmas morning.

The snow has a mediatorial character. Wherever this earth approaches nearest to heaven, on all loftiest

summits of the globe, there stands the white altar, perpetually ; nor is the religion to which the altar is reared one of pure abstraction, colorless mysticism. Sunrise, sunset, and the winds, with the snow, bring out on the tops of our Western mountains (if current descriptions do not exaggerate) such surprises of form and color, whirling column and waving banner, as were never dreamed of in the pageants beheld by the initiate of the Eleusinian Mysteries.—*The Round Year*.

SYRINX.

Come forth, too timid spirit of the reed !

Leave thy plashed coverts and elusions shy,
And find delight at large in grove and mead.

No ambushed harm, no wanton, peering eye ;
The shepherd's uncouth god thou need'st not fear—
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'Tis but the vagrant wind that makes thee start—

The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west ;
The willow-woven veil they softly part

To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast ;
No ruder stir, no footstep pressing near—
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood, asleep,
And heeds not how the acorns drop around,
Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,

Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,
He wakes not, answers not our sylvan cheer—
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him, through the mists of morn,

To upland pasture lead his bleating charge :
There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,

No hoof-print on the river's silver marge ;
Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear—
Pan has not passed that way for many a year.

O tremulous elf, reach me a hollow pipe,

The best and smoothest of thy mellow store.

Now I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,
 And listening streams forsake the paths they wore
 Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear—
 Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year.

And so, come freely forth, and through the sedge
 Lift up a dimpled, warm, Arcadian face,
 As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,
 And thou didst safely win the breathless race. . . .
 I am deceived : nor Pan nor thou art here—
 Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

—*A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems.*

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Noblesse oblige. What though ye gain
 The sightly ground above the plain ?
 We wait to see your signal glow
 Upon the mountain's ancient snow :
 Now speed, since all return is vain.
 If, looking downward, ye were fain
 In the sweet valley to remain,
 A voice would warn you from below,—
 Noblesse oblige !

Ye burden-bearers, ne'er complain,
 Though more and more ye must sustain.
 On you their loads will many throw ;
 Make broad your shoulders ; blessings go
 With those who help the wailing train—
 Noblesse oblige !

—*A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems.*

A FLUTE.

"How shall I liken thee, reed of my choice,
 Spirit-like, fugitive, wavering voice ?"
 "I am an oread lost to the hills,
 Sick for the mountain-wind tossing my rills ;
 Sighing from memory snatches of song
 Pine-trees have sung to me all the night long :
 Shrouded they sang to me, mingling my dreams ;
 Down through their tapestries planets shot gleams.
 Eagles on cliffs between heaven and me

Looked from their watch-towers, far on the sea."
"How wast thou taken, sweet—lost to the hills,
Footprints of thine no more seen by the rills?"

"Quickly I answer thee : Sorrow came by,
Made me her foster-child, loving my cry."
—*Lyrics and Sonnets.*

WINTER LEAFAGE.

Each year I mark one lone, outstanding tree,
Clad in its robings of the summer past,
Dry, wan, and shivering in the wintry blast.
It will not pay the season's rightful fee,
It will not set its frost-burnt leafage free ;
But, like some palsied miser all aghast,
Who hoards his sordid treasure to the last,
It sighs, it moans, it sings in eldritch glee.
A foolish tree, to dote on summers gone ;
A faithless tree, that never feels how spring
Creeps up the world to make a leafy dawn,
And recompense for all despoilment bring !
Oh, let me not, heyday and youth withdrawn,
With failing hands to their vain semblance cling !
—*Lyrics and Sonnets.*

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT.

Dead ? Not to thee, thou keen watcher—not silent,
not viewless to thee,
Immortal, still wrapped in the mortal ! I from the
mortal set free,
Greet thee by many clear tokens, thou smilest to hear
and see.
For I when thou wakest at dawn, to thee am the enter-
ing morn :
And I, when thou walkest abroad, am the dew on the
leaf and thorn,
The tremulous glow of the noon, the twilight on har-
vests of corn.

I am the flower by the wood-path—thou bendest to
look in my eyes ;

The bird in its nest in the thicket—thou heedest my
love-laden cries ;
The planet that leads the night legions—thou liftest
thy gaze to the skies.

And I am the soft-dropping rain, the snow with its flut-
tering swarms ;
The summer-day cloud on the hill-tops, that showeth
thee manifold forms ;
The wind from the south and the west, the voice that
sings courage in storms.

Sweet was the earth to thee ever, but sweeter by far to
thee now :
How hast thou room for tears, when all times marvel-
lest thou,
Beholding who dwells with God in the blossoming
sward and bough !

Once as a wall were the mountains, once darkened be-
tween us the sea ;
No longer these thwart and baffle, forbidding my pas-
sage to thee :
~~Immortal~~, still wrapped in the mortal, I linger till thou
art set free !

—*Lyrics and Sonnets.*

THE QUIET PILGRIM.

When on my soul in nakedness
His swift, avertless hand did press,
Then I stood still, nor cried aloud,
Nor murmured low in ashes bowed ;
And, since my woe is utterless,
To supreme quiet I am vowed ;
Afar from me be moan and tears—
I shall go softly all my years.

When so my quick, light-sandallèd feet
Bring me where Joys and Pleasures meet,
I mingle with their throng at will ;
They know me not an alien still,

Since neither words nor ways unsweet
Of storèd bitterness I spill ;
Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears—
For I go softly all my years.

Whenso I come where Griefs convene,
And in my ear their voice is keen,
They know me not, as on I glide,
That with Arch Sorrow I abide.
They haggard are, and drooped of mien,
And round their brows have cypress tied :
Such shows I leave to light Grief's peers—
I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly, heart of hearts unknown.
Silence hath speech that passeth moan,
More piercing-keen than breathèd cries
To such as heed, made sorrow-wise.
But save this voice without a tone,
That runs before me to the skies,
And rings above Thy ringing spheres,
Lord, I go softly all my years.

MUSIC.

The god of music dwelleth out of doors.
All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,
Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet :
From organ-lofts in forests old he pours
A solemn harmony : on leafy floors
To smooth, autumnal pipes he moves his feet,
Or with the tingling plectrum of the sleet
In winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.
Leave me the reed unplucked beside the stream,
And he will stoop and fill it with the breeze ;
Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,
Unwrought, and it shall wake a Druid theme ;
Leave me the whispering shell on nereid shores :
The god of music dwelleth out of doors.



THOMAS, HIRAM WASHINGTON, an American clergyman and religious writer, born at Hampshire, Va. (now West Virginia), April 29, 1832. His early life was spent in his native State. He studied for the ministry, and was ordained in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1855 he was married to Miss Emeline C. Merrick (died January 5, 1896), of Pennsylvania, and removed to the West. Later he became a member of the Rock River Conference of Illinois. For six years, or from 1869 until 1875, he was pastor of churches in Chicago, and for the next two years, or until 1877, he filled the pulpit of the First Church of Aurora, Ill. He was then called back to Chicago to the Centenary, where he remained until 1880, when he was expelled from the Methodist Church for heresy. In the same year he became pastor of the People's Church, an independent organization founded for him by those whose sentiments were in accord with his own. Besides his own congregation, he has a large transient attendance, many strangers remaining over Sunday in the city, availing themselves of the opportunity to hear him. In his Independent Church Dr. Thomas preaches the religion of humanity, or brotherly love, as well as love of God. He also teaches that man, with all his weaknesses and errors, is too noble, too nearly allied to his Creator, to be

an object of Divine wrath, and in his cares and trials and sufferings here, he sees God's plan for fitting him for a nobler and higher destiny hereafter. He has published *Origin and Destiny of Man* (1877); *Life and Sermons* (1880); *The People's Pulpit* (1888).

OUR SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS UNREST.

In the darker ages, the poorer classes believed implicitly in the life to come, and that there they would be rewarded for their sufferings in this world ; and that hope gave them courage and patience to do and suffer. But now we have the unpleasant fact that so many of our time, and especially among the laboring people, have no such faith or hope upon which to lean ; and feeling that this life ends all, and that their present existence is a hardship, and that now is their only chance for happiness, it is not strange that some are driven almost to desperation. I have been told by those who ought to know, that this is the state of mind of very many of the discontented, hard-working people of our country and of Europe ; and that they would laugh if one should urge patience under present hardship and suffering, from the hope of a better life beyond death, for themselves or their children. It is this world, the now-or-never feeling and argument ; and these disturbed minds are not ignorant of the fact that many of the educated classes hold the same dark views ; and they naturally conclude that, like themselves, they are living for the present, and with no fear of God or thought of the future.

The physical hardships of this world can be borne with a great degree of composure, if only the mind and heart can find rest and hope in a great trust in God and the future, and in the triumph of truth and right at last ; but it is much harder to live with faith in the present world, and the despair of the world to come, than to live with the despair of the present, and the hope of the future. And this is precisely the painful unrest of many in our uneasy world to-day. We cannot now discuss the many causes that have led to this loss of re-

ligious faith and hope. My own judgment of the case is that they are mainly two ; and the first is, that the external conceptions of God, and man, and religion, that were put forth in the darker ages, and that may have been suited to that time, and that rested upon external authority, are not adapted to the present larger thought of mankind : and that the theology of the last fifteen hundred years is largely responsible for much of the doubt of the present. And the second cause of the unbelief and prejudice of the present is to be found in the un-Christlike life of the Christian Church ; in its wars of persecution and extermination ; in its narrowness and bigotry and hatred. Had the Church lived as the Christ lived ; had His professed followers exemplified His patience and forgiving and suffering love, and like Him gone forth to seek and to save the lost—no bitter memories and prejudices because of the wrongs and cruelties wrought in His name would rankle in the breast of the present ; and the great life and love and power of religion would be such as to lift the souls of men above the dark world of doubt. The divinest evidence of religion is in its own blessed life and experience and example.

But what is to be the end of all this religious unrest ? Great changes come not in a day, and hence the results will probably be slowly unfolded. It is evident that the more thoughtful are not satisfied with the old conceptions and doctrines ; and it is just as evident that the human mind and heart will not find rest in doubt and denial. The mind is made for truth, and the heart for love and hope. The very fact of this doubt, this despair, is in itself a prophecy of the clearer light that is yet to shine forth from reason, from nature, from revelation, from God. It cannot be that reason will defeat the ends of reason, will cut short its own path of progress. It cannot be that truth leads only to darkness, and love and hope to hatred. Slowly the day is dawning ; the world is moving away from the old external conceptions, and men are finding God in reason and right ; they are finding the perpetual Christ in all the incarnations of love and suffering for others ; they are finding the continual inspirations in the ever-increasing

truth of the ages, and they are finding the assurances of immortality in the consciousness of their own divinity ; that they are the children of the God of life ; that man is too great to die.—*Sermon, November 20, 1887.*

PLAN AND PURPOSE OF CREATION.

It is this dark side of life that with some stands in the way of faith ; that opens the door of doubt—whether there be a plan and purpose in this strange life, and if so, whether it can be good ; whether there be a great heart in the universe ; a God who knows and feels and pities. Paul faced all these hard facts and conditions, and faced them in an age far less favorable than the present, in an age when despotism and slavery held their dark sway over the millions. And it is far better for us all to face the facts and conditions of life as they are ; to face the facts of labor, of man's possible need, and pain, and sorrow ; of marriage altars and funeral rites so near together.

But Paul saw in the plan and purpose of creation a great and beneficent end. The earth has its beauty and sunshine ; life has its pleasures to be enjoyed ; but the making of men and women requires more ; there are needed the experiences and discipline of labor, of burden-bearing, of care and of sorrow, even. Only under the burdens of these are, and can be, called forth the great, the divinest qualities of the soul. Out of these dark and darkest nights are born the brightest skies of day ; out of burden-bearing come strength, sympathy, the Christ-spirit ; out of great sorrow souls are lifted to larger visions and diviner peace and joy.—*Sermon, March 22, 1896.*





THOMPSON, JOHN RANDOLPH, an American journalist and poet, born at Richmond, Va., October 23, 1823; died in New York, April 30, 1872. He was graduated at the University of Virginia in 1845, studied law, and in 1847 became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which he conducted for several years. That magazine was discontinued about the time of the breaking out of the Civil War, and Mr. Thompson engaged in other literary labor in the South. He subsequently went to Europe, where he remained two or three years; after which he became editorially connected with the New York *Evening Post*. He was also a frequent contributor to various periodicals in America and Great Britain.

He produced no books, yet few men in the Southern States were more widely or more favorably known by their literary labors, or exerted a greater influence upon the native literature of that region. Mr. Thompson's chief work was done through the columns of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which was the longest lived and the most high-toned and successful of all the Southern literary magazines. His articles, both prose and verse, lie scattered through the pages of his own magazine, and of others, he having never collected them into volumes. Mr. Thompson succeeded well also as a popular lecturer, his happiest effort in this

line being a lecture upon the Life and Character of Edgar A. Poe.

“Of Mr. Thompson’s literary productions,” says the *Nation*, “there is none that calls for much consideration; they all answered sufficiently well the purpose of the moment, and none of them was fated, probably none was designed, to last. He, however, translated exceptionally well some few French poems, and this is more than can usually be said of writers of his grade and his nativity.”

MUSIC IN CAMP.

Two armies covered hill and plain
Where Rappahannock’s waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle’s recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O’er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunlight slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day’s departing splendor.

A Federal band which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,

Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still ; and then the band,
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles ;
Loud shrieked the swarming "Boys in Blue"
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle song
Above the stormy riot ;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glancing pebbles ;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Of Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him ;
Seen through the tear-mists in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain,
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by Music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines—
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

A PICTURE.

Across the narrow, dusty street
I see, at early dawn,
A little girl, with glancing feet
As agile as the fawn.

An hour or so, and forth she goes,
The school she brightly seeks ;
She carries in her hand a rose,
And two upon her cheeks.

The sun mounts up the torrid sky—
The bell for dinner rings—
My little friend, with laughing eye,
Comes gayly back and sings.

The week wears off, and Saturday,
A welcome day, I ween,
Gives time for girlish romp and play—
How glad my pet is seen!

But Sunday—in what satins great
Does she not then appear!
King Solomon, in all his state,
Wore no such pretty gear.

I flung her every day a kiss,
And one she flung to me,
I know not truly when it is
She prettiest may be.





THOMPSON, MAURICE, an American poet, novelist, and scientist, born at Fairfield, Ind., September 9, 1844. His parents removing to Georgia, he enlisted in the Confederate army, and at the end of the war returned to Indiana, and rose from a subordinate position to the head of a railway survey. After a course of study in law he began practice in Crawfordsville, Ind., was elected to the Legislature in 1879, and appointed chief of the State Geological Survey in 1885. His productions have attracted wide attention for their original observation, large information, and poetic richness of diction. His volumes are *Hoosier Mosaics* (1875); *The Witchery of Archery* (1878); *A Tallahassee Girl* (1882); *His Second Campaign* (1882); *Songs of Fair Weather* (1883); *At Love's Extremes* (1885); *By-Ways and Bird Notes* (1885); *The Boys' Book of Sports* (1886); *A Banker of Bankersville* (1886); *Sylvan Secrets* (1887); *The Story of Louisiana* (1888); *A Fortnight of Folly* (1888); *The King of Honey Island* (1893); *Lincoln's Grave*, the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem (1894).

"He has very distinctly," says the *Critic*, "what Heine calls the *silberblick*—the power of sight and the sympathy to interpret what he sees in nature with natural felicity. Shall we say that he was born with a silver spoon—in his eye? At all events, so it strikes one of his readers, who finds

in his essays—especially in *By-Ways and Bird Notes*—abounding impressions of hay-fields and haw thickets, hummocks and Georgian hills, bird-life and animal-life, quaint, sweet, and far-reaching. . . . Thoreau took Homer into the woods with him, but Mr. Thompson brings Homer out of the woods with him; he has not only looked at things while he was in there, but he has had thoughts about things, and has remembered for whom this beautiful panorama has been spread."

THE KINGFISHER.

The kingfisher is a dash of bright blue in every choice bit of brook-side poetry or painting; he is a warm fragment of tropical life and color, left over from the largess bestowed upon our frigid world by one of those fervid periods of ancient creative force so dear to the imagination, and so vaguely limned on the pages of science. The bird, by some fine law, keeps its artistic value fully developed. You never see *Alcyon* out of keeping with the environment; even when going into the little dark hole in the earth, where its nest is hidden, the flash of turquoise light with which it disappears leaves a sheen on the observer's memory as fascinating and evasive as some fleeting poetical allusion.

Ceryle Alcyon! how sweet the name in the midst of those jarring sounds invented by science. Coming upon it in the catalogues is like hearing a cultured voice in the midst of a miner's broil, or like meeting a beautiful child in a cabinet of fossils. *Ceryle Alcyon* suggests sunshine, bright water, dreamy skies, and that rich foliage growing near streams—a foliage to which the adjective *lush* clings like some rather ornamental caterpillar, with an underhint of classical affinity very tenuous and filmy. It is a disappointment to one's imagination at first to find out that so beautiful a creature as the *Alcyon* cannot sing; but there is just compensation in the knowledge which soon comes, that instrumental music is the bird's forte—he plays on the water as on a

dulcimer, bringing out pure liquid notes (at long intervals, indeed) too sweet and elusive to be fixed in any written score. To watch *Ceryle Alcyon* strike the silver strings of a summer brook and set them to vibrating is worth the sacrifice of any leisure hour. It is the old touch of Apollo, swift, sure, masterful, virile, and yet tender as the very heart of nature. "Plash!" A sudden gleam of silver, amethyst, and royal purple, a whorl as of a liquid bloom on the water, rings and dimples and bubbles, and in the midst of it all, the indescribable sound from the smitten stream, its one chord rendered to perfection.

Nature sketched the kingfisher, in the first place, with a certain humorous expression, which still lurks in the overlarge crest and almost absurdly short legs; but the bird itself is always in earnest. It may look at times like a bright, sharp exclamation-point at the close of some comic passage in the phenakism of nature, but it is the very embodiment of sincerity; in fact, the birds are all realists of the prosiest kind. One might as well look for something large and morally lifting in a minutely analytical novel, as to expect a bird to be sentimental. A worm—in the case of the kingfisher a minnow—is the highest object of avian ambition—the realist dotes on one's motive in twisting one's thumbs—and ornithic life does not generate poetry. The kingfisher knows his brook from source to mouth, for he has conned it during countless ages. Not that he has lived so long individually, the knowledge exists in heredity—the transmitted sum of ten thousand ancestral lives devoted to one end.

We must take *Alcyon* as he is, without any genealogical table or ancient armorial relics. He is not an aristocrat, if the index of aristocracy is a well-formed foot, for, like all his family, he has but three good toes, and they are as rough and ugly as warts. Compared with those of the mocking-bird, indeed, his feet appear scarcely more than rudimentary (about on a par with his vocal organs, advancing the comparison so as to weigh his rattling laugh with the ecstatic song of *Mimus polyglottus*), still he perches very firmly and, after a fashion, gracefully. His descent upon a minnow is a

miracle of motion, accompanied by a surpassing feat of vision. We will imagine him seated on a bough thirty feet above the brook-stream. The sunshine comes down in flakes like burning snow upon the twinkling, palpitating water, making the surface flicker and glimmer in a way to distract any eye. Down in this water is the minnow which *Alcyon* is to catch and swallow, a minnow whose sides are silver just touched with gold, flitting and flashing here and there, never still, flippant as the wavelets themselves. Mark the bird's attitude and expression as they blend into a sort of serio-comic enigma—crest erect and bristling, eyes set and burning, bill elevated at a slight angle, tail depressed, wings shut close, the whole figure motionless. Suddenly he falls like a thought, a sky-blue film marking the line of descent to where he strikes. He pierces the pool like an arrow, disappearing for a second in the centre of a great whirling, leaping, bubbling dimple of the water, with a musical plunge-note once heard never forgotten. Rarely does he miss his aim. If your eyes are quick you will see the hapless "silver-side" feebly wriggling in the grip of that powerful bill as *Ceryle Alcyon* emerges from the dancing waves and resumes his perch, happier, but none the wetter, on account of the bath. Now the wonder of this vision-feat is not in seeing the minnow from the perch, but in continuing to see it during that arrow-like descent into the water; or, if you choose to refer the success of the stroke to accuracy of flight, then try to understand what amazing accuracy it is! For, in that case, *Alcyon* must take into exact account the difference between the apparent and the true position of an object in the water as viewed at an angle from without. . . .

The most beautiful kingfisher superstition or legend I ever have known of was told to me by an old negro in Georgia. How far it extended among the Southern slaves I have no means of knowing. Here it is:

"When you is a leetle boy, not mo' 'n six year old, ef yo' go to de ribber an' see de minner at sunrise 'fo' de kingfisher do, den yo' nebber die 'ceptin' yo' git drowned; an' den ef yo' *does* git drowned, de kingfisher tote yo' sperit right off ter hebben, ca'se der's no

u e 'r talkin' 'bout habin' any bad luck ef yo' got de eye like de ole kingfisher."

I say the superstition is very beautiful, but in effect it is the same old story of the heavy chances against the seeker after lasting happiness, for how much harder is it for a camel to amble through the eye of a needle than for any living being to see a minnow in the water quicker than can the incomparable eyes of the *Ceryle Alcyon*.—*Sylvan Secrets*.

THE DEATH OF THE WHITE HERON.

I pulled my boat with even sweep
Across light shoals and eddies deep,

Tracking the currents of the lake
From lettuce-raft to weedy brake.

Across a pool, death-still and dim,
I saw a monster reptile swim,

And caught, far off and quickly gone,
The delicate outlines of a fawn.

Above the marshy islands flew
The green teal and the swift curlew ;

The rail and dunlin drew the hem
Of lily-bonnets over them ;

I saw the tufted wood-duck pass
Between the wisps of water-grass.

All round the gunwales and across
I draped my boat with Spanish moss,

And, lightly drawn from head to knee,
I hung gay air-plants over me ;

Then, lurking like a savage thing
Crouching for a treacherous spring,

I stood in motionless suspense
Among the rushes green and dense.

I kept my bow half-drawn, a shaft
Set straight across the velvet haft.

Alert and vigilant, I stood
Scanning the lake, the sky, the wood.

I heard a murmur, soft and sad,
From water-weed to lily-pad,

And from the frondous pine did ring
The hammer of the golden wing.

On old drift-logs the bitterns stood
Dreaming above the silent flood ;

The water-turkey eyed my boat,
The hideous snake-bird coiled its throat,

And birds whose plumage shone like flame—
Wild things grow suddenly, strangely tame—

Lit near me ; but I heeded not :
They could not tempt me to a shot.

Grown tired at length, I bent the oars
By grassy brinks and shady shores,

Through labyrinths and mysteries
'Mid dusky cypress stems and knees,

Until I reached a spot I knew,
Over which each day the herons flew.

I heard a whisper sweet and keen
Flow through the fringe of rushes green,

The water saying some light thing,
The rushes gayly answering.

The wind drew faintly from the south,
Like breath blown from a sleeper's mouth,

And down its current, sailing low,
Came a lone heron white as snow.

He cleft with grandly spreading wings
The hazy sunshine of the spring ;

Through graceful curves he swept above
The gloomy, moss-hung cypress-grove ;

Then gliding down a long incline,
He flashed his golden eyes on mine.

Half-turned, he poised himself in air ;
The prize was great, the mark was fair.

I raised my bow, and steadily drew
The silken string until I knew

My trusted arrow's barbèd point
Lay on my left forefinger joint—

Until I felt the feather seek
My ear, swift-drawn across my cheek ;

Then from my fingers leapt the string
With sharp recoil and deadly ring,

Closed by a sibilant sound so shrill
It made the very water thrill—

Like twenty serpents bound together,
Hissed the flying arrow's feather.

A thud, a puff, a feathery ring,
A quick collapse, a quivering,

A whirl, a headlong, downward dash,
A heavy fall, a sullen plash,

And, white with foam, or giant flake
Of snow, he lay upon the lake.

And of his death the rail was glad,
Strutting upon a lily-pad ;

The jaunty wood-duck smiled and bowed ;
The belted kingfisher laughed aloud,

Making the solemn bittern stir
Like a half-wakened slumberer ;

And rasping notes of joy were heard
From gallinule and crying-bird,

The while with trebled noise did ring
The hammer of the golden wing.

—*Songs of Fair Weather.*

THE BLUEBIRD.

When ice is thawed and snow is gone,
And racy sweetness floods the trees ;
When snow-birds from the hedge have flown,
And on the hive-porch swarm the bees,
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
And charms them into tasselling.

He sits among the delicate sprays,
With mists of splendor round him drawn,
And through the spring's prophetic veil
Sees summer's rich fulfilment dawn :
He sings, and his is nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
Which thaws and runs when spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
To ears weary of the low,
Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,
Sandalled in ice and muffed in snow :
Short is his song, but through it runs
A hint of dithyrambs yet to be—
A sweet suggestiveness that has
The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
In bluebirds' songs and winds of spring :
They tell me, after frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming ;

And after snow and cutting sleet,
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare, pink feet
Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear,
While all the land with splendor fills,
While maples gladden in the vales
And plum-trees blossom on the hills :
Float down the wind on shining wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While through my life spring's freshness runs
Like music through a poet's dream.





THOMSON, JAMES, a Scottish poet, born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, September 11, 1700; died at Kew, then a suburb of London, August 27, 1748. His father, a minister of the Scottish Kirk, removed to the retired parish of Southdean, among the Cheviot Hills, where the boyhood of the poet was passed. His poetic faculty developed itself at an early age; but none of his juvenile productions are very distinctive, unless we admit the genuineness of a "Fragment," said to have been written at the age of fourteen, but apparently first printed in 1841 in a *Life of Thomson* by Allan Cunningham. At eighteen Thomson was entered as a student of divinity at the University of Edinburgh. Among the "exercises" assigned to him was a translation of Psalm CIV. The young student's version was somewhat more poetical and much less literal than seemed fitting to the college professor, who admonished him that "he must put a curb on his fancy if he wished to be useful in the ministry." This well-meant warning had an effect quite contrary to what was intended. Since it seemed that he could not be both, Thomson resolved to be a poet rather than a clergyman. At the age of something more than twenty, his father having just died, he went up to London, scantily provided with money, and having besides only a few

poems, among them some descriptive verses. Fortunately, his former college friend, David Mallet, who had also come up from Scotland, procured for him a position as private tutor, and encouraged him to expand his descriptive verses, which were published in 1726, under the title *Winter*. *Summer* followed in 1727; and in 1730 the entire poem which we know as *The Season* was published by subscription, at a guinea a copy. In 1731 Thomson accompanied the son of Sir Charles Talbot, afterward Lord Chancellor, upon a Continental tour. Upon his return he put forth *Liberty*, a rather mediocre poem, though containing some fine passages, dedicated to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who bestowed upon him a pension of £100. Still his circumstances were straitened for some years until he received the appointment of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, the small duties of which were performed by deputy, leaving the poet free, with a good income. He now set himself to the work of completing *The Castle of Indolence*, which was finished in 1748, very shortly before his somewhat sudden death. Besides the three poems already mentioned, Thomson put forth from time to time some smaller poems, all of which would hardly have gained for him a conspicuous place even among our minor poets. He tried his hand at dramatic composition, writing the tragedies of *Sophonisbe*, *Agamemnon*, *Edward and Leonora*, *Coriolanus*, none of which can be considered other than failures. In conjunction with Mallet he brought out *Alfred: a Masque*, the parts produced by each

not being designated, though the popular song *Rule, Britannia*, is credibly attributed to Thomson.

He certainly has won a place high among the second class of English poets: among the people by *The Seasons*, and the magnificent *Hymn* which accompanies it; among critics by *The Castle of Indolence*, of which Spenser might well have been proud.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come ;
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend. . . .

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravished vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky. . . .

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
While through the neighboring fields the sower stalks,
With measured step ; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground ;
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

—*The Seasons : Spring.*

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepared—the various-blossomed Spring
Put in white promise forth—and Summer suns
Concocted strong—rush boundless now to view,
Full perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide invests
The happy world. Attempered suns arise
Sweet-beamed, and shedding off through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad and brown below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gayly checkered, heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded, tossing in a flood of corn.

—*The Seasons: Autumn.*

A WINTER TEMPEST.

Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolored deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lashed into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.

Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchored navies from their station drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste
 Of mighty waters. . . .

Nor less at hand the loosened tempest reigns.
 The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
 What of its tarnished honors yet remain ;
 Dashed down, and scattered by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
 And on the cottage thatched or lordly roof
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
 Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commixed
 With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.
 All nature reels ; till Nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ;
 Then straight air, sea, and earth are hushed at once.
 —*The Seasons : Winter.*

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These as they roll, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love ;
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense and every heart is joy.
 Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent ; then Thy sun

Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and graves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown ; tempest o'er tempest rolled—
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still. . . .

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the hurried maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world ;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound ; the broad, responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise : for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake ; a boundless song
Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise,
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme—
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant, barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun

Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles : 'tis naught to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THE STAG-HUNT.

The stag, too, singled from the herd where long
He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift ærial soul to flight.
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
Deception short ! though fleetier than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-aired mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood—
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day,
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;
Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarmed,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
 Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big, round tears run down his dappled face ;
 He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous, checkered sides with gore.
 — *The Seasons.*

Of *The Castle of Indolence*, the author says:
 "This poem, being written in the manner of
 Spenser, the obsolete words and a simplicity of
 diction in some of the lines which borders on the
 ludicrous were necessary to make the imitation
 more perfect." The poem is divided into two
 cantos, having respectively seventy-eight and
 seventy-nine stanzas. The scope of Canto I. is
 thus indicated:

"The Castle hight of Indolence,
 And its false luxury,
 Where for a little time, alas !
 We lived right jollily."

THE WIZARD'S ABODE.

O mortal man who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
 Is a sad sentence of an early date,
 And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
 For, though it sometimes makes thee weep and wail,
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
 A most enchanting Wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with Spring, with Summer half im-
browned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen,
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played
And hurlèd everywhere their waters' sheen ;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made. . . .

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast ;
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ;
But whate'er smacked of 'noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such—inspiring perfect ease—
Where Indolence (for so the Wizard hight)
Close hid his Castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed ; and to his lute, of cruel Fate
And Labor harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass these by ;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighboring hill,
The freshness of the valley smote their eye.

And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
 Till clustering round the Enchanter false they hung
 Ymolten with his siren melody ;
 While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses
 sung.

—*Castle of Indolence, Canto I.*

DELIGHTS OF THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The doors, that knew no shrill, alarming bell,
 Ne cursèd knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-opened into halls, where who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand—
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretched around in seemly band,
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
 With wines high-flavored and rich viands crowned ;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean 'genders in his round,
 Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
 Even undemanded by a sign or sound :
 You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
 Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
 played. . . .

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
 Reclining lovers in the lonely dale
 Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart ;
 Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
 And taught charmed Echo to resound their smart ;
 While flocks, woods, streams around repose and peace
 impart. . . .

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
 Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease ;
 Aërial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
 As did, alas ! with soft perdition please.
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft, tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell ;
 And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
 (So worked the Wizard) wintry storms to swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together mell ;
 At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell ;
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
 O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
 That played in waving lights from place to place
 And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
 So fleece with clouds the pure, ethereal space ;
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

—*Castle of Indolence, Canto I.*

Canto II. of *The Castle of Indolence* narrates the capture of the Castle by the Knight of Arts and Industry, the deliverance of its reclaimable inmates, and the fate of the irreclaimable.

THE BARD'S APPEAL.

It was not by vile loitering in ease
 That Greece obtained the brighter palm of Art
 That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,
 Too keen the wit, and too sublime the heart,

In all supreme, complete in every part !
It was not thus majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart.
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded naught
But in loose joy their time to wear away ;
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day ;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay ;
With brother-brutes the human race had gazed ;
None e'er had soared to fame, none honored been, none
praised ;

Great Homer's song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;
Sweet Mars's Muses, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept among the Mincian reeds ;
The wits of modern times had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains ;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakespeare strolled and laughed with Warwick
swains ;
Ne had my master Spenser charmed his Mulia's plains.

Dumb, too, had been the sage Historic Muse,
And perished all the sons of ancient fame ;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorned his ease for other's good ?
Who then had toiled rapacious men to tame ?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require,
Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,
How best enjoyed this Nature's wide desire.

Toil and be glad ! Let Industry inspire
 Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath !
 Who does not act is dead ; absorbed entire
 In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath.
 O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
 How tasteless, then, whatever can be given !
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
 Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss ;
 While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
 Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of health !
 Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind ;
 The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
 The temperate evening falls, serene and kind.
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
 See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind ;
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce
 breeds ?

“ But here, instead, is fostered every ill
 Which or distempered minds or bodies know.
 Come, then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill
 Your talents here. This place is but a show,
 Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.
 Come, follow me. I will direct you right,
 Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents grow,
 Sincere as sweet. Come, follow this good knight,
 And you will bless the day that brought him to your
 sight.” —*Castle of Indolence, Canto II.*

RULE, BRITANNIA !

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,

This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall ;
Whilst thou shall flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia ! etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke :
As the loud blasts that tear thy skies
Serve but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia ! etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to hurl thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe—but thy renown.
Rule, Britannia ! etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircle thine.
Rule, Britannia ! etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia ! etc.

WAR FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

O first of human blessings, and supreme—
Fair peace. How lovely, how delightful thou.
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combined
And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil

Gives every joy, and to those joys a right
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign.

.

What would not, peace, the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? What incessant care?
What mixed anxiety? What sleepless toil?
E'en from the rash protected, what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Inevitable war—when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injured state.
E'en the good patient man whom reason rules,
Roused by bold insult and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check the astonished sons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cause
His bolder heart: in awful justice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

.

Then ardent rise. O, great in vengeance, rise.
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore;
And, as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.

—*From Britannia.*





THOMSON, JAMES, a Scottish-American poet, born at Port Glasgow, November 23, 1834; died in London, June 3, 1882. He was educated at the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and subsequently entered the Training School at Chelsea, with the purpose of becoming a schoolmaster in the army. For awhile he was employed in the office of a London solicitor; then he came to America as secretary to a silver-mining company; and afterward went to Spain as correspondent of a New York newspaper. His principal poem, *The City of Dreadful Night*, was published in 1880; this was followed in 1881 by *Vane's Story, and Other Poems*. He also published a volume of *Essays* in prose, and left behind him many minor poems and translations. The "City of Dreadful Night" is the abode of Hopelessness, the description of whose statue is a word-picture from Albrecht Dürer's engraving "Melencolia." The following lines by Thomson set forth his aims in the production of the poem:

"Yet here and there some weary wanderer
In that same city of tremendous night,
Will understand the speech, and feel a stir
Of fellowship in all disastrous fight.
I suffer, mute and lonely, yet another
Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
Travels the same wild paths, though out of sight."

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

The City is of Night; perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night: for never there
Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
After the dewy dawning's cold, gray air;

The moon or stars may shine with scorn or pity ;
The sun has never visited that city,
For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away ;
Though present in distempered gloom of thought
And deadly weariness of heart all day.

But when a dream night after night is brought
Throughout a week—and such weeks, few or many,
Recur each year for several years—can any
Discern that dream from life in aught ?

For life is but a dream whose shapes return,
Some frequently, some seldom ; some by night
And some by day, some night and day : we learn,
The while all change and many vanish quite,
In their recurrence with recurrent changes
A certain seeming order ; where this ranges
We count things real : such is memory's might. . . .

The City is not ruinous, although
Great ruins of an unremembered past,
With others of a few short years ago,
More sad, are found within its precinct vast.
The street-lamps burn ; but scarce a casement
In house or palace front, from roof to basement,
Doth glow athwart the mirk air cast.

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,
Amidst the sombre solitudes immense
Of ranged mansions dark and still as tombs.
The silence which benumbs or strains the sense
Fulfil with awe the soul's despair unweeping :
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence.

Yet, as in some necropolis you find
Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,
So there : worn faces that look deaf and blind,
Like tragic masks of stone. With weary tread,
Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander, wander,
Or sit foredone, and desolately ponder
Through sleepless hours, with heavy, drooping head.

Mature men chiefly—few in age or youth ;
A woman rarely, now and then a child :
A child ! If here the heart turns sick with ruth
To see a little one from birth defiled,
Or lame or blind, as pre-ordained to languish
Through youthless life, think how it bleeds with anguish !
To meet one erring in that homeless wild.

They often murmur to themselves ; they speak
To one another seldom, for their woe
Broods maddening inwardly, and scorns to wreak
Itself abroad ; and if at whiles it grow
To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamor,
Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,
To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The City is of Night, but not of Sleep ;
There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain ;
The pitiless hours like years and ages creep ;
A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain
Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
This, worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

They leave all hope behind who enter there ;
One certitude while sane they cannot leave,
One anodyne for torture and despair :
The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
Can put off long ; and which, divinely tender,
But waits the outstretched hand to promptly render
The draught whose slumber nothing can bereave.

THE STATUE OF HOPELESSNESS.

Anear the centre of that northern crest
Stands out a level upland, bleak and bare,
From which the city, east and south and west,
Sinks gently in long waves ; and thronèd there
An Image sits, stupendous, superhuman,
The bronze colossus of a winged Woman,
Upon a graded granite base four-square.

Low-seated she leans forward massively,
With cheek on clenched left hand, the forearm's might

Erect, its elbow on her rounded knee ;
Across a clasped book in her lap the right
Upholds a pair of compasses. She gazes
With full-set eyes ; but, wandering in thick mazes
Of sombre thought, beholds no outward sight.

Words cannot picture her : but all men know
That solemn sketch the pure, sad artist wrought
Three centuries and threescore years ago,
With phantasies of his peculiar thought :
The instruments of art and science
Scattered about her feet in strange alliance,
With keen wolf-hound sleeping undistraught.

Scales, hour-glass, belt, and magic-square above
The grave and solid infant perched beside,
With open winglets that might bear a dove,
Intent upon its tablets, heavy-eyed ;
Her folded wings, as of a mighty eagle,
But all too impotent to lift the regal
Robustness of her earth-born strength and pride.

And with those wings and that light wreath which seems
To mock her grand head and the knotted frown
Of forehead charged with baleful thoughts and dreams,
The household bunch of keys, the household gown
Voluminous, indented, and yet rigid,
As if a shell of burnished metal frigid ;
The feet, thick-shod, to tread all weakness down.

The comet hanging o'er the waste, dark seas ;
The massy rainbow curved in front of it,
Beyond the village with the masts and trees ;
The snaky imp, dog-headed, from the Pit,
Bearing upon its bat-like leathern pinions
Her name unfolded in the sun's dominions—
The "MELENCOLIA," that transcends all wit.

Thus has the artist copied her, and thus
Surrounded to expound her form sublime ;
Her fate heroic and calamitous,
Fronting the dreadful mysteries of Time ;
Unvanquished in defeat and desolation,

Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration
Of the day setting on her baffled prime.

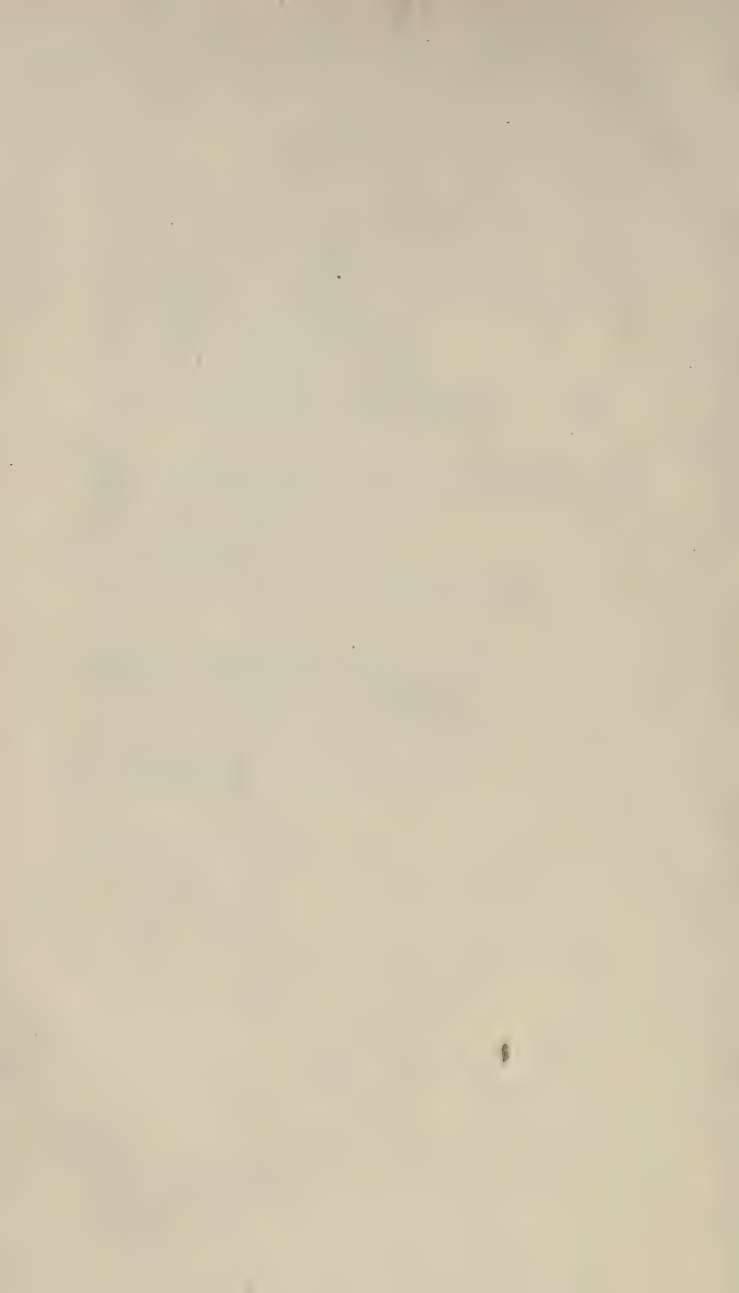
Baffled and beaten back, she works on still,
Weary and sick of soul she works the more ;
Sustained by her indomitable will,
The hands shall fashion and the brain shall pore ;
And all her sorrow shall be turned to labor,
Till Death, the friend-foe, piercing with his sabre
That mighty heart of hearts, ends bitter war.

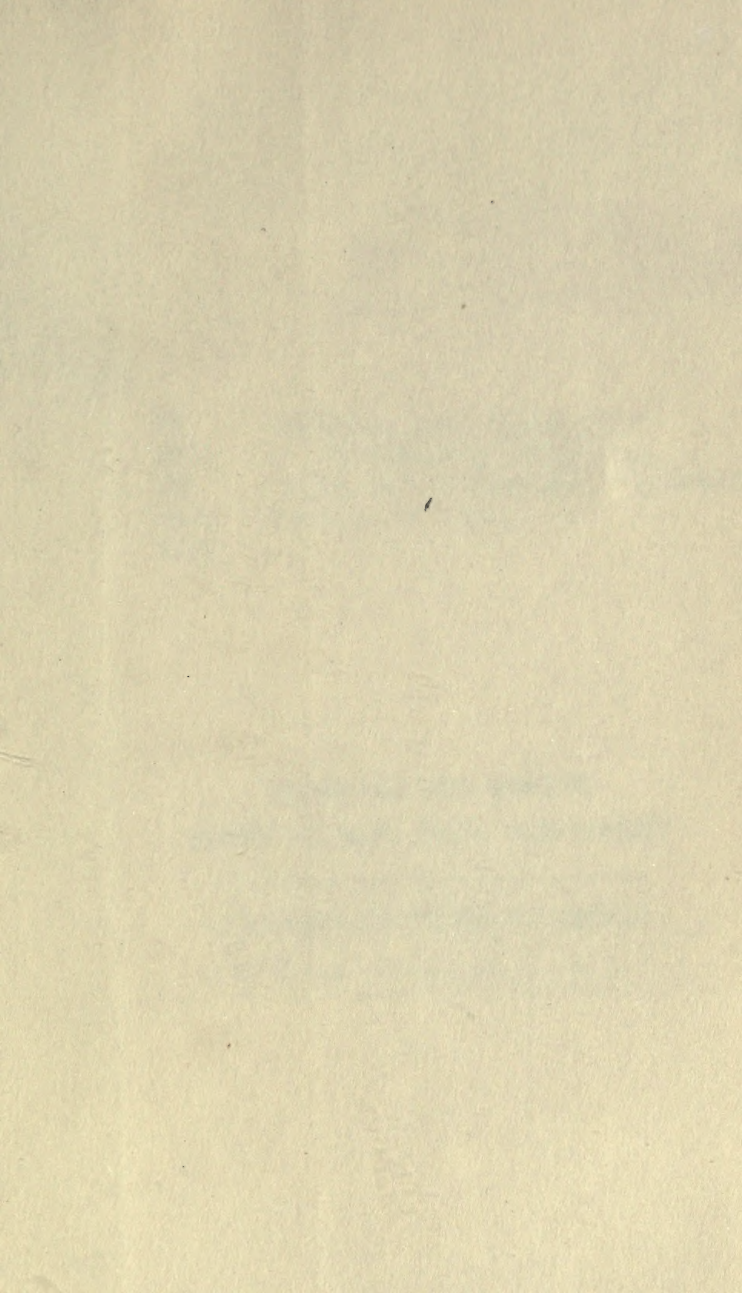
But as if blacker night could dawn on night,
With tenfold gloom on moonless night unstarred ;
A sense more tragic than Defeat or Blight,
More desperate than Strife with Hope debarred,
More fatal than the adamantine Never !
Encompassing her passionate endeavor,
Dawns glooming in her tenebrous regard :

The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success ;
That all the oracles are mute or cheat
Because they have no secret to express ;
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light beyond the curtain ;
That all is Vanity and Nothingness.

Titania from her high throne in the north,
That City's sombre Patroness and Queen,
In bronze sublimity she gazes forth
Over her Capital of teen and threne,
Over the river with its isles and bridges,
The marsh and moorland, to the stern rock-ridges,
Confronting them with a coeval mien.

The moving moon and stars from east to west
Circle before her in the sea of air ;
Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn rest.
Her subjects often gaze up to her there—
The strong to drink new strength of iron endurance
The weak new terrors ; all, renewed assurance
And confirmation of the old despair.





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